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A DREAM—OUR PROTECTORS ALWAYS.

OUR POLICE.

A HISTORY OF THE PROVIDENCE FORCE
FROM THE FIRST WATCHMAN TO
THE LATEST APPOINTEE,

EDITED BY

HENRY MANN.

||



ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND ETCHINGS.

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ALBANY

EXCHANGE

PREFACE.

THE police of many cities have marked characteristics; but the Providence force occupies an enviable position. Its members have more than a mercenary interest in the community they protect. They are taxpayers, and many of them house-owners as well as householders. Their welfare is identified with the welfare of Providence, and they have and display a true Rhode Island sense of duty and responsibility. They have made the city one of the safest and most orderly in the world. They have taught the class who make a living by crime to dread and avoid Rhode Island, and some of the most infamous criminals that ever preyed upon the American public have met their Nemesis in our great little Commonwealth.

The Providence police, I have said, are not of the mercenary stripe. With them no perfunctory obedience takes the place of a sense of duty. They are vigilant for the well-being of the city, not only because they are policemen, but because they are citizens. And the people, on their part, are justly proud of the force, and feel and display a remarkable interest in all that concerns its advancement. The people of Providence know that a community can be judged by its police; that where the police are well disciplined, fairly remunerated, intelligent, and of good physical appearance, one may expect to find a prosperous, progressive, and enlightened municipality; and the high standard of the Providence force is powerful evidence that our city means to keep in the front rank.

It is eminently proper that such a police force should have a permanent record. The history of the police is, to a large extent, the history of our city, and the writer is confident that this fact will be more apparent than ever before, upon a perusal of these pages. Every memorable step in the progress of Providence from the first struggling settlement, has involved some improvement in the system of police. The first town sergeant

came in under the earlier charter; the disorders attendant upon the revolution led to the establishment of a night watch; the Hardscrabble and Olney's Lane riots showed the inefficiency of that watch for the maintenance of order, and led to the appointment of a City Marshal under the new city government; and when Providence, under the leadership of Thomas Arthur Doyle, nearly a quarter of a century ago, began to be a city in fact as well as in name, the present force was organized, surpassed by no other in the land in the qualities that constitute an efficient police.

This book, then, has a field of the deepest interest to our citizens. It is eminently the time for such a work to be written. The old watchmen and other venerable residents, whose reminiscences of the past are invaluable, will soon have passed away. Data now easily procurable will have disappeared in a few years. The period now is when the police force has reached a position of general and acknowledged excellence, and the story of its past—sometimes picturesque, sometimes exciting, and always interesting—must be made enduring before the records and recollections have lost their freshness and accuracy. If I have failed in making the history perfect it is not for lack of appreciation of the deserts and merits of the Providence police.

To designate all the sources of information to which the writer is indebted would occupy many pages. It was a saying of Senator Anthony—or, as we used to call him in the old *Journal* office, "Governor Anthony"—that he meant so to edit the *Journal*, that Rhode Island history could not be written without continual reference to its pages, and the writer has spent many a day poring over the *Journal* files, both of ancient and recent date. To the *Providence Daily Telegram* he is also indebted for valuable data, and to the Secretary of the Historical Society, and the Librarians of the Public Library and the Athenæum, for courteously extended facilities. Secretary Blanding, of the Police Association, and Clerk Horton have also been most accommodating in granting information at their command, and, while members of the force have displayed a proper modesty when questioned as to their personal merits and achievements, they

have never been backward or ungenerous in giving due credit to their fellow-officers of the department. The writer has in no instance been content with records where personal inquiry was possible, and for this as well as other reasons the book contains much information in regard even to notorious cases never before given to the public. Like the hero of the Odyssey he might add that he has been a part of much that he describes, and the character sketches are largely from personal knowledge and acquaintance. To the people of Providence, the city to which he is attached by the dearest ties of early manhood and maturer years, he confidently commends this work.

HENRY MANN.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, *January 1, 1889.*



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CHAPTER I.

ROGER WILLIAMS A CHAMPION OF ORDER.—PROVIDENCE WITHOUT WATCHMEN OR CONSTABLES.—GOVERNMENT BY ARBITRATION A FAILURE.—THE RHODE ISLAND CODE OF 1647.—A HERO IMPRISONED FOR DEBT.—THE TOWN OF PROVIDENCE RECEIVES A CHARTER.—THE FIRST TOWN SERGEANT.—PROVIDENCE AND WARWICK REQUIRED TO ERECT A PRISON.—CRUEL PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED ON MALEFACTORS.—THE CROPPED AND BRANDED THIEVES A TRAVELING ROGUES' GALLERY.

THE Father of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations was not less sincere and decided in the assertion that the civil government must be obeyed in civil things than in his world-famed doctrine of soul independence. To the vast majority of the people of that age, in continents new and old, such teaching was incomprehensible. The man who thought for himself, and worshipped as he dared to think—if his worship was not in accord with the forms prescribed by the State—was as much an offender as the man who presumed to be a law unto himself in matters purely of a secular sort. State and Church were one, and he who neglected or refused to bow to the Church, promptly felt the iron grip of the State. In this fundamental view of human duties and obligations, the bishops of York and of London were not more impregnable than the brethren of Hartford and Boston. The Puritans did not endure the dangers of unknown seas, in order that others might worship in freedom and in peace, but that they might worship as they pleased themselves; and to the Puritan, as to the churchman, liberty of conscience was a doctrine as foreign as communion of property.

With all the more emphasis, therefore, did Roger Williams proclaim that, in advocating the right of thought to soar, and of conscience to guide, he did not mean the rupture of those civil ties which the experience of ages have proven to be indispensable

to the well-being of society ; he did not mean chaos, but order—order made all the more dignified, perfect and harmonious by the elimination of that bigotry which had plunged the world in disorder and bloodshed, which kept the fagots of Smithfield burning, and supplied the victims for the *auto da fe*. Every publication of the Founder, therefore, emphasized that in civil affairs the government was supreme. The first step of Roger Williams and his associates was to establish an orderly commonwealth, the townsmen agreeing to be subject “to the orders made for the public good of the body, * * * by the major assent of the present inhabitants, masters of families incorporated together into a town fellowship, and such others as they shall admit unto them only in civil things.” In this simple compact we find the kernel of Rhode Island institutions, and from that day to this civil order and religious freedom have gone hand in hand within Rhode Island bounds.

The Plantations appear to have got along without any provision for a police force during the earlier years of the settlement. Not that all of the settlers were peaceably inclined. One of the original proprietors, Joshua Verin, is described by Roger Williams in a letter as a “boisterous and desperate character.” Verin came under public discipline, shortly after the settlement, for interfering with his wife’s attendance upon the preaching of Mr. Williams. He removed from the colony, and after living for a time in Salem, he emigrated to the Barbadoes. He has no descendants in Rhode Island. The will of the townsmen, as expressed in their public meetings, sufficed to deal with cases like that of Verin, and while the growing colony of Newport, in 1638, was erecting the stocks and the whipping post, Providence, more secluded from the ocean pathway, and its human jetsam and flotsam, was as yet able to maintain the peace, and vindicate local authority, without those haggard adjuncts of seventeenth century civilization. In 1640, however, the people of Providence found it necessary to depute to certain of their members the power and duty of looking after offenders and of enforcing the simple laws. The colonists then agreed to appoint five disposers, whose duty it should be to divide among the settlers the lands acquired from

the Indians. The agreement further provided that liberty of conscience should still be maintained, and "that, after many considerations and consultations of our own state, and also of states abroad in the way of government, we apprehend no way so suitable to our condition, as government by way of arbitration. But if men agree themselves by arbitration, no state we know of disallows of that, neither do we. But if men refuse that which is but common humanity between man and man, then to compel such unreasonable persons to a reasonable way, we agree that the five disposers shall have power to compel him either to choose two men himself, or if he refuse, for them to choose two men, to arbitrate his cause, and if these four men chosen by each party, do end the cause, then to see their determination performed, and the faultive to pay the arbitrators for their time spent in it. But if these four men do not end it, then for the five disposers to choose three men to put an end to it." It was further provided that the major part of the disposers might choose the three men, and the major part of the three men to end the cause. Prosecution in the public interest was also provided for in a clause to the effect that the disposers might act upon notice given by any person, in the event that the person injured should fail to make complaint. "Thus, if any man abuse another in person or in goods, may be, for peace's sake, a man will, for the present, put it up, and, it may be so, resolve to revenge; therefore, for the peace of the state, the disposers are to look to it in the first place." All the inhabitants were to assist in the pursuit of a delinquent, "but if any man raise a hubbub, and there be no just cause, then for the party who raised the hubbub to satisfy men for their time lost in it." Any man having a difference with any of the five disposers which could not be deferred until general town meeting, might have a special town meeting called through the town clerk. The disposers were to meet "every month day upon general things, and at the quarter day to yield to a new choice, and give up their old accounts." Thus a town council was established, in fact, although not in name, and the whole population was made a police force, all being required to aid in the execution of public justice, whereas previously such

aid had been a matter of choice, and often, no doubt, of neglect. This system, or lack of system, however, was far from being efficient, and presented a marked contrast to the strong arm and harsh discipline of the Massachusetts theocracy. The little colony had a feeble, flickering existence, and but for the unquenchable zeal and energy of its founder, the sapling he had planted might have died, ere yet it was rooted in the soil.

The condition of affairs in Providence may be appreciated from the fact that the year after the above constitution was adopted, thirteen of the colonists—namely, William Field, William Harris, William Carpenter, William Wickenden, William Reynolds, Thomas Harris, Thomas Hopkins, Hugh Bewitt, Joshua Winsor, Benedict Arnold, William Man, William W. Hunkinges, and Robert R. West—applied for protection to the governor of Massachusetts and his assistants. They represented that in a matter of difference with Francis Weston, the cause had been submitted to the arbitration of eight men, orderly chosen, and the arbitrators had decided that Weston was liable to pay damages in cattle or commodities. When the complainants went to attach Weston's cattle in pursuance of the judgment, they were resisted by Weston, Samuel Gorton, and others, "and some few drops of blood were shed on either side." After drawing a most disheartening picture of affairs in the colony, the petitioners closed by appealing "of gentle courtesy, and for the preservation of humanity and mankind, for a helping hand." Whether the subsequent invasion of Warwick and seizure of Gorton and others by the Boston Puritans had or had not any relation to this appeal it would be foreign to our subject to discuss. Making all due allowance for the excited frame of mind of the petitioners, it is evident that arbitration, as a method of enforcing civil and criminal law, was not successful or satisfactory.

The charter of 1644 insured the permanence of the colony, and the laws of 1647 bear evidence that the people of the new commonwealth were prepared to speak and act with a full sense of their position among the infant communities of America. Those laws are tempered throughout with the true spirit of Rhode Island. "Otherwise," it was declared, "than thus what

is herein forbidden, all men may walk as their consciences persuade them, every one in the name of his God." These laws were remarkably free from cruelty and bloodshed, the number of capital crimes being very few, as compared with England and the neighboring colonies of New England. He who dealt in false weights and measures was to sit, for the third offence, in the pillory. The common scold was punished with the ducking stool. A thief was to be severely whipped; for the second offence branded in the hand, and death was the penalty of the third. For petty treason, such as the killing of a master by a



THE DUCKING-STOOL.

servant, a father or mother by a child, the offender was, if a man, to be drawn and hanged, and if a woman, to be burned alive. For high treason death was also the penalty. Forgery, punished by hanging in England until a recent period, was not a capital crime under this Rhode Island code of nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. The debtor giving up all his property must be

released upon obeying the order of the magistrates. "He shall not be sent to prison, there to lie languishing to no man's advantage, unless he refuses to appear and stand by their order." Yet, notwithstanding this humane enactment, Rhode Island afterward established and retained imprisonment for debt until 1870, the writer having been present, as a reporter for the *Providence Journal*, in the General Assembly which repealed the law, and left the debtor, guiltless of fraud, free to labor for an honest living and the extinction of his debt. It may be stated, in parenthesis, that the list of men who have endured imprisonment for debt in this State, and whose names are to be found in the thumb-worn records of the old jail, might surprise a good many to-day. Some of them have been, some of them are, among our respected citizens. They lived to triumph, not over poverty only, but over the ignominy which a harsh and antiquated statute attached to their poverty. It is not generally known that the Rhode Island hero, Col. Barton, whose capture of the British General Prescott was one of the most memorable exploits of the War for Independence, was a prisoner for debt in his later years, but not in his native State. To Vermont belongs the credit or discredit of confining the hero, whose situation evoked the touching lines of Whittier, beginning :

"What hath the gray-haired prisoner done—
Hath murder stained his hands with gore?"

The just and honest spirit prevailing among the early settlers was shown in the provision of 1647, that "No person be employed in any service for the public administration of justice upon offenders, or between man and man, without good encouragement and due satisfaction from the public, whether out of the common stock or out of the stocks of others that have occasioned his services." For the purposes of common defence every man, between the ages of seventeen and seventy, was required to keep a bow and arrows, and to exercise with them, and every father was required to furnish his son, from seven to seventeen years old, with a bow, two arrows, and shafts, and to bring them up to shooting. A court of Commissioners, six from each town, were

appointed to try cases, having cognizance of weighty offences, and also acting as a Court of Appeals. The town courts had original jurisdiction in suits among their own citizens. The assistants were conservators of the peace in their respective towns, and also acted as coroners. Each town was given the power of licensing taverns and ale houses, and the head officer—that is, the assistant—took the recognizance of each licensed person with two sureties to maintain good order. Officials were jealously confined within the bounds of delegated authority. “No person,” declared the bill of rights, “shall, but at his great peril, presume to bear or execute any office,—that is not lawfully called or confirmed in it; nor, though he be lawfully called and confirmed, presume to do more or less than those that had power to call him, did authorize him to do.” This code, and the acts and orders passed at its adoption, constituted the fundamental laws of the colony while the charter of 1644 remained in force. The alterations made in them during that period were rather formal than substantial. “Their spirit,” wrote Judge Staples,” remained unchanged, and has been infused into all the subsequent legislation of the colony and State.”

In 1649 a charter was granted to the town of Providence by the General Assembly, with authority “to make and ordain such civil orders and constitutions, to inflict such punishments upon transgressors, and for execution thereof, and of the common statute laws of the colony agreed unto, and the penalties, and so many of them, as are not annexed already unto the colony Court of Trials, so to place and displace officers of justice as they, or the greater part of them, shall, by one consent, agree unto.” The officers in question were to be engaged on the 2d day of June, annually. The first choice of town officers was in 1651, when Hugh Bewitt was chosen Town Sergeant. The little town may now be said to have had its corporate birth, although its existence was still so far precarious that authority was granted about this period to erect a fort on Stampers’ Hill. This was very near the heart of the community which then centred about the upper part of North Main street. Stampers street, according to an old story, takes its name from the circumstance that the settlers, during the

Indian troubles, frightened away a band of savages, who were bent on destroying the town, by running up and down and "stamping" with their feet, so as to make the Indians think that a great number were rushing to the defence. Such at least, according to the recollection of the writer, was the statement made many years ago, when it was proposed to change the name of Stampers street. True or false, the tradition, so eloquent of the painful struggles of the fathers of these plantations, saved the name of the ancient street.

The first Town Sergeant, Hugh Bewitt, figures conspicuously in the records of the time. He was evidently no common man, and between the lines of the meagre chronicle can be read the story of a forceful, resolute, and restless nature. Besides the distinction of being tried and acquitted of treason, he served the people in important offices. That of Town Sergeant could not have been lucrative, and, among the mingled elements of Rhode Island's early population, must have been arduous. The Town Sergeant and Constables were paid, as the Town Sergeant and Constables of the smaller towns are paid to-day, principally by fees for services performed. The Town Sergeant also received a salary compensation in the form of a tax exacted from the freemen of the town, and collected by himself in money or in kind. The record of this tax sets forth that "It is voated by ye Towne yt ye sergeant yt shall yearly be chosen in this Towne shall be payd by each freedman in ye said Towne, one shilling in marchantable pay per yeare and if any doo neglect or refuse to pay as aforesaid, ye sergeant making his return to ye towne of ye names of ye defective persons, ye Town doo engage to cause ye said defective persons to pay ye aforesaid summ to ye sergeant, any order to the contrary heard of notwithstanding." This compulsory contribution could hardly have been a certain or satisfactory source of income, and the Town Sergeant and Constables must have mainly depended upon their own exertions, apart from official duties, for keeping hunger from their cabins.

The reader has but to cross the line into North Providence, or pursue his way to Smithfield or Glocester, to see in operation the early police methods of the town of Providence. The Town

Sergeant follows his avocation of carpenter or farmer, as the case may be, and thus obtains his livelihood. He has a fee for attending the town meetings and preserving order there, another fee for attending meetings of the town council, and fees for arrests, and for the care of prisoners. When his services are required on any special occasion, he is sought for on his farm or in his shop; but he does not depend upon his office for a living. In small towns, as a rule, but few men are willing to accept the office, and of the few it often occurs that some are unfitted and undesirable. This difficulty appears to have confronted the freemen in olden times as well as now, for in 1665 the General Assembly enacted that a fine of five pounds sterling should be imposed upon any one refusing to serve as Town Sergeant, and the provision was carried along in all succeeding changes of the statutes.

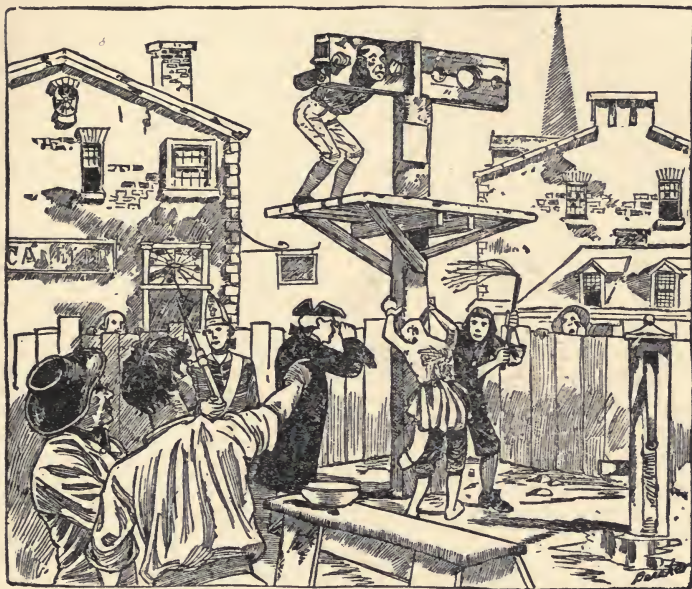
This system was not as ineffective as at first glance it might appear. The constables, incited by the hope of fees, were vigilant in the lookout for criminals, and every respectable citizen felt a personal responsibility for the preservation of the peace. Assuredly Providence was not a lawless community during the nearly one hundred and fifty years that elapsed between the settlement and the first establishment of a watch. Rhode Island had vigilant and hostile critics in the neighboring colonies, but the laxity of which they accused her was only as to religion, and the open expression of religious opinion. It is nowhere alleged, in the keenest shafts of the Bay Colony's writers and divines, that life and property were not as secure as in the shadow of the elms and gallows of Boston Common. Even to-day, with all the added ingenuity of crime, we see Rhode Island towns much more numerous and populated than Providence was in the seventeenth century, well-guarded and law-abiding without one salaried policeman. Every substantial resident and elector who wishes, or is willing, to be a Constable, easily obtains the appointment, and every one feels that he has a personal concern in the prevention and punishment of crime.

Four years after the organization of a town government, in 1655, we find Providence and Warwick directed to unite in the erection of a prison at Warwick at a cost of £41, of which Prov-

idence was required to pay £6, and another prison at Providence and a pair of stocks, at a cost of £14. Why Providence should have been required to build a prison for Warwick does not appear, but presumably the Warwick jail was to be situated conveniently for occasional use by Providence offenders, on the same principle as a joint school district. As to whether these prisons were built the records make no mention. The probability is that some provision was made in a rude way for the detention of malefactors. In 1695 the General Assembly ordered a prison to be built in Providence. At a town meeting in February of that year, the town agreed to erect it "near the water's side, next Gideon Crawford's warehouse." Staples says, that "judging from the contentious spirit manifested in their town meetings one cannot imagine that a prison of these dimensions afforded very ample and roomy accommodations for such a community." At the April town meeting the town voted to change the location, but, the record relates, "while the matter was in propagating by the town, obstruction was made by Samuel Windsor against the same, thereby raising such a tumult among the people that the moderator was put upon to dissolve the meeting." No further proceedings appear in the matter until 1698, when a tax of £30 was ordered for the building of a prison. The building, unlike some modern structures, was completed within the appropriation, at a cost of £21 17s., exclusive of the locks. The prison was destroyed by fire before February, 1705, and a new one erected at the expense of Joseph Latham and John Scott, who were presumably responsible for the destruction of the first building. These prisons are supposed to have stood near the head of Constitution Hill, on the Benefit street side, and it is thought that the wretched old cabin, familiar to Providence eyes as presenting such a notable contrast to other buildings in that locality, is a part of the old prison of 1705.* Tradition, as well as ancient plats, point this cabin out as "the old jail." A third prison was erected in 1733 on a lot purchased from William Page on the north side of the road leading to the ferry at narrow passage.

* The old relic was torn down a few weeks ago.

This was not far from where Benefit street now crosses Meeting street, formerly known as "Jail lane." The fourth prison in Providence was erected in 1753, on a lot of land granted to the Colony by the proprietors of Providence, adjoining the Cove.



THE PILLORY AND WHIPPING-POST.

So far as regarded the punishment of criminals there was but little use for prisons. The infliction of the death penalty was rare at any period in Providence, but the stocks, the pillory, the whipping-post, the branding iron, and the knife were in frequent use, especially in the cases of confirmed offenders. Whippings have occurred within the memory of men now living, and many an aged Rhode Islander was already in manhood's years when the last habitual thief had his ears cropped. Of this we shall have more to say in a coming chapter. In the old days the mutilation of criminals was not viewed with the horror that the Delaware whipping-post excites to-day. The art of photography was unknown. To have painted a criminal's picture was impracticable, and his ears were cropped, or he was branded on the

face or hand, not so much to punish him as that others might beware of him. The cropped and branded thieves were a traveling rogues' gallery; at the same time a warning and an example to their fellow men.



CHAPTER II.

THE TOWN COUNCIL AND THE CONSTABLES.—ESTABLISHMENT OF A NIGHT-WATCH.—RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR ITS GOVERNMENT.—THE WATCH TO ABSTAIN FROM SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.—CALLING THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT.—A VOLUNTEER WATCH ESTABLISHED.—LIGHTS FORBIDDEN AT UNREASONABLE HOURS.—LIBERATED NEGROES A SOURCE OF TROUBLE.—THE HARDCRABBLE AND OLNEY'S LANE RIOTS.—DEADLY ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND THE MOB.

THE town council always maintained a complete jurisdiction over the executive officers of the town. The constables, either elected in town meeting or by the council, could be removed by the latter at will; the town sergeant was the mouth-piece and executor of the council's authority, and, at times of great public peril, the council sat with the military officers to decide the doom of public enemies who had fallen into their hands. The constables, with the sheriff of the county and his deputies, the latter, of course, not subject to any town authority, appear to have served all the purposes of a police until the period of the Revolution. During the Indian wars a trained band had been established, for the military defence of the town, and now, as the troubles with Great Britain became more menacing, it was felt necessary to make provision for an adequate guard against disorder within, and enemies without. In 1772 occurred the burning of the Gaspee, under the leadership of Abraham Whipple. This was the opening gun of the Revolution. Although Providence sympathized heartily and practically with the cause of the colonies, her citizens frowned upon lawless and tumultuous expressions of patriotism. On the 31st of August, 1774, a town meeting specially called, denounced any attempt to disturb the peace and order of the town, and desired "the civil magistrates to exert themselves to their utmost to prevent and suppress all such

unhappy disturbances in the future, in doing which they may rely upon the aid and support of the freemen and well disposed inhabitants at all times.”

In May, 1775, a night watch was established. It consisted of four men who traveled each night in pairs, the pairs watching in rotation. The records do not give any further information concerning the watch, but it did not prove permanent. In December, 1796, another night watch was established consisting of six men who began their rounds at 10 o'clock each night, and patrolled until “bell ringing,” or sunrise, in the morning. Each man who watched was allowed one dollar per night. The appointment of the watch was placed under the direction of the Town Council, which was authorized to make such regulations as were necessary. A committee consisting of James Arnold, Ebenezer Thompson and William Rhodes was appointed to build a watch house, and under their supervision a structure twelve feet square and seven feet high was erected on the town's land near the market house. At each successive town meeting the watch was continued by the citizens, but to meet the expense the town was compelled to borrow money. In January, 1797, a committee consisting of J. W. Corlis, Thomas P. Ives and Amos B. Atwell, was appointed to consider the expediency of maintaining the night watch, and to report the most eligible method of doing so. They decided that a night watch was necessary to secure the safety of the lives and property of the people, and that a direct tax on the property of the citizens should be levied as a more just, equitable and certain method of obtaining a good and sufficient watch than by demanding personal service by the citizens in rotation.

The report was adopted in town meeting, and in November of that year the night watch was reorganized under the direction of the Town Council, which was specially authorized to establish a permanent watch, and to make such rules and regulations as from time to time were found necessary and expedient. The Council appointed twelve men: Richard Marvin, Jonathan French, Calvin Walker, Henry Alexander, Obadiah Mason, Benjamin Peck, Jeremiah Russell, Jonathan Fowle, Daniel Snow, Joseph

Snow, Amos Warner and William Andrews. They were divided into two companies of six men, each of which comprised the watch for an entire night, and the companies took turns, each watching every other night. Richard Marvin and Jeremiah Russell were appointed captains, and it was their duty to keep an exact account of the number of nights they themselves watched and also of the men who composed their respective watch companies. The accounts were submitted to the Town Council at regular intervals. The watchmen were compensated for their services at the rate of one dollar for each night that they watched.

The rules and regulations established required the watch of six men to meet alternately at the watch house precisely at 9.30 o'clock in the evening, and at 10 o'clock they commenced patrolling the streets, and continued to do so until "bell ringing" in



OLD WATCHMAN.

the morning. Each watch was divided into three companies of two men each, who traveled together. The northward watch patrolled the streets as far as Benjamin Cozzen's residence on North Main street. The westward traveled all the streets as far

as Hoyle's tavern, and visited Eddy's Point once during the night. The southward patrolled all the streets as far as India Point. They were kept constantly abroad under the Captain, and were ordered to be vigilant, and to carefully inspect the houses, stores and workshops they passed, in order to prevent fires gaining headway. They were to suppress all riotous conduct in the streets, and to commit all refractory persons to the bridewell. All houses which contained riotous or disorderly company were reported in writing to the President of the Town Council by the Captain. The badge of the watch was a staff about six feet in length with a hook attached to one end. It was the duty of the Captain to report all persons committed to the bridewell for misconduct to "any one or more Justices of the Peace on the next morning," who would hear the charges and inflict the penalty of the law if the prisoner was found guilty of any misdemeanor.

January 13, 1800, the Town Council ordered those persons constituting the night watch to abstain from going into any of the houses for the purpose of getting spirituous liquors, and the captains were ordered to report any transgressions of the rule to the Town Council. March 3, 1800, the watchmen were ordered to call on all persons appearing in the streets after 11 o'clock at night, and if they refused to give their names they were to be deemed by said watchmen as disorderly, and detained in the watch house until the next morning. October 1st, 1800, a watch was established in the south part of the town by the Councils, as follows: "Whereas request is made to this Council that a watch may be appointed and established in the south part of the town for the purpose of guarding the same and to preserve the property therein from being purloined or stolen by the wicked and designing, it is therefore voted and resolved that the following named persons, to wit: Henry Alexander, Stephen Whipple, Ephraim Congdon and Demas Bishop be, and they are, hereby appointed a night watch for that purpose, provided that the expense of said watch be defrayed by subscription, and not considered as a town expense, and that each of said watchmen be compensated for their services at and after the rate of two dollars

for every night they may watch, as aforesaid, and that the said four persons shall watch alternately, two of whom are to constitute the watch for the night, and that they may be vigilant in the performance of their duty, and that they apprehend all persons they may find in that part of the town during the night who may be strolling about, and whose conduct is suspicious, and commit them to the bridewell." Such persons were reported in the morning to a Justice of the Peace for a hearing.

October 20, 1806, the custom of calling out the hour of midnight whilst the watchmen were on their rounds was established. At this meeting the watch were ordered not to suffer any company to remain assembled in any tenement occupied by black people after 10 o'clock at night. If they should refuse to immediately disperse to their respective homes when requested to, the watch were directed to commit them to the bridewell. If "persons of color" were found in the street after 10 o'clock at night, the watch were ordered to commit them to the bridewell unless a good and sufficient reason were given for their being thus abroad. It was also decreed that it should be the duty of the captains to observe strictly the conduct of the other members of the watch, and to make diligent inquiry concerning the same, and if any disorderly behavior, intemperance, or neglect of their duty should come to their knowledge, that the captain should report it to the Town Council that such disorderly, intemperate or negligent members might be removed. And it was further decreed that each of the captains for their extra services respecting the commitment of persons to the bridewell, reporting them to justices of the peace, and in reporting said disorderly, intemperate, and negligent members of the watch to the Town Council, and for all other extra services, should be allowed seventeen cents over and above the usual amount of one dollar for each night of service.

In May, 1808, a volunteer watch was established to assist the town watch. The members were given the same power and authority while on duty as possessed by the town watch. This watch did not remain in existence many months, but there is no record of its disbandment. In December, 1812, the owners of property between Weybosset bridge and Almy's lane, north of

Steeple street, by subscription, paid for the services of two additional watchmen to guard their property. They were under the control of the captain of the town watch. They patrolled alternately one each night, and continued to do so till September, 1813, when the public watch was increased to sixteen men. In January, 1814, the town watch was again increased to twenty men, and at the same time their pay was advanced to \$1.25 per man for each night of service. In that month some of the citizens hired four men to watch certain parts of that side of the town during the night. The Town Council conferred the same power and authority on them as possessed by the town watch, and gave them the privilege of using the town watch-house. They were placed under the direction of the captain of the town watch. In March, 1814, the number of the town watch was reduced to twelve, the original number, and the pay was reduced to one dollar per night.

June 8, 1814, the Town Council appointed a watch of six men to be stationed on board a vessel with carriage guns, to be anchored between Kettle Point and Field's Point, below the town. This watch was for the purpose of giving an alarm to the town in case of the appearance of a hostile force. A guard patrolled the bay, and in case of the discovery of any threatening force they were to alarm the watch aboard the vessel by firing their muskets. When so alarmed, or by any discovery of their own, the watch on the vessel were to alarm the town by firing their carriage guns and lighting a beacon on the high land on Field's Point. In August the guard and vessel were withdrawn, and at the next meeting of the Council the town watch were ordered, in case of an alarm of fire or of invasion from without, to immediately repair to the town clerk's office for the purpose of taking care of the town's property and the records of the town.

In 1814, volunteer night watch associations were formed in various parts of the town, and the members were granted the same power as possessed by the town watch while on duty. They were not allowed to employ substitutes except from among their members. In October, 1814, the watch was increased to twenty men, and their pay was again advanced to \$1.25 per

night. At that time they were ordered to arrest all persons whom they met who persisted in smoking cigars in the streets and gangways of the town. In March, 1815, the town watch was again reduced to twelve men, and the Town Council ordered that the men draw lots to determine which ones should be dismissed. In September, 1815, the night watch for the west side of the town was increased to sixteen men, divided into two watches, and served by rotation eight each night. At the same time the night watch for the east side was increased to twenty-eight men, also divided into two watches to patrol in rotation. This proved too great a burden for the town, and in October the watch was reduced again to twelve men. In the meantime the volunteer watch associations dropped out of existence. In November, 1816, the watch was increased to twenty men. The captains were ordered to form five patrols of two men each in each watch, and to see that no two men travelled together as partners for a longer time than one week. In March of the next year the watch was again reduced to twelve men, and in November was ordered to meet thereafter at the Hydraulion Engine House, on Exchange street.

Providence had, at this time, about ten thousand inhabitants, and each watchman carried a pole long enough to reach to the second story of the houses on his beat. If he saw a light in the window at what he considered an unreasonable hour, he would tap upon the window with his pole, and demand to know the cause of the illumination. It was also the duty of the watch to proclaim the hours throughout the night, adding "All's well," as a reassurance to those whose slumbers were disturbed.

As the town population grew, the inadequacy of the old system of watching the streets became more and more evident. About the close of the eighteenth century Rhode Island had virtually emancipated the slaves, and liberated negroes were a vexatious source of trouble. They had to learn by degrees the distinction between liberty and license, and it could not be expected that the enfranchised race, long down-trodden by an oppressive slave-code, could rise all at once to the plane of their former masters. The frequency of crime among the blacks was as striking in Rhode

Island, in the latter part of the eighteenth and earlier portion of the nineteenth century, as in some localities of the South to-day. It was the effect to be expected from ages of bondage and ignorance. To-day, on the other hand, the colored people of Rhode Island have a well-earned reputation for thrift, intelligence, and orderly behavior. They have outgrown the marks of slavery; and doubtless the South will witness, in course of time, a similar improvement.

In 1824 Oliver Cummins, Joseph Butler, Jr., Nathaniel G. Metcalf and a number of others were indicted for rioting and breaking down houses in a place called "Hardscrabble," a hamlet in the north-west part of the town of Providence, described as containing about twenty dwellings, mostly inhabited by people of color. Here were held revels and midnight orgies, and the rioters appear to have been upheld by public opinion in the summary suppression of Hardscrabble. The jury acquitted the accused. A writer of the period attributed the existence of the evil "to the difference in the severity of our police and the neighboring cities in relation to the blacks," adding that "our neighbors abroad may perhaps be surprised that such a transaction should have happened, apparently under the eye of the police, without their interference; and our own citizens may be led to infer that there is a tardiness and inefficiency in the nature of our municipal government (we do not refer to its officers who have uniformly discharged their duties with vigilance and ability) which, as we increase in population, it may become necessary to exchange for a form that will not in fact be more despotic than the undefined powers of a town council, but which is fitted to carry those powers into speedy and efficient operation, as exigencies may require. If such had been the case heretofore, the moral and orderly town of Providence would not have been disgraced by the existence of a Hardscrabble, or of a mob to demolish it."

The only evidence that the Hardscrabble riot had any influence in securing an increased efficiency of the police force, was that, in October of the same year (1824) the watch commenced to patrol at 8 o'clock. In 1826 the watch was increased to twenty-four men, and in October, 1827, the captains of the watch were

authorized to make such arrangements and disposition of the several watch companies as they judged most expedient. In September, 1828, the watch-house in the building which was on the site of the present County Court House was first occupied.

While the little band of watchmen were brave enough, and perhaps effective enough in dealing with ordinary routs and disturbances, they were helpless in riots and extended popular commotions, and this is a distinguishing feature, as between the guardians of the peace in former days and the thoroughly equipped and organized police of the present. The Hardscrabble outbreak, already alluded to, was one instance of this. The Olney's Lane riot, of September, 1831, was another, as it was also the most signal instance of mob supremacy in the history of the State. Both riots were due to the inefficiency of the old police to deal with prevalent vice. The Olney's Lane riot, on account of its importance, is deserving an extended description. It occurred in that part of the town called Snow Town, inhabited chiefly by idle blacks, of the lowest stamp. Some of the houses were occupied by whites, and some by an indiscriminate mixture of whites and blacks. In addition to the ordinary evils of houses of ill-fame, decent residents of the neighborhood had had inflicted upon them a series of outrages, which they complained of to the proper authorities, but without avail. Midnight revels, severe and bloody affrays, and even open riots, were frequent, and at length thousands of respectable citizens were prepared to regard with approval any method, however lawless, of getting rid of the nuisance and disgrace.

Five sailors, whose names were William Hull, Jack Smith, George Erickson, William Henry, and one called Tom, started, on the evening of September 21, 1831, from their boarding-houses in the southerly part of that town to go, as one of them expressed it, "on a cruise." They arrived at the foot of Olney's Lane about eight o'clock, where they met six or seven men from one of the steamboats with sticks or clubs in their hands, and without hats or jackets. They stated that they "had been up and had a row with the darkies," and asked the sailors to go up and aid them. About one hundred persons were assembled,

ready for trouble. The sailors started up the lane with the crowd, singing and shouting. A gun was discharged and stones thrown from the vicinity of the houses occupied by the blacks. Stones were also thrown by the crowd against the houses. Upon the firing of the gun the main body of the crowd retreated to the foot of the lane. The five sailors, however, continued up the lane, and when they were near a blacksmith shop another gun was discharged. William Henry, one of the sailors, put his hand to his face, and said he was shot. George Erickson and William Hull proceeded to a house further east occupied by blacks, probably intending to avenge their comrade's injury.

Meantime the crowd, who had been attracted by the uproar, had retreated to the west end of the lane. A black man, on the steps of the house, presented a gun at the two sailors and ordered them to keep their distance. They in turn proposed to take his gun. This they did not attempt, but pursuing their walk a little further, stopped. The colored man thereupon told them "to clear out," or he would fire at them. They dared him to shoot. He did fire, and Erickson was instantly killed. The first company, who were still at the foot of the lane, then returned, tore down two houses, and broke the windows of a number of other residences of the colored people. During the next day there was great excitement. The Sheriff of the county, with other officers, were in Olney's Lane early in the evening. As the mob increased in numbers and in violence of language, they were ordered to disperse, and seven were taken into custody. Subsequently others were arrested, who were rescued from the officers. The Sheriff then called upon the Governor for military aid, and about midnight the First Light Infantry marched to his assistance. The mob, grown reckless and defiant, received the infantry with a shower of stones. The soldiers were reluctant to fire, and rather than take human life retreated from the lane. The rioters, emboldened by what they regarded as a repulse of the military, returned to their work of destruction and demolished six more houses in the lane and one near Smith street, not dispersing until between three and four o'clock in the morning.

On the morning of the 23rd it was apprehended that the lawless element, now in virtual control of the northern part of the town, would make an attack on the jail. The Sheriff again demanded military aid, and the Governor issued orders to the Light Dragoons, the Artillery, the Cadets, the Volunteers, and the First Infantry, to be in arms at six o'clock in the evening. The mob appeared only in small force, and did but little mischief, and the military were dismissed until the next evening. On the evening of the 24th the mob assembled in great force and began the demolition of houses. The military were again called out, and started for Smith street, being assailed on the march with stones. They marched up Smith street and took post on the hill. Here the Governor and Sheriff remonstrated with the rioters, and endeavored by threats and persuasion to get them to disperse, but in vain. Even the announcement that the muskets were loaded with ball cartridge had no effect. The mob continued to assault with stones the soldiers and the houses.

The riot act was read, and a peace officer, William S. Patten, Esq., called upon the crowd to depart to their respective homes. The mob listened in silence, but, as soon as the proclamation had been made, they answered it with shouts and showers of stones. Then the Sheriff, having succeeded in gaining attention, declared that all must disperse, or in five minutes they would be fired upon. "Fire and be ——," was the answer which rang through the still air of the night from hundreds of throats. The rioters went on with the work of destruction. Shots in the air by the military only provoked another shower of missiles, accompanied with hootings and imprecations. The volleys of stones injured many of the soldiers, and at length the Sheriff directed the captain of the infantry to fire. Captain Shaw gave the word, "ready," and paused. The riot grew more furious. The crisis had arrived. "Shall I fire?" asked the humane commander, turning to the Sheriff. "Yes; you must fire," was the prompt reply. "Aim—fire!" uttered the captain, firmly. The infantry discharged their muskets; four persons fell mortally wounded; perfect silence ensued; not a sound was heard, and violence immediately ceased. The mob was quelled.

Five lives had been sacrificed, eight houses destroyed, and nine or ten other houses damaged. The committee of citizens, who investigated the circumstances of the riot, and fully vindicated the action of the soldiery, reported that they "had not been able to ascertain that any houses occupied by respectable inhabitants had been injured." This simple statement indicates the extent of the plague-spot which provoked such heroic remedy.

The same committee pointed out certain defects in the police system of Providence. They did not accuse the watchmen of neglecting their duty. They laid the blame for existing evils on the absence of a responsible head of the police force, and suggested that the president of the town council be appointed a high constable or marshal of the town, with a salary sufficient to support his family without resorting to other business, and with authority to ascertain the names of suspicious persons, to visit suspected houses, and to make regular reports as to the execution of the laws.

The result of the agitation thus stimulated by the murder of the poor Swedish sailor, George Erickson, was that Providence threw off the town system of government, and became a city, probably many years before such a change would have come about in the usual course of events. In 1832, when the city was incorporated, the watch consisted of twenty-four men, as follows: Avery Allen, captain of the first watch; David E. Mann, captain of the second watch; Angell Battey, Thomas Hopkins, David Jenkins, Wm. B. Mason, Joseph Saunders, Fayette Thurber, Pardon S. Pearce, Michael Smith, John Saunders, John Holmes, James S. Hudson, Sylvester Bowers, John Wilbur, Wm. Pearce, Edmund Sheffield, Major Tripp, Relief Thurber, Benjamin C. Warner, Edwin Tripp, and Benjamin Hathaway. The pay of the captain had been fixed at \$1.25 per night, and that of the others at \$1 per night.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST CITY MARSHAL.—THE OLD WATCH-HOUSE AND ITS UNDERGROUND CELLS.—ATTIRE AND APPEARANCE OF THE WATCHMEN.—DANGER IN THE CAMLET CLOAK.—INCIDENTS OF THE DORR DISTURBANCE.—WATCHMEN ARRESTED BY SENTRIES.—ESTABLISHMENT OF A DAY POLICE.—THE MURDER OF NIGHT-WATCHMAN PULLEN.—A DESPERADO KILLED BY A WATCHMAN IN SELF-DEFENCE.—THE CITY DIVIDED INTO DISTRICTS.—HOW THE WATCH PATROLLED THEIR BEATS.—MAYOR RODMAN ON PROHIBITION.

IN dealing with the city watch we come now to a period of which there are survivors, and concerning which our statements are derived not from record alone, but from the evidence of living eye-witnesses. It is worthy of note that among us to-day, in active life, and apparently in vigorous health, are men who joined the watch not long after the city was born, and who have kindly favored the writer with their recollections of an age that to the multitude of our citizens is known but by story and tradition.

Henry G. Mumford was the first City Marshal, having been elected to that office in June, 1833, and holding it until June, 1845. The office was presumably established in accord with the recommendation of the committee of citizens after the Olney's Lane riot, its duties being such as they suggested for the High Constable or Marshal. The City Marshal was primarily a prosecuting officer. The ordinance creating his office provided that "it shall be his duty, from time to time, to pass through the streets and gangways of the city; to observe all nuisances, obstructions and impediments therein, to the end that the same may be removed or prosecuted according to law. It shall also be his duty to receive all complaints made against any person or persons for any breach of the laws of the state or ordinances or orders of the city; and for this purpose he shall

attend daily, at some stated hour, in one of the public offices of the city, to be designated by the Mayor. He shall also enforce and carry into effect each and every ordinance which shall be in force within the city; he shall obey and execute the orders and commands of the Mayor and of the Board of Aldermen, in relation to any matter or thing in which the city may be in any wise concerned or interested whenever thereunto required; he shall also be vigilant to detect the breach of any law, ordinance or order; he shall prosecute all offenders as soon as may be, and attend, in behalf of the city, the trial of all offences which may be prosecuted; and he shall lay before the Mayor a statement of all prosecutions by him instituted in behalf of the city, or in which the city is in any way interested or concerned, within one week after their final determination respectively." These duties naturally brought the City Marshal into close relations with the police, but the night watch continued to be independent of his directions, although he was given charge of the day patrol when established.

The old watch did good service in its day and generation, and its few surviving veterans have no reason to be ashamed of the record of their force. The watch-house fifty years ago was located in the ancient town house, at the corner of College and Benefit streets. This old town house had been erected years before the Revolution by the First Congregational Society. During the Revolution the Reverend Dr. Lathrop preached there, and denounced the enemy with all the patriotic fervor which characterized the ministry of that eventful time. Later, and until the building was purchased by the town of Providence, the Rev. Dr. Enos Hitchcock was the minister of the Society. In this house the Rev. Mr. Murray, the pioneer of Universalism, preached his first sermon to a Providence audience, and its pulpit was occupied by many eloquent Methodists long before that denomination possessed a house of their own in these Plantations, and the strong appeals of the eccentric Dow often resounded therein. As a watch-house it differed considerably in appearance and convenience from the commodious police stations of the present day. An apartment 14 by 24 feet in the south basement of the building was the watch-house proper, a room opening out of it

containing the cells, which were three in number. The cells were six feet wide and fourteen in depth, and each contained a couple of bunks, or berths. The only accommodation for prisoners was in these cells. Benches were arranged around the sides of the watch-house room, and upon these the occasional applicants for lodging were sometimes permitted to sleep. At daylight the watch-house was locked up, and the key, a ponderous instrument of antique pattern, eight inches in length, was carried to the entry of the Eagle Bank building, now No. 27 Market Square, and carefully deposited under a spittoon at the head of the stairs. The first man down at night made it his business to secure the key and re-open the watch-house.

The watch-house and the adjoining cell-room were heated by a single stove. This was a huge old-fashioned box-stove, the fuel chamber of which was about two feet high and three feet long. When this formidable consumer of cord-wood was well fed, it gave out a generous heat to soften the rigor of keen winter nights. If the wood was green, or the fire neglected, it died down to a feeble glow, and the distant underground cells grew damp and cold. The only light which illumined the watch-house was that which twinkled dimly from the little tin "petticoat" lamps, or, at times, from the open stove door, whence the flames glimmered, dancing and flickering from floor to ceiling, and playing hide and seek with the shadows. Whale oil was the illuminator then, the inexpensive and brilliant product controlled by the Standard Oil millionaires not having yet conferred its benefits on the world. The cells were not provided with iron gratings; but, instead, the doors were built of 3 x 4 stuff, placed a few inches apart. The basement was low studded, and there was no pretence at finish anywhere. In later years the watch-house was removed to the north basement, and still later on up stairs, where cell-rooms were constructed for prisoners, and the cellars given up to the accommodation of lodgers.

The night watchmen, in appearance at least, were not likely to invite a stranger's confidence. They were paid but a small sum for the performance of duty, and partly from motives of economy chose to wear the roughest dress. In case of a personal collision

with midnight prowlers, to which the watch, few in number, were more exposed than a formidable and disciplined police, no great loss would be sustained if their clothing should be torn or soiled. There was nothing like a uniform, and the watchmen seemed to have rather a repugnance to any distinguishing mark. The town watch had been accustomed to carry clubs three or four feet long, with a large iron hook fastened at the end. What the object of the hooks was is difficult to surmise, unless it was to "hook on to" prisoners. Under the city government the club lacked the hook, and was of any size that the watchmen chose to carry. The old-fashioned camlet cloaks gave place, about thirty-five years ago, to overcoats furnished by the city. The camlet cloaks will be remembered by many of our older readers. Several yards of material were required for their ample skirts and wide capes. Shoddy, but for which, as a mill superintendent once told the writer, "half the world would go naked," had not then come into use, and a camlet cloak would outwear half a dozen modern overcoats. They were fashionable in their day, as were the Scotch plaids, fastened together by great brass buckles and chains. The plaids were sometimes worn by the watch, but the camlets were most in vogue. The latter were warm and serviceable, and so close in texture as to shed water nearly as well as rubber. It was, however, sometimes very inconvenient in making an arrest, as ex-Chief John M. Knowles found one bitterly cold night during the early years of his service on the city watch. He attempted to make an arrest on Canal street of a man who had committed an assault. The fellow offered a desperate resistance, and clinched Mr. Knowles by the throat. So violent was the attack that officer and man fell from the slippery curbstone into the street. Mr. Knowles was on the underside, with the man still clutching his throat. The long skirts of the camlet cloak which the officer wore became twisted about his legs, and the assailant, who was tall and muscular, fully realized his advantage. Mr. Knowles, however, succeeded in reversing positions, and, with the help of his partner, took the prisoner to the watch-house.

In the early part of 1837 attempts made to set fires caused

the watch to be ordered on duty at 6.30 o'clock each evening. In October, 1837, Captain David E. Mann died in office, and Captain Avery Allen was placed in command of both watch companies. In December of that year of panic and distress incendiarism prevailed to such an alarming extent that it became necessary to appoint sixteen additional watchmen, who served nearly a year. During this time the City Marshal and the Captain of the watch were ordered to enforce especial vigilance. In November, 1838, the number of men was reduced to twenty-four men, beside Captain Avery Allen, who was ordered not to take any route of patrol, but to perform so much patrol duty in any and all parts of the city as would not interfere with his supervision and control of the watches. Incendiarism in the last part of 1839 made the services of sixteen extra watchmen again necessary, and they patrolled from December 3 to February 17 of the next year. During this time all of the watchmen were compelled to do double duty,—that is, each man travelled every night. After the watch was reduced again to twenty-four men the pay was reduced to 83 cents, and afterward advanced to 87½ cents, and the pay of the Captain was fixed at \$1.

During the Dorr war the laws were silent, and military took the place of civil authority. The watch went on with their watching, but they had no part, as watchmen, in the stirring scenes about them. Yet no one who moved abroad by day or night could fail to hear more or less of the strife. Men hardly knew whom to trust in that troubled time. A man who kept a grocery store at which the watch were in the habit of congregating early in the evening, used to express himself strongly in favor of Dorr and his cause. But when the prisoners were marched in from Acote's Hill, the store-keeper was one of the guards that had them in charge. About two o'clock one summer morning, while ex-Captain James Wilbur Sanders was patrolling, with his partner, Benager Warner, in the neighborhood of the Tockwotton House, the bells began to toll and the booming of cannon came from the opposite quarter of the city. This was the signal for the attack upon the arsenal. As the two watchmen came down toward the business part of the city merchants

were walking up and down in front of their stores, armed with muskets, and keeping a self-constituted guard over their property. Secret patrolmen, with pass-words of which the watch knew nothing, held possession of the streets. The two official guardians of the city's peace were arrested and themselves taken to the watch-house as prisoners. After a time their captors set them at liberty, upon the intercession of Captain Allen. Coming down to South Water street they were met by a man with musket and bayonet, who told them to halt and turn back, or he would "run them through." Captain Allen had instructed the watchmen to submit in all such cases, and the officers returned to the watch-house. The city police were powerless. Ruffians pretending to be secret patrolmen openly defied their authority, and patriotism was the excuse, real or pretended, for many disorders. With the cessation of armed hostilities the regular authorities again assumed their accustomed sway; but it was a long time before the effects of that exciting struggle were effaced in the experience of the watchmen.

In 1845, Jabez J. Potter was appointed City Marshal, and remained in command till 1848, when Daniel K. Chaffee was elected Marshal. In this year the first badge was adopted. It was a brass star; the men were averse to wearing it, and carried the stars in their pockets. Two years later they were compelled to wear them upon the lapels of their coats.

In 1851 ten men were appointed by the City Council in joint convention as a day police force. Their names were William H. Hudson, Jabez J. Potter, George A. Billings, Thomas W. Hart, George W. Wightman, William G. Slack, William B. Cranston, Nathan M. Briggs, William G. Merriweather, and John M. Shaw. These men were placed under the command of the City Marshal, the night force remaining a distinct and independent body, under the direction of the Captain of the watch. This decidedly inconvenient arrangement of a dual police force was maintained until the organization of the present police, under Mayor Doyle.

In July, 1852, the night-watch was increased to thirty-two men, and was divided into two districts. Captain Allen con-

tinued in command of the division located at the old town house. Simeon Sherman was placed in command of the other division, which was provided with quarters in the old stone school building which stood on the northwest corner of Summer and Pond streets. On the night of May 18th, in this year, occurred the murder of night-watchman William Pullen, father of Constable William H. Pullen.

The senior Pullen was partner on the watch of Benjamin Aaron Newhall, one of the veterans of the Providence police. They went out together, as usual, at half-past nine in the evening. Nothing unusual occurred until they started to return to the station. The night was dark and foggy. A strange circumstance happened which made a deep impression afterwards upon the mind of Mr. Newhall, although he thought little of it at the time. Just before them, and close above their heads, although invisible, a bird kept flying, and making a wierd unearthly sound. Mr. Pullen said he could see the bird, and was greatly agitated. As they passed along the street the bird seemed resolved to keep their company. Mr. Pullen sat down on some steps and struck out with his arms toward his tormentor, which his companion could hear but could not see. But it was of no avail. When they walked on again the bird kept just before them, uttering its strange, distressing cry, but always hid in the mist. It still continued to wind around their heads with the cry, said by Mr. Newhall to have been like nothing he heard before or since, until they reached the station. As the door closed behind them Mr. Pullen drew a sigh of relief, and remarked that he was glad to be out of the reach of that bird at last. Meantime trouble was arising in another quarter of the city. Watchman William B. Cranston, afterward Superintendent of Hacks, was called out of bed by a citizen to suppress a disturbance on Elbow street. When he arrived on the scene the party were going away, and he followed them up Ship street, in the hope of meeting other watchmen, in order to arrest them all, as they were very disorderly

Watchmen Newhall and Pullen went out on their second beat

and met Mr. Cranston on the corner of Broad and Chestnut streets. There were four of the midnight revellers. Each of the officers arrested one, but the fourth escaped. While hurrying down Broad street with their men to the station the fourth was seen running after them armed with a heavy club, and shouting to the officers to release his companions. Mr. Cranston was in the advance and Mr. Newhall in the rear. The man with the club ran up to Mr. Newhall brandishing his weapon. Mr. Newhall's prisoner cried out in terror: "For God's sake don't let him strike me!" Mr. Newhall hurried his man along, and passed Mr. Pullen, who had lost his prisoner. It was never known from the lips of that officer how the escape was effected; but a person looking from a window in the vicinity afterwards reported that the fellow got away only after a desperate struggle.

Mr. Newhall had just passed Mr. Pullen when he heard the latter cry out: "Oh, Ben! Oh, Ben!" Turning as he heard the appeal, Mr. Newhall saw his partner reeling on the sidewalk near the City Hotel. The ruffian who pursued them had struck the officer with fearful force over the head with his club. Abandoning his prisoner Mr. Newhall ran to aid his companion. Before Mr. Newhall could get to the rescue another blow descended with murderous effect upon the head of the prostrate officer. As Newhall sprang toward the infuriated assailant the latter dealt him a terrible blow in the forehead, inflicting a wound an inch and a half in length. Newhall struck back with the only weapon he had to parry the blow—a piece of broomstick—and just then another man came along and drew the murderer's fury upon himself. As the ferocious wretch struck madly at this third party the club flew out of his hands and against a fence at some distance. Then the assassin rushed swiftly down the street, and was lost in the shadows of night. All the prisoners escaped. The officers forgot every thought of re-capture in their anxiety to aid their suffering companion. Mr. Pullen was carried home, and expired at ten o'clock the following morning. The murderer, whose name was Charles Reynolds, was never arrested. It was ascertained that he ran home, changed his attire hastily,

and fled to an uncle in Apponaug. He soon after departed secretly to Europe. The club with which the sanguinary deed was committed is preserved as a relic at the Central Station.

Another fatal affray, but in which the lawbreaker and not an officer of the law was the victim, bore evidence that the watchmen of old were courageous in the performance of duty, and did not hesitate to confront and grapple with the dangerous element of the community. The late Edward P. Knowles was Mayor, a man of vigorous will, broad intelligence, and unflinching purpose, and who, if he had been willing to sacrifice principle to expediency, might have achieved higher honors than the chief magistracy of Providence. Henry P. Snow, appointed watchman by Mayor Knowles, was patrolling in the vicinity of Atwell's avenue, with his partner Francis, about half-past ten o'clock, one night in 1854. It was a rough locality, and its denizens were engaged in frequent conflict with the authorities. A commotion on the avenue attracted the attention of the watchmen. On approaching they discovered a man named Sallie, who being rendered quarrelsome and ugly by liquor, was beating a female companion. The officers ordered the man to go home, and Sallie started off with the woman, Mr. Snow and Mr. Francis following to see that he did not molest her again. Sallie and his companion entered a house, and the officers turned away, supposing that everything was right.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a woman's loud cries of "Murder! Murder! Help, or he'll kill me!" The watchmen ran back to the house, just as Sallie rushed out in company with a man named Magee. The latter introduced himself by knocking Francis down. Sallie seized Mr. Snow's club, and closed with him in a desperate struggle. Friends of the assailants rushed to their aid, and joined in the attack on the officers. The crowd rained stones upon the struggling and nearly overpowered watchmen, and Mr. Snow received a terrible blow on the top of his head, Sallie inciting his companions to keep up the assault, and shouting, "I'll kill you, Snow! I'll kill you!" The watchman succeeded in getting his revolver from his pocket, and cried, "Stop, Sallie, or I shall shoot!"

But there was no cessation on the part of the desperado, who was in the vigor of youth, powerful, and muscular. The stones flew faster. Mr. Snow's partner was prostrate, and struggling vainly to free himself from his antagonist. There seemed no chance for assistance to come, still less for retreat. To delay was death, and with his strength almost gone the officer fired. Suddenly he was relieved of his adversary, and rose to his feet. Magee released his hold on Mr. Francis, and sprang at Snow. The latter fired again, and the crowd of assailants fell back in dismay.

There was no further demonstration, but the solemn hush that ensued was as marked as the previous uproar. The officers sprang their rattles, and others appeared. The situation was reversed. The officers were on their feet, soiled and bloody, but with no fatal wounds. The men who had so fiercely assailed them lay bleeding on the ground. Magee was shot through the thigh, but his wound was not mortal. Sallie was shot through the windpipe, and died in half an hour. Mr. Snow was sustained in his action, and promoted the following spring. Federal Hill had received a lesson.

In November, 1853, the night patrol was increased to forty-six men, and the city was divided into five districts. Previous to this time the men were engaged at trades during the day, but when this increase in the force was made all the men were ordered to travel every night, and the majority gave up their day work. The watch-house at the corner of College and Benefit streets was the first, or central station of that time. The second was located at the corner of Mill and Charles streets; the third, on Wicken-den street, west of Benefit; the fourth on Summer street, at the corner of Pond; the fifth over the house of Hand Engine 7, at the corner of Richmond and Tippecanoe streets. Each of the stations was placed in charge of a Sergeant. James W. Sanders was appointed Sergeant of the first; Lewis Potter, of the second; Edwin Tripp, of the third; Simeon Sherman, of the fourth; Joseph W. Sanders, of the fifth. The Captain visited each station once every night. Ten men were added to the night-watch in March, 1854.

It was the custom for all the force, at this period, to meet in the old watch-house on College street, at eight o'clock P. M., to answer roll-call, when they were dismissed to meet at their respective stations for roll-call at 9 P. M. Eight patrolmen from each station went on their beats at nine o'clock in the evening, the year round, doing duty until four o'clock in the morning in summer, and six in winter. The men went out in pairs, denominated the first, second, third, and fourth nines. The first pair returned at ten o'clock, turning out the pair who had remained at the station; the second nine came in at half-past ten, turning out the first; the third, at eleven, whose places were taken by the second, and the fourth at half-past eleven, turning out the third. After that the men were out two hours at a time until morning, two officers being always at the station. The arrangement was alternated every fifth night, so that the burden of duty was fairly divided.

Each patrolman had his partner, ex-Chief John M. Knowles being the associate of Frank J. Potter at Station 1. The beat of the first nine of that station lay between Benefit street and the Seekonk river, including the area north of George and south of Bowen streets; that of the second nine included Benefit, North and South Main, South Water streets, Market Square, and all cross streets, from Bowen to Planet street; of the third nine, half of the Great Bridge, north side, up Westminster to Walker, through to Fountain, down to Acorn, through to Jones' Hill, down to Cove street, including half the park, south side, the railway stations, Exchange Place, and the upper bridge; the fourth took in the south side of the Great Bridge, Dyer street to Dorrance, Dorrance to Broad, up to the New Market, down to Snow, through to Westminster street, and down to the Great Bridge, and all cross streets included in each case. A detail of the route taken by the first nine partners on starting out will serve to illustrate the system. Starting out together they separated at the corner of College and Benefit streets; one passed to Prospect street, and up Prospect to Bowen; the other passed along Benefit street to Angell, up Angell to Congdon, up Congdon to Bowen, up Bowen to the corner of Prospect and Bowen

streets, where the partners met. Both then walked together down Bowen to Hope street, down Hope to Angell, down Angell to Governor, through Governor to Waterman, up Waterman to Hope street, then separating again, one "came in" on Waterman street, the other passing up Hope and coming in on Angell street, the partners meeting on Prospect, between Angell and Waterman streets. The first nines were out but an hour, and when, in winter, the lights were to go out at nine o'clock, from Benefit street to the Seekonk, it was lively work.

In June, 1854, William H. Hudson was elected City Marshal. The prohibitory law, known as the Maine law, was then in force in the city and State, and had an enthusiastic advocate in Mayor Knowles, although the citizens generally were far from being unanimous in support of it. Mayor Knowles complained that the police did not properly sustain him, and that he was therefore unable to fulfil the duties imposed on him by law as chief executive of the city. Whatever the merits of the complaint, Mayor Knowles was not renominated, being succeeded by Mayor James Y. Smith, afterward War Governor. In 1855, an important change was made in the government of the police. By Section 4 of the City Charter, in 1832, it was provided "that the executive powers of said city generally, and the administration of police, with all the powers now possessed by the Town Council of the town of Providence, and of its members by virtue of their offices (whether said last-mentioned powers are conferred by the General Assembly or by the town), except the power of passing by-laws and ordinances, shall be vested in the Mayor and Aldermen." This was interpreted by Mayor Bridgman, in his original address, and by his successors, as meaning that "the Board of Aldermen, the Mayor presiding, have jurisdiction over all matters over which the late Town Council, or its members by virtue of their offices, had jurisdiction, whether that jurisdiction was derived from the laws of the State or from reference by the town, except the power of passing by-laws and ordinances; also, the executive powers of the city generally, and the administration of police." In other words, as to the police, the Aldermen were the Town Council, and the Mayor, in

his relation to the police, was simply what the president of the Town Council had been—an officer supposed, on account of his position as presiding officer, to represent the views of the Council, and to make suggestions in accord with the views of that body. In adopting an ordinance for a public watch, however, the City Council construed the charter to permit an enactment to the effect that “the watch shall, in all cases not otherwise provided for, be governed by such instructions and directions as may from time to time be given by the Mayor or Board of Aldermen; and the Mayor shall be authorized to suspend from duty, for cause, any member of said watch until such time as his case may be decided upon by the Board of Aldermen.”

The law, as amended in 1855, provided that the “City Marshal, Police Constables, and City Watchmen of the City of Providence, shall hereafter be appointed by the Mayor of said city, by and with the consent of the Board of Aldermen. The Mayor of said city shall have power to remove any of said officers from office whenever, in his opinion, the interests of said city shall require such removal.” In 1858 the charter was again amended so as to make the City Marshal an officer elected by the general voters. Ex-Mayor Knowles, in introducing ex-Mayor James Y. Smith, said: “It affords me satisfaction that my friend, to whom presently it will be my duty to administer the oath as my successor, is to be vested with a power over the police never possessed by his predecessors, but which experience has taught us cannot longer be withheld but at the sacrifice of many advantages of a city organization. Henceforth the Mayor will be, not in nominal rank merely, but in fact, the chief magistrate of the city; and in fact, and not as heretofore, theoretically and in popular estimation only, its responsible head.”

So far as the enforcement of the prohibitory law was concerned, the control of the police by the Mayor does not appear to have made much difference, for Mayor Rodman, in his inaugural address in 1858, said: “While the popular sentiment is decidedly opposed to the traffic in general, a large and influential number of our fellow-citizens are conscientiously committed to the belief that all prohibitory measures must eventually fail; and while

they yield compliance to the existing statutes, they do not give to suppressive measures their cordial support, and this lukewarmness and negative sympathy strengthens the efforts of those who evade the law. Censure falls heavily upon those to whom the enforcement of this statute is committed; but until a healthier moral sentiment prevails, the labor will continue to be as great and the result as unsatisfactory as now." And this was written just thirty years ago.

City Marshal Hudson served until June, 1859, when Thomas W. Hart became the City Marshal, and held the office until it was abolished, and the office of Chief of Police was created. Meantime the public voice and public opinion loudly demanded reform in the administration of police affairs. The old watch-house had become a public nuisance. The *Evening Press* of July 6, 1860, asked how long the second municipality in New England would be "compelled to submit the innocent and guilty to cells whose existence is evidence that the tales of the Jersey prison ship and the Black Hole of Calcutta were no fiction." "How long," asked the editor, the late George W. Danielson, "must the servants of the city, the police and night watchmen, be required to occupy quarters that Dr. Snow would declare to be unfit for a plague hospital? May we not hope to see a change of some sort, if purification by fire is not available? Very few of our citizens are aware of the real character and condition of the cells of detention in the old town house, or a repetition of the scenes of the Staten Island Quarantine might be anticipated." Three days later Mayor Knight called the attention of the City Council to the subject in a strongly worded message, following which a resolution ordering the immediate demolition of the ancient structure was passed. The old town house was torn down, and the watch was given quarters in the ward room in the old Water Witch fire engine station on Benefit street. In April, 1861, the Central Police Station on Canal street was completed, and the Centre Watch took up its quarters there on the sixteenth of that month. September 30, 1864, the town watch was abolished and the present system of police organized.

CHAPTER IV.

GROWTH OF PROVIDENCE IN WEALTH AND POPULATION.—THOMAS ARTHUR DOYLE ELECTED TO THE MAYORALTY.—HE CREATES THE PROVIDENCE POLICE FORCE—"A BODY OF MEN OF WHOM OUR CITIZENS ARE JUSTLY PROUD."—ADOPTION OF A POLICE UNIFORM.—WRETCHED CONDITION OF STATION-HOUSES, EXCEPT THE CENTRAL.—OFFICE OF CITY MARSHAL ABOLISHED.—CAREER OF THE LAST CITY MARSHAL.

IN arriving at the period when the police force of Providence was organized it may be well to glance at the changes which made it necessary that Providence should no longer depend upon the antiquated watch system for the protection of the lives and property of its citizens. Although not yet a city, in the full and complete meaning of that word, Providence was no longer a town. When incorporated, in 1832, the city had a population of 17,000, scattered over an area of something over five square miles, traversed by sixty miles of streets. The taxable valuation was \$6,838,300 real, and \$5,282,900 personal, and the first tax assessed yielded the sum of \$40,000 at thirty-three cents on the hundred. For the first fiscal year the entire expenses were but \$43,205.11, including for the watch \$4,110. The principal streets were lighted with oil-lamps, enclosed in small, well-smoked lanterns, placed at great height from the foot-walks; a volunteer fire department with hand-engines and stationary force-pumps and buckets in every house, were the means for extinguishing fires. The night watch consisted of men who crept about the streets well wrapped in coats and cloaks, travelling in pairs for protection and company. The few school-buildings showed the wear of time and neglect. Such was Providence at the organization of the city government. The men who composed the first City Council were men of energy and integrity. Hezekiah Anthony and Asa Pike were the last two of the first

City Council to pass away, Mr. Anthony also being a survivor of the old town council. The progress of Providence was perhaps never more tersely indicated than by the statement in Mr. Anthony's memorial,—“The first year I lived in Providence (1804) I paid \$3 tax; in 1839 I paid \$120.50.” In 1883 he paid taxes to the amount of \$2,552.

The first Mayor, Bridgman, continued in office until his death, December 31, 1840. He was succeeded by the Hon. Thomas M. Burgess, who held the place from February 2, 1841, to the organization of the government, in June, 1852. From that date until June, 1859, Mayors Barstow, Danforth, Knowles, Smith, and Rodman successively presided over the municipality, followed by the Hon. Jabez C. Knight, who continued in office until June 6, 1864.

After the organization of the city government the city began to increase in population and wealth; from time to time the municipal departments were increased and improved; streets were opened, widened, and straightened in the business section; assistance was given to railroad enterprises. The system of public education was thoroughly reorganized and placed upon a proper basis, and new buildings and furniture provided. As already stated a day police was established, and the fire department improved by changing to a paid system with four steam fire-engines in addition to the hand-engines. Not only the principal, but all well-travelled thoroughfares were lighted by gas or fluid-lamps, about twelve hundred of these being in use in 1864. The public health received special attention by the organization of a department, which was placed in charge of an officer, Dr. Edwin M. Snow, whose ability is recognized not only in this, but in foreign countries. These numerous changes and improvements received the active and hearty co-operation of the various gentlemen who filled the mayoralty during the first thirty-two years of the existence of the city government.

At the close of this period, or in 1864, while the area of the city remained the same as in 1832, the population had increased to 53,810, and the valuation of property had risen to, real estate \$38,961,900 and personal \$41,037,900, making a total

of \$79,999,800, upon which a tax of \$559,998.60 was collected, at a rate of seventy cents on each one hundred dollars. The entire city expenses during the fiscal year ending September 30, 1864, amounted to \$632,606.58, including for the day police and night watch, \$49,097.12.

The masterful and magnetic personality of Thomas Arthur Doyle now looms up in the civic affairs of Providence—the man of whom it may be said, if it has not been said before, that he found Providence a village and left it a city, who impressed his quickening energy, his electric enthusiasm, his earnest and vigorous genius, on every department of local administration, and swept with his keen, all-discerning vision every corner of the broad municipality. Thomas A. Doyle loved the city of Providence, and even his bitterest opponents could not but acknowledge that his was not a selfish devotion, that, apart from his personal interests and their advancement, he had a pure and genuine attachment to the city of his birth and training, was tenderly jealous of its fame, and loyally proud of its progress.

Thomas A. Doyle was born March 15, 1827, of native parentage, and, on his father's side, of Irish-American ancestry. A noble Rhode Island mother, of whom, even to the closing days of his illustrious lifetime, Thomas A. Doyle always spoke with filial gratitude and devotion, spared no toil or sacrifice to fit her promising son for an honorable career. First in his Ward, afterward in the City Council, he proved his capacity for dealing with public affairs. As a member of the Board of Assessors he brought to task those of the wealthy who were inclined to escape their share of the city's burdens, and his energetic spirit and independent and original genius drew attention to him as the man required to drag the municipal car from the ruts of village conservatism and start it on the highway of civic progress and aggrandizement.

Thomas A. Doyle created the Providence police force. "It is now more than thirteen years," said Mayor Doyle, in his first inaugural, of June, 1864, "since an ordinance was adopted, fixing the number of day police at ten, and in that period the city has so extended and increased in population as to render the

ordinance almost inoperative. By its provisions two of the force are required to remain at the station, two, and some part of the time three, to attend upon the railroad trains and steamboats, two others are employed in serving warrants and notices of different kinds, leaving three, and a part of the time, four men, to patrol our one hundred and twenty-five miles of streets, and protect a population of fifty-five thousand people. Can it be surprising that, with these facts, both ordinances and statutes are disregarded, that street broils and depredations occur with impunity, that our public thoroughfares have been turned into race-courses, and that our citizens murmur because these things are not prevented by the police?

"In this connection I call your attention to the amount of work performed by the force for the year ending this date. More than one thousand complaints made to the City Marshal have been investigated; nearly nine hundred and fifty warrants have been served away from the station, and nearly three hundred at the station; between three and four hundred arrests have been made without complaints, and as many more with. In addition to these duties, notices are served, paupers removed, and various services rendered which need not be enumerated. Sufficient has been given to show that the present force, however much of their time is passed in idleness, accomplish a large amount of work in each year.

"It is not only in the number of men provided for that our police system is defective, but in the arrangement of the day and night force into two distinct and separate organizations. This the experience of larger and older cities has demonstrated. The result of their experience, as well as of many smaller cities than ours is, that the entire police force, both for day and night service, should be one organization, under one head, and wearing a common uniform. In no other way can a force be made so effective, and in no other way can the city secure a body of men ready at all times for any service that emergency may demand.

"I earnestly recommend an increase in the number of the day force, and that the members of both the day and night police be required to wear a uniform. Both citizens and strangers should



THOMAS ARTHUR DOYLE,
Ex-Mayor.

Trial	No feedback (%)	Feedback (%)	Feedback + correction (%)
1	60	60	60
2	70	90	95
3	75	90	95
4	80	90	95
5	85	90	95

be able to know the men to whom they may look for protection, and for this purpose policemen should be readily distinguished from other persons on the street. While wearing an easily distinguishable uniform, every citizen will be a watch upon them to secure their faithfulness to duty. During their hours of service they cannot idle their time away, because they are sure to be known and reported. I do not deem it necessary to enlarge upon this; an inquiry in any direction where a uniform is worn will convince the most sceptical. I am also of the opinion that it would be well to consolidate our two branches under a chief of police, to be appointed in the same manner as the rest of the force, who should perform the duties and receive the pay of the City Marshal. I ask your early attention to the whole subject, and only add that no effort shall be wanting on my part to make the present force as effective as may be, and secure to our citizens the best result attainable with the means at my command."

The City Council was in hearty accord with the sentiment and purposes of the Mayor, and promptly went to work to organize a police force worthy of the city, and of its wealth and position among the municipalities of the nation. The ordinance creating the police system, as it substantially exists to-day, went into effect August 12, 1864. It provided that the permanent police officers of the City of Providence should consist of a City Marshal and not exceeding one hundred and three police constables, who should also be city watchmen, and perform such duties by day and by night, either as police constables or city watchmen, or both, as they may be detailed for by the Mayor, and were to have all the power and authority that police constables and city watchmen then had, by the laws of the State, the ordinances of the city, and the orders, rules, and regulations of the Board of Aldermen, and, when on duty, should wear such uniform as the Board of Aldermen might direct. The police constables were to be appointed by the Mayor, with the consent of the Board of Aldermen, and to hold their offices until vacated by death or resignation, or until removed therefrom by the Mayor. The Mayor, with the consent of the Board of Aldermen, should appoint one police constable to be Captain of police, five to be Sergeants, and

one to be Clerk, the duties of these officers to be prescribed by the Mayor and Aldermen. The Mayor might assign any of the constables to be detectives, patrolmen, or doormen, in his discretion, and should have power to detail any of the police constables for the performance of such duties as, in his opinion, the public interest and safety of the city might require; and should have power to remove from office any police constable whenever, in his opinion, the interests of the city should require such removal. The Mayor and Aldermen were also authorized to make, from time to time, such rules and regulations for the government, disposition, and management of said police constables as they might deem expedient, "provided the same are not repugnant to the laws of the State and the ordinances of the City of Providence." By an ordinance passed a month later the compensation of the police was fixed at: captain, \$3 a day; sergeants, \$2.62½; clerk, \$2.25; detectives, \$2.50; patrolmen, \$2.25; doormen, \$2.

The new department, as organized, consisted of ninety-nine men, and they were assigned to duty as follows; Thomas W. Hart, City Marshal; Thomas J. A. Gross, Captain; William B. Cranston, Superintendent of Hacks; Albert A. Slocum, Clerk; Warren G. Slack and Ira B. Wilson, Warrant Officers; John M. Clark, Superintendent of Lights. Sergeant Benjamin A. Newhall was placed in command of the First Station, from which thirty-eight men patrolled, twenty on night duty and eighteen on the day patrol. The Second Station was located at the corner of Mill and Bark streets; Sergeant Frederick W. Perry commanded there, with twelve patrolmen; Third Station, Wickenden street, Sergeant Edwin Tripp, twelve patrolmen; Fourth Station, in the Knight Street Fire Station, Sergeant Simeon Sherman, twelve patrolmen; Fifth Station, on Richmond street, Sergeant James W. Sanders, twelve patrolmen. The headquarters of the department were in the Central Station, on Canal street. The cost for maintaining the force the first year amounted to \$86,872.83. The police in that year made 2,531 arrests, provided lodgings for 1,147 persons, and returned 115 lost children to their parents. The whole amount of property reported as lost or stolen amounted to \$18,946.65, of which the

police recovered \$12,643.75. Mayor Doyle was able to say in his next inaugural that, "We have now a body of men of whom our citizens are justly proud. Every part of the city is now patrolled by day and night; the men having well-defined portions of territory assigned to their care are responsible for what transpires upon their beats during their term of service."

The year 1865 witnessed the adoption of a uniform for the police, and the addition of seven men to the force. Fifty of the policemen had been members of the day patrol and night watch under the previous system. The uniform adopted was the same as in Boston, and in general characteristics corresponded with the uniforms of other cities. Each man was required to furnish his own outfit, but the first year, the purchase of an overcoat was excused, on account of the high price of clothing. The uniform was of blue cloth, made in about the same style as the present, with lettered brass buttons, black belts and caps made of the same material as the clothing. The first officer to wear the uniform in public was patrolman, now Deputy-Chief John T. Brown, when he went, at the time of President Lincoln's assassination, to attend a gathering on the East Side, held for the purpose of denouncing that awful deed. The uniforms at first drew considerable attention among the citizens, and officers were repeatedly stopped, in the way of good-natured curiosity, by persons who wished to examine the blue and the brass. The general expression was one of gratification that Providence had come into line with the important cities of the United States.

Mayor Doyle admonished the Council in 1865, that change in the character of the police required a change to be made in all the police stations, except the Central or First Station. "It is," he added, "absolutely necessary for the workings of the department that after a man has been patrolling for seven consecutive hours in the night time, he should have a proper place to sleep, and in stormy weather a suitable mode of drying his clothes. There should also be at each station two or more cells for the reception of persons arrested. All these things are now lacking. A single room in each district, without any ventilation other than what the open windows afford, is the only accommoda-

tion now furnished by the city in four of the districts." At this time the Central Station was the only station open in the daytime, and the need of having places for the reception of complaints and detention of prisoners at all hours in sections remote from the centre, was growing more obvious and imperative. Engaged, however, in varied improvements, under the energetic and comprehensive leadership of the Mayor, the city could not, or did not, at once devote to the advancement and development of the police system, all the effort and expenditure requisite to bring it to the highest standard. A brick station for the Fifth District was erected on Richmond street, and occupied in 1867, very much to the convenience of the officers as well as of citizens in that neighborhood of busy manufacturing and reputable residences. In speaking of the opening of this station-house, Mayor Doyle expressed a hope that changes would be made in all the police buildings, "so that prisoners might be locked up without having to be carried one or two miles, in many cases by main strength, requiring two or three men to accomplish an arrest, thus leaving their beats, in the meantime, entirely unprotected."

At the January session of the General Assembly in 1866 an Act was passed revising and amending the city charter. This Act provided that "the Mayor and Aldermen shall compose one board, and shall sit and act together as one body at all meetings, whereof the Mayor shall preside, but shall have no vote;" also, that "the Mayor and Aldermen shall exercise the executive powers of said city generally, and the administration of police." This does not appear to have been construed, for fully twenty years later, as limiting the authority of the Mayor over the police force.

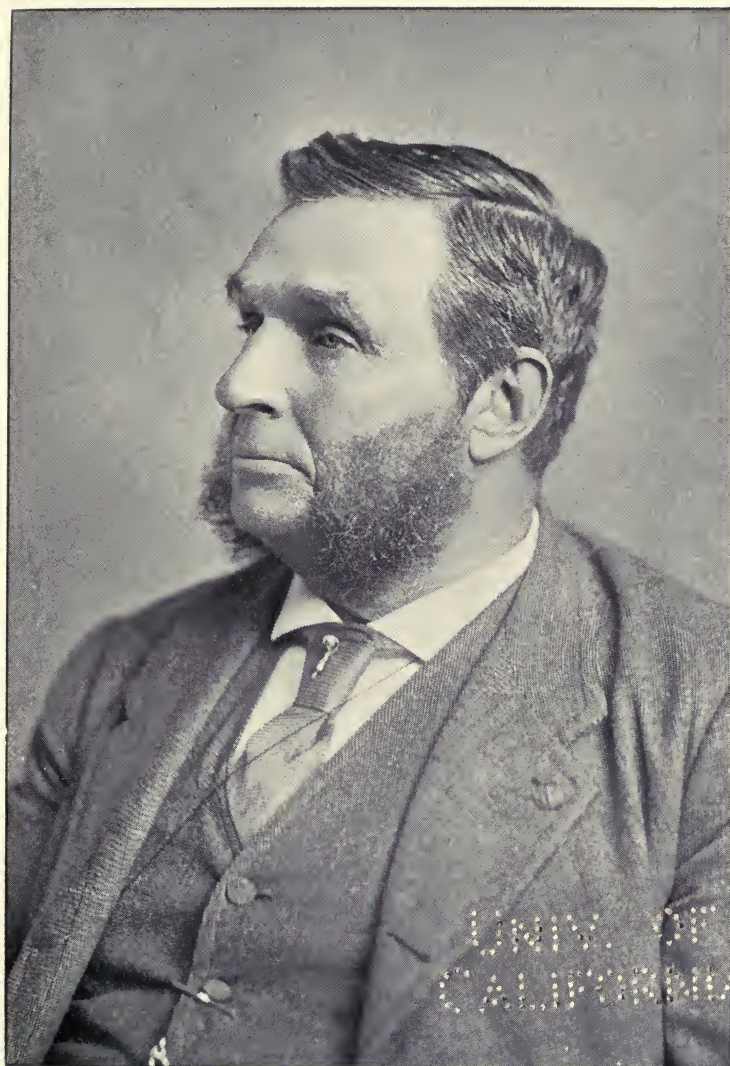
The new office of Chief of Police having been created and that of City Marshal abolished, it may be proper here to make some allusion to the career of the last City Marshal of Providence. Thomas Wilbur Hart was the son of Thomas and Sarah Bateman Hart, and born at Warwick Neck, Rhode Island, June 23, 1822. He was of the seventh generation in descent from Nicholas Hart, one of the original settlers of Warwick. He attended the village school at his home in Old Warwick. When Thomas was nineteen

years of age his father died, and Thomas moved to Newport, where he was employed as overseer on the farm of his cousin, Seth Bateman. Later Mr. Hart removed to Providence, where he engaged in the clothing trade, and in 1845 was appointed to a position in the State Prison. There he remained for two years, and was then appointed police constable. In 1859 he was elected City Marshal, to which office he was annually re-elected by popular vote for seven years. During his term of office he suggested important improvements, such as the building of a House of Correction, an increase of the police force, the providing cells at the night stations for the temporary confinement of persons arrested, and the adoption of a police uniform. In 1866 Mr. Hart was elected Surveyor of Highways, which office he retained until abolished, in 1872. In 1877 he was elected Highway Commissioner, and held that place until the creation of the Board of Public Works, in 1880. In 1866 Mayor Doyle addressed Mr. Hart as follows, in presence of the Police Department: "With you originated the present police organization. Your long experience gave you an insight into police details which were happily outwrought in our present efficient police system. I only sought to carry out your ideas to the fullest practical extent." Mr. Hart died March 23, 1882, and is interred in the old Arnold Burying Ground in Pawtuxet. His wife, Almira W. Chapman, daughter of Captain William and Mary (Rhodes) Chapman, survives him, with three children.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST CHIEF OF POLICE.—SKETCH OF GENERAL NELSON VIALI.—A SOLITARY YEAR OF PROHIBITION IN PROVIDENCE.—ALBERT SANFORD, WILLIAM KNOWLES, GROSS, JOHN M. KNOWLES AND AYER.—INCREASE OF THE FORCE.—CHIEF AYER SUCCEEDED BY CHIEF HUNT.—CONTEST FOR THE CONTROL OF THE POLICE.—THE CHIEF BECOMES COMMANDER OF THE FORCE.—THE CHARITY WOOD-YARD.—MAYOR HAYWARD SUCCEEDS MAYOR DOYLE.—MR. DOYLE AS SENATOR FROM PROVIDENCE.—AGAIN ELECTED MAYOR.—HIS DEATH.

GENERAL NELSON VIALI was elected the first Chief of Police, in June, 1866. He has had a career of far more than ordinary interest. He was one of the few Rhode Islanders who enlisted in the Mexican war, and was twice promoted during that brief and brilliant struggle, for meritorious conduct. At the battle of Chapultepec he was wounded while ascending one of the storming ladders, and he took part in the engagement which resulted in the surrender of the City of Mexico. When the civil war broke out General Viall held a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Providence Artillery, and in response to the first call of General Sprague he raised a company, with which he immediately proceeded to the defence of Washington under command of Colonel Burnside. General Viall fought at Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and other engagements, and rose by gradual and merited promotion to the rank of Brevet-Brigadier-General. Genial, kind-hearted and brave, to know him is to respect him, and, temperate in all things, he has preserved his mental and physical vigor in a remarkable degree. General Viall proved himself well fitted by temperament and knowledge of men to be at the head of the police. He did not keep the office long, however, resigning in 1867 to take charge of the Rhode Island State Prison



GENERAL NELSON VIALL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

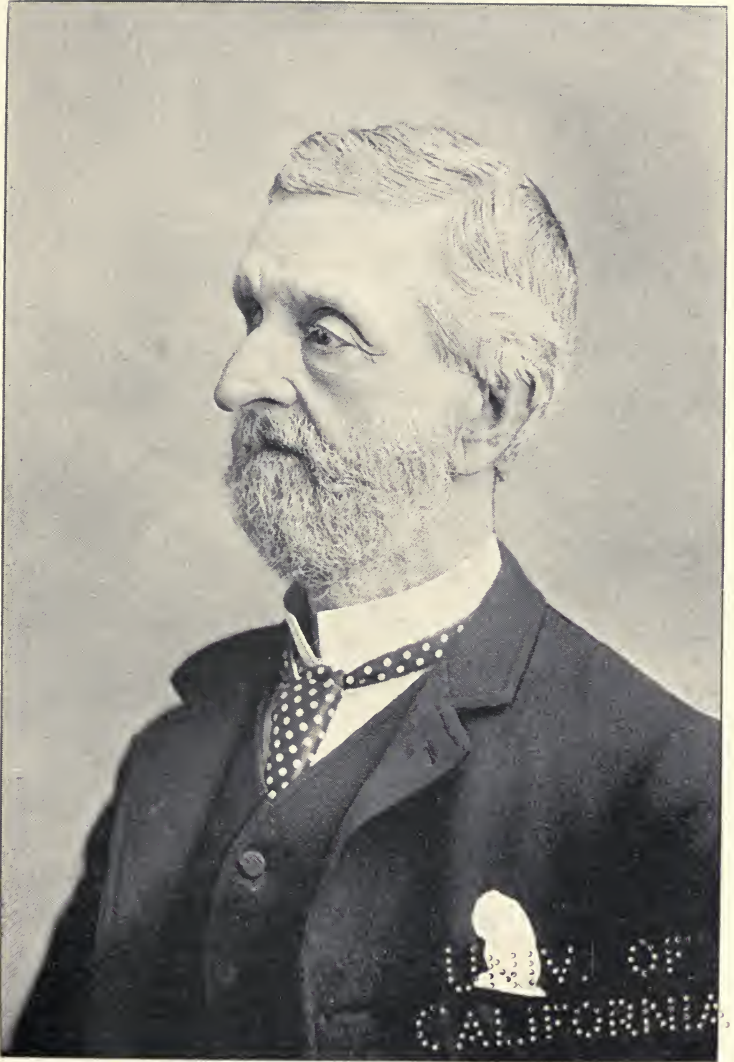
as Warden, which office he occupies now. Albert Sanford succeeded General Viall as chief, a man of strong will, strong prejudices, and strong animosities, but withal, undoubtedly honest of purpose, and with useful and excellent ideas as to his duties and their performance, and sincerely desirous of serving the city to the best of his by no means limited ability. He could not agree with Mayor Doyle. Their ideas came in conflict, two earnest minds collided, flint struck flint, and fire was the result. It happened, however, that the same turn of the civic wheel which dropped Mr. Doyle into private life sent Mr. Sanford into obscurity. Mr. Doyle rose again, all the more powerful for the weakness which his rivals had displayed during the brief eclipse of his political sun. Mr. Sanford remained in unofficial existence, though his eagle eye is as bright and his step as emphatic as ever. Time, it may be assumed, has softened the former intensity of his feeling, and it may be, when he thinks of the departed Mayor, the tribute of admiration is mingled with the sigh of regret.

George L. Clarke, an estimable business man, was elected Mayor in 1869, and William Knowles took Mr. Sanford's place as Chief of Police. Mr. Knowles was as mild-mannered and well-meaning a man as ever held a public office, but he entered upon his duties at a period of peculiar difficulty. The casting vote of Mayor Clarke had made liquor selling unlawful. At that time, however, the law provided no definite period when all liquor licenses should terminate, and the consequence was that the large majority of the dealers suddenly found a flourishing business outlawed, while other and rival concerns still had their licenses in force, and were protected by them. Such a condition of affairs might have confused a man of bigger calibre than Chief William Knowles. Besides, Mr. Knowles had no police experience, having been taken directly from civil life to be placed in charge of a force which, at that period of all periods, needed a leader with the qualifications which experience alone could bestow. In June, 1870, Mr. William Knowles returned to civil life with the good wishes of everybody. He remained until his death the same amiable and eccentric individual.

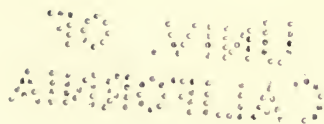
Thomas A. Doyle stepped again into the Mayoralty in 1870. Well does the writer remember the confident, elastic step with which the new Mayor strode up to the chair in the old City Building to deliver his inaugural address. Mayor Doyle urged that the police force be increased to one hundred and twenty men from one hundred and thirteen, thereby repeating a suggestion which he had made in 1868, at the time of the annexation of the Ninth Ward. As the office of the Chief of Police had been removed during the previous year from the City Building to the Central Station, the Mayor advised either that the Chief of Police be located in the City Building, as formerly, or that the Central Station be connected with the City Building by telegraph. The latter course was adopted, headquarters remaining at the Central Station.

Thomas J. A. Gross was elected Chief of Police, June, 1870, and held that office until his death. The new Chief was a devoted friend of Mayor Doyle, and there was never any cloud between them. Mr. Gross was an experienced police officer. He understood the men, and they understood him. He knew the criminals of the city, their haunts and their habits, and he was vigorous in compelling respect for the law. The force was increased to 122 men, and no effort spared to add to its efficiency.

Chief Gross was re-elected in 1871. Mayor Doyle, in his inaugural of that year, presented a startling picture of the condition of morals among the young. He said: "The number of young girls, from twelve years of age and upwards, allowed to promenade our principal thoroughfares in the evening, has increased to such an extent as to be alarming to the thinking portion of the community. Why the parents of these girls allow the liberty they do is a mystery to the Police Department. I regret to say that in many instances where girls have been ordered to their homes by the police in consequence of their conduct, though not absolutely lewd, yet rapidly approaching it, the police have been rebuked for their interference by the parents, who profess to believe the statement of their daughters in preference to that of the officers. The conduct of these young promenaders on Westminster street, became so bad on Sunday evenings, the



ALBERT SANFORD.



last autumn, that a very large detail of police was required to preserve even decent order on the street. The public street and the night-time have not usually been deemed the proper place and season for the right education of youth of either sex, and certainly we may expect a decline in morality, when girls, in particular, obtain their education then and there." The Mayor suggested that a truant law might help to remedy the evil. He also urged that all the police stations be kept open in the day time.

Chief of Police Gross died in office August 2, 1871, and Captain John M. Knowles was appointed to succeed him. No better choice could have been made. As watchman on the old force, as patrolman, detective, and captain, Mr. Knowles had performed every duty to the satisfaction of the public and of his superiors. A quiet man, sound in judgment, determined and cautious in action, he was always prompt, yet never hasty; always firm, but never harsh. Like the present chief, he believed that a warning might sometimes go further than a warrant, and that the goad should not be used till kindness had been tried. His sterling honesty shone in his features and impressed every observer. Meanness and trickery were as foreign to his nature as cowardice, and temptation appealed in vain to one whose virtue was impregnable. We use the past tense—but John M. Knowles still lives, the worthy superintendent of the Dexter Asylum, showing in his well-knit, hearty frame, that not one year of his ripened life was ever mortgaged to vicious indulgence.

In August, of the same year, 1871, the police ordinance was amended, so as to increase the force from 125 to 150 men, and the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Stations were opened for day service, the actual increase of the force being to 143 men, although additional appointments soon after followed. This year, in accordance with a recommendation made by the Mayor in 1870, telegraphic communication was established between the Mayor's office and the Central Station. This enabled the Mayor to exercise an immediate and direct control over the movements of the police, and to concentrate a force of men at any point deemed necessary.

The attention of the City Council was again called, in 1872,

by the Mayor to the need of a new station-house in the Second District, and the miserable character of the quarters provided for the police in that part of the city. The necessity was pointed out likewise for improvements at the Central Station, three and four persons being often locked up in the same cell, the heating apparatus being defective, and the ventilation insufficient. The required alterations were carried out as far as possible. In this year Boston was visited by the unprecedented calamity which laid a large region of that city in ruins. A detail of police was sent from Providence to aid in protecting property, and remained on duty for several days, the men who remained at home doing extra duty during that period. The Providence officers performed the responsible work assigned to them to the entire satisfaction of the Boston authorities, receiving marked attention and strong commendation. The police also assisted the North Providence officials in the preservation of order during a strike which threatened to become serious.

The annexation of an extensive section of North Providence to the city rendered imperative a considerable increase of the force. The area annexed was larger than the original area of the city before the addition of the Ninth Ward, and Providence, with the new territory, was over fifteen square miles in extent. In this district, on Capron street, was a one-story wooden building, which had been used as a police station by the town of North Providence. This building was taken by the city as a sub-station for the Fourth District, and Roundsman Egan was placed in charge with seven patrolmen. The city also took possession of the little voting-place and lock-up on Branch avenue, near Charles street, using it, however, only for the brief detention of prisoners. The police force was increased to one hundred and eighty-five, of a possible one hundred and ninety men, and an effort made to patrol the new territory, much of it farming land and forests.

On January 4, 1875, an ordinance was passed authorizing the Mayor to appoint a Deputy Chief of Police, seven captains, and seven sergeants, instead of one captain and five sergeants. The Mayor promoted Captain William H. Ayer to be deputy chief, his duties being to act as Chief of Police, in the absence of the



JOHN M. KNOWLES.

Chief, and to assist the Chief in his duties. Sergeants James W. Sanders, Benjamin A. Newhall, Joseph Marston, James H. Warner and William L. Roberts were at the same time appointed captains of police. Roundsmen John T. Brown, William H. Cory, Nahum Willard, Benjamin F. Payne, Theodore Rutherford, Patrick Egan, and day patrolman Andrew McKenzie were appointed sergeants. These officers were assigned to duty as follows: The Deputy Chief of Police to the Chief's office; Captain Joseph Marston and Sergeants Payne and Willard, to command at Central Station; Captain Newhall and Sergeant Rutherford, to the Second Station; Captain Roberts and Sergeant McKenzie, to the Third Station; Captain Warner and Sergeants Cory and Egan, to the Fourth and Olneyville (now Sixth) Stations; Captain Sanders and Sergeant Brown, to the Fifth Station. Five men from the patrol were detailed to act as roundsmen, one at each station, and the force was increased to the complement of one hundred and ninety men, allowed by ordinance. Telegraphic connection was established between all the stations, except that at Olneyville, and, in addition to a large amount of extra duty, the men were required to meet once a week for drill. Mayor Doyle complained to the City Council, in 1875, that even one hundred and ninety men were not sufficient for the task required, and he intimated that the police were over-worked, and especially the night patrolmen.

By a resolution of the City Council, approved February 25, 1875, plans were adopted and an appropriation made for the erection of a building on Wickenden street, to be used by the Fire and Police Departments. On the ninth of May, in the same year, the main building of the Fourth District Police Station, on Knight street, was destroyed by fire, caused by lightning, and the City Council ordered the station rebuilt and enlarged. The police building on Richmond street was improved by taking a portion of the ward-room in the second story for sleeping rooms, and the City Council in May also directed the purchase of a site for a police station in the Second District, at the junction of Martin (now Chalkstone avenue) Tremont, and Ashburton streets. The buildings in the Third and Second

Districts were completed in the following year, 1876, that on Wickenden street being occupied jointly as a Fire Department Station. In the Second District, the police occupied a dwelling house at No. 11 Martin street for several months, while the new station was being completed. The old station on Mill street was abandoned to the Fire Department. In this year, also, the Olneyville Station was separated from the Fourth, and called the Sixth District.

Mayor Doyle, in 1877, recommended the organization of a rifle company of sixty men from the police force for service in case of a formidable tumult or riot. "Such a company," he said, "well-drilled and properly armed, would be sufficient to suppress any outbreak that might be attempted." The Council did not take kindly to the proposition to convert the police into a military organization, and, although the Mayor urged the subject upon their attention in a subsequent inaugural, and quoted the railroad riots which had desolated Pittsburgh, and converted order into anarchy in more than one sovereign State, as evidence of the need for some safeguard such as a police rifle corps, no action appears to have been taken on the subject. The police of Providence are doubtless capable of dealing with any emergency, without making them, as in certain parts of Europe, a band of armed soldiery.

Chief of Police John M. Knowles, resigned his office, September 14, 1877, to accept an appointment as Superintendent of the Dexter Asylum, and Mayor Doyle truly said of him that "his promotions were won by diligent courtesy, and strict attention to duty, and the same characteristics marked his administration of the difficult office of Chief of Police." Deputy Chief William H. Ayer was appointed to the office of Chief, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Knowles. Mr. Ayer was born in 1839, in this city, and was appointed night patrolman at the Fourth Station, June 10, 1865, when only twenty-six years old. A year and a half later he was assigned to the day force, and patrolled South Main and South Water streets for about twelve months. He was then detailed for special duty at the City Building and elsewhere, including a few months' service as Warrant Officer, and was appointed Police Clerk, January 15, 1868. In

August, 1871, he was appointed Deputy Chief. Mr. Ayer was noted for his reticence; but no one ever had to complain of discourtesy. He understood his duties fully and performed them faithfully. While not a brilliant man, he possessed that wholesome sense and ready discernment which are to be preferred to erratic brilliancy in the practical walks of life. Mr. Ayer was justly popular among the respectable portion of the community, and he justified the confidence exhibited in his promotion to the command of the police.

Chief Ayer was the first to occupy the convenient headquarters in that magnificent structure, the new City Hall, where his picture now looks down from the wall of the outer office.

Warrant Officer Charles H. Hunt, was elected Chief of Police to take the place made vacant by the death of Chief Ayer on May 4, 1879. Mr. Hunt is a native of Providence, born January 5, 1842, and was appointed on the force December 20, 1864. He began duty as a night patrolman from the Central Station. Ex-Chief Hunt has an honorable record of army service, having been a private in the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment, and promoted for brave and faithful conduct to lieutenant and acting commander of a company. He was in the battle of Roanoke, when the Rhode Island troops acquitted themselves so gallantly under grand old Burnside; and also at Fredericksburg, South Mountain, Antietam, and other scenes made memorable in the war for the Union. He has a keen observant eye, a remarkable memory of faces, is powerful and agile in build, and positive and energetic in character.

A good story is told of Mr. Hunt's earlier service on the police. The second night after his appointment it became his duty, with his partner, Daniel Hill, to extinguish the lights on their East-side beat. They separated at a corner and went in opposite directions, agreeing to meet at a point near the river when they had finished putting out the lights. Among the street lamps on Mr. Hunt's route were forty or fifty of the fluid kind, which were expected to extinguish themselves. Mr. Hunt, however, thought it his duty to put out every lamp along his path, and he proceeded to climb up the posts and blow and blow until the flicker-

ing flame had subsided. It was tiresome work ; likewise warm. Mr. Hunt was closely muffled from the weather, but soon found his extra wrappings superfluous. The perspiration streamed from his face, and trickled to his boots, but he kept manfully at his task until he had climbed every pole, and blown out every light. When he reached the place of meeting his partner had gone. Mr. Hunt made his way to the station-house, thereby relieving the anxiety of his partner and the other officers, who thought something had happened to him. When asked where in the name of wonder he had been, Mr. Hunt frankly replied that "clambering the forty or fifty lamp-posts was no easy job." "What—you didn't climb the posts and blow out those fluid lights, did you, Charley?"—and it was some time before the general guffaw subsided. The new member was then informed that the fluid lamps were replenished each night, and left to go out themselves.

But the same spirit which prompted the young patrolman not to neglect the fluid lamps was with him in more responsible capacities. As a warrant officer he was vigilant without being severe, and the prisoners entrusted to his care were faithfully delivered at their place of destination. As Chief of Police he was not satisfied with following in established ruts, but suggested, and carried into effect, when adopted, any reform likely to improve the efficiency of the department and advance the interests of the city. Upon his recommendation a portion of the force was detailed as a mounted patrol, enabling large districts of the city to be more frequently visited by an officer than would have been possible with only a foot patrol. A police ambulance of the most approved pattern was purchased, and the subject of the appointment of a matron to search and attend upon female prisoners at the Central Station was brought to the attention of the City Council. It was a reform dictated by humanity and decency, and also in the interests of public justice.

By an amendment to the police ordinance, approved July 21, 1879, an alteration was made in the rank of the officers of the force, sergeants being changed to lieutenants, and roundsmen to sergeants, the office of roundsman being abolished. Prior to the

change two roundsmen were assigned to each police district, except the Sixth, and after the change, two sergeants were assigned to the First District, and one to each of the others. Telephones were substituted for telegraph instruments, and the five men engaged in telegraph duty were added to the patrol service. Two boys were appointed as messengers, one in the Mayor's office, and the other in the office of the Chief. The Olneyville, or Sixth Station, was opened for day as well as night service, all the stations being now open day and night.

But the most notable event of Chief Hunt's official career, was the withdrawal of the control of the police force from the Mayor, and the elevation of the Chief to the real, as well as nominal, command. For years the sentiment had been growing among our citizens that Mayor Doyle possessed too autocratic authority for the chief magistrate of a free, self-governing municipality. That he exercised his authority in an autocratic manner some asserted; others denied. In public life from his youth up, and Mayor for fifteen years, he could not have failed, however near to perfection as a man and an official, to make many enemies. The appointments of the city were understood to be in his gift, and every disappointed applicant for favor and office might be counted as his opponent. On the other hand, many men who cared not a fig for office, and were solely actuated by a jealous regard for the city's honor and their own rights and liberties, sincerely believed that the Mayor's power should be checked, and that the police should not be "removable at his pleasure," as he worded it in one of his inaugural addresses. Gradually the advocates of this opinion gained a majority of the City Council. The Aldermen, determined to maintain their rights, as successors to the ancient police jurisdiction of the Town Council, refused to consent to the Mayor's nominations for the police, and the Mayor's bitter complaint that the efficiency of the force was being impaired passed unheeded.

At length, in March, 1880, a joint resolution was introduced in the Common Council, and adopted there and by the Aldermen, asking for an amendment to the charter of the city, substantially transferring to the Chief of Police the power to

remove members of the force, with the consent of the Mayor, or, if the Mayor's consent could not be obtained, with that of the Board of Aldermen. Mayor Doyle protested, first verbally, and then by a veto, giving his reasons in the following forcible language:

"The legislation thus asked for is of more importance to the people of this city than any which has been attempted since its incorporation, for it proposes to confer upon the office of public prosecutor extraordinary and arbitrary powers, not, so far as I am informed, before conferred upon a Chief or Superintendent of Police in this country, and which are wholly inconsistent with the principles of a free government; a power which, in the hands of an ambitious man, may be exercised to an extent dangerous to the rights of the citizen.

"Under the new legislation the Chief of Police can direct the force at his own will and pleasure, subject only to the supervision of the Board of Aldermen, and, however important this oversight may be in theory, as a matter of practice it will be of little or no consequence; while, under the law as it now exists, the Chief Executive has daily information of the movements of the force, and may obtain his knowledge entirely independent of the Chief, a check salutary in its operation, and most necessary to the citizen.

"The charter of this city, in defining the duties of the Mayor, is almost a literal copy of the charter of the City of Boston. In the latter city, when the power of appointing and removing the police was taken from the Mayor, it was conferred upon three commissioners, but his authority as Chief Executive was preserved in the Act providing for the commission, by giving to him the right to nominate the commissioners, and to remove them from office for cause. Furthermore, his approval is required to the appointment of Superintendent and Deputy Superintendent and Captains of Police, and in any emergency, of which he is judge, he may take command of the whole or any part of the force.

"Contrast this legislation with that proposed for this city, and note the difference: the Mayor of Boston is still the Chief Executive Officer of that city, while in Providence it is proposed



CHARLES H. HUNT.

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that the important obligations of the city charter shall continue to rest upon the Mayor, without, however, the power to enforce the authority of his office.

“The Mayor of Providence, elected by the general voters, is declared by the city charter ‘to be the Chief Executive Officer thereof,’ and is required ‘to be, at all times, vigilant and active in causing the laws to be executed and enforced,’ and ‘to inspect the conduct of subordinate officers, and cause all negligence, carelessness and violation of duty to be duly prosecuted and punished.’ This officer, it is intended by the City Council, shall hereafter be, in fact, subordinate to an officer of its own appointment, while the members of the City Council are elected by a limited class of voters. If this proposed legislation is to be enacted, the appointment or election of Chief of Police should also be changed and brought nearer to the general voters.

“Since the first inauguration of Mayor Smith the police have been appointed by the Mayor, with the consent of the Board of Aldermen. The new legislation proposes that the Chief of Police shall henceforth make the appointments, with the consent of the Mayor and Board of Aldermen. It would be better for the city as well as for the Mayor, if this new policy is to be adopted, that the sole responsibility should rest upon the Chief of Police and the Board of Aldermen, inasmuch as the only power the Mayor can exercise is to object to an appointment.

“Removals from the police are now made by the Mayor, ‘whenever, in his opinion, the interests of the city shall require such removal.’ It is proposed that hereafter such removals shall be made by the Chief of Police: ‘*Provided, however, Such removal shall not be made without the consent of the Mayor of said city, or in case the Mayor shall refuse to give his consent to such removal, then said removal may be made by said Chief of Police, by and with the consent or approval of the Board of Aldermen.*’ If the change in the law shall be made, the Mayor can only obtain information as to the movements of the force, and reasons for removal, from the Chief of Police or Board of Aldermen, and he would, therefore, be unfitted to act impartially upon the removal of a member of the force. Should he seek

information from such member, or from any of the subordinate officers, or any member of the force, it might be deemed an obtrusive interference with the powers of the Chief, and certainly any voluntary information to the Mayor from such persons, except through the Chief, would be deemed an act of insubordination, and subversive of the discipline, which it is the object of the proposed legislation to secure.

“Had the City Council only contemplated such changes in the organization of the police force as would not have conflicted with the duties and responsibilities imposed upon me by my oath of office, I would cheerfully have assented thereto. The appointment and removal of members of the police is not a privilege to be sought, but is a responsibility devolving upon me by law and by the votes of the people, and is so connected with the rights of the people that I cannot surrender it without a protest.”

The veto was over-ridden, virtually without a supporter, and the desires of the Council were presented to the General Assembly. There the Judiciary Committee of the House gave a hearing, at which Mayor Doyle appeared. He opposed the measure asked for by the city's representatives, and not without effect, for a majority of the Committee, represented by the chairman, ex-Congressman William P. Sheffield, of Newport, afterward United States Senator, reported adversely. Ex-Congressman Benjamin T. Eames, of Providence, on the other hand, offered a minority report in favor of the Council's request, and the result, after much discussion, was the passage, in Senate and House, of the following act :

SECTION 1. The police constables and city watchmen of the City of Providence shall hereafter be appointed by the Chief of Police of said city, by and with the consent of the Mayor and Aldermen.

SECT. 2. The Chief of Police of said city, by and with the consent of the Mayor and Aldermen, shall have power to remove any of said officers from office, whenever, in his opinion, the interests of said city shall require such removals.

SECT. 3. The Mayor of the City of Providence shall have the power in any emergency, of which he shall be the judge, to take

full charge of the whole or any part of the police force in said city.

Chief Hunt did not abuse the power thus conferred upon him. He continued to discharge the duties of Chief in a manner that alleviated disquietude—if any was felt—as to the possibility that the new authority might be abused. On November 1st, 1880, he resigned to accept the office of Superintendent of the State Institutions at Cranston. Deputy Chief Brown was elected to the office of Chief, but declined to serve. Captain Benjamin H. Child, of the Fifth District, was elected Chief of Police, and continues in office.

One of the early acts of Chief Child's administration, and which may be properly noticed here, as it was but the consummation of a reform begun under his predecessor, was the appointment of a matron at the Central Station. On the first of March, 1881, Mrs. Celia Olney was employed as matron at an expense of \$45 per month, her husband being also engaged as janitor at \$40 a month. They occupy rooms on the premises set apart for their exclusive use, and by their joint labor the station-house has been as well cared for as at any previous time, and at a much less expense. All the female prisoners who are brought to this station are immediately placed in the charge of the matron, and remain under her care until they are either discharged or committed to the State Institutions. Her care includes the charge of the female prisoners' dock during trials before the Police and Justice Courts. She searches all such female prisoners as are suspected of having stolen property in their possession, a duty which had always been performed by such women as were available for the purpose. A large number of insane women are brought to this station to await transportation to hospitals in different sections, and the propriety of having one of their own sex to care for them will not be disputed.

Another reform, initiated independently of the police, but bearing a close relation to their duties and responsibilities, was in the treatment of the transient poor. Thanks to the munificence of Ebenezer Knight Dexter, the City of Providence is relieved of much of the burden of caring for those unfortunates

who, the Master has said, are always with us. Providence has also been fortunate in having the services, as head of the Department of Charity, of Mr. George W. Wightman, a veteran at whose hands the interests of taxpayers are never likely to suffer. Mr. Wightman is seldom deceived in the character of an applicant for relief. It is true that on one occasion he handed a dollar to a woman who pleaded hunger and the chilling April blast, and that she forthwith went down stairs to the police office, added fifteen cents to the dollar, and paid a dog license. But this was only once. As a rule, Mr. Wightman can always tell the deserving from an impostor, and while he has scant sympathy for the latter he does not allow the former to starve. He knows the paupers not only of the present, but of a past generation, and could give some interesting points on heredity. To Mr. Wightman is due the credit of inventing a method for compelling tramps to work. It has made Providence unpopular among the tramps, but the residents of Providence can stand it, if the gipsy gentry are able to.

In May, 1878, an important change was made in the mode of furnishing relief to out-door applicants, which embraced the following points: first, a building was leased as the headquarters of the Poor Department, and called the "Charity Building," which contains the office of the Overseer of the Poor, rooms for the temporary accommodation of women and children who have no place of refuge in this city, and a room for feeding such tramps as have earned their meals by work, and men who are working for the department who belong to the class of out-door poor. Second, a portion of the Cove lands were enclosed for the purpose, and is known as "The Charity Wood-yard," where persons lodged in the Central Police Station, tramps and able-bodied men applying for aid for themselves or families are required to work in sawing or splitting wood, at a rate of compensation per day fixed by the Overseer of the Poor. Of lodgers and tramps a certain amount of work is required as payment for the lodging or meals; and no lodgers are accommodated at any police station except the Central.

The effect of the change in the system was speedily shown.

The regular tramp learned to avoid Providence and its wood-yard; the honest poor man, on the other hand, was glad to preserve his self-respect by giving an equivalent for assistance. The number of poor persons assisted by the Overseer of the Poor in 1877, was 5,535; in 1878, 4,276, and in 1879, 2,571. Of course, other causes were, no doubt, in part responsible for the decrease of pauperism, but the wood-yard was undoubtedly the principal factor. The decrease in the number of lodgers is a striking evidence of this. In 1877, before the wood-yard, 12,010 males and 122 females were given lodgings at the police stations, and in 1879, after the wood-yard had been established, the number of lodgers diminished to 1,841 males and 31 females. In his report for 1886, when 1,886 men were sent from the station-house to work in the yard, Overseer Wightman says "that the great bulk of them are honest laboring men." "In a previous year (1884) he stated: "most of them have worked willingly, and many of them have expressed much thankfulness that by work they could satisfy their hunger. Nearly all trades and occupations have been represented." In the same report he said: "the wood-yard was opened nearly seven years ago, and at once the expenditures for out door relief dropped from \$26,452.32 in 1877 to \$6,022.70 in 1884, with no essential change in business for the better."

The administration of Chief Child is more fully treated of in a subsequent chapter. It may be mentioned here that in 1885 fifteen men were added to the force, which now numbers two hundred, and that even that number is insufficient to patrol the streets and highways of a city which is growing, with a steady and healthy growth, in every direction, and especially that which the poet has said is the course of empire. The new station in the Fifth District, at Plain and Borden streets, was finished and occupied, October 5, 1886. It has superior appointments and accommodations for the officers, and will compare favorably with any police station in New England. A new system of ventilation, introduced for the first time in this structure, is perfect in its operations. Another valuable feature, never before adopted in this vicinity, is the isolation of the cell room from the main

portion of the building, an improvement urgently recommended by Dr. Wm. H. Palmer, the Acting Surgeon of Police, in his report of 1884. Dr. Palmer then said: "Repainting and refurnishing, and improved ventilation may perhaps render infected buildings more tolerable, but cannot make the inherent poisons materially less infectious or less dangerous to health and life. That this poison exists in a greater or less degree in all the stations is established in the fact that most of the sickness of the force, during the past year, especially of officers confined to the stations, was, in my opinion, due to a miasmatic cause. A fundamental error in the construction of police stations is in making the cell-rooms a part of the building; but this error is greatest where the cells are in the basement, as they are in the Second and Sixth Stations. Cell-rooms in daily use for temporary detention of diseased and uncleanly prisoners, soon become the sources of contagion by disease germs that the best ventilation, constant irrigation, and daily disinfection cannot wholly destroy. From these sources the disease germs are disseminated through the stations, and especially find lodgment in the impure air and walls of the officers' business, sitting and sleeping rooms. To avoid this, in the future construction of police stations, the cell-room should be an annex, with air-space between it and the main building. This space need only be a step in distance, but it should be an out-door step, or through a corridor, which corridor, however, should never be closed in, even if door windows should be supplied for easy opening." These are hints which, it is to be hoped, will be carefully heeded in the construction of future stations.

Upon the close of the year 1880 ended the second term of Mayor Doyle's service as Chief Executive, assuming the first to have terminated with the election of Mayor Clarke. Mr. Doyle was not permitted to remain in private life. His talent and experience well fitted him for the important office of Senator from Providence, to which he was elected soon after. As Providence, although representing about one-half of the State in valuation, and containing one-third of the population, has but one-thirty-sixth of the Senatorial representation, it is eminently requisite that the Senator should be a man capable of upholding the dignity and

maintaining the interests of the community ; a man of tact as well as of courage and ability, qualified to attract the influence which otherwise he would be helpless to exert. Thomas A. Doyle amply fulfilled these requirements. He never slept at his post, and he was as vigilant in the Senate Chamber as he had been in the Mayor's office. It was during his Senatorial career that a great trial occurred which aroused more animosity and difference, even antagonism, of opinion, than any criminal case within many years. A well-known physician in the western part of the State was accused of incendiarism. His friends averred that he was the victim of persecution : the authorities, however, believed that the circumstances justified a trial. It was a hard-fought controversy, and the result was the acquittal of the defendant. Then was presented a shameful spectacle for a sovereign State. The General Assembly hesitated to order the payment of the compensation due to the officer who had obtained the evidence on which mainly the indictment was found. The officer in question, Deputy Sheriff Albert C. Johnson, had been a faithful servant of the city, having, as a city detective, been instrumental in the capture and return of a notorious murderer, who had fled to Canada. He devoted his valuable time and skill, by special order of the Governor, to the case of alleged arson, and there could be no question that he did his duty faithfully and without prejudice. And yet he was selected as a victim.

The writer, at this time, was the editor of the *Providence Telegram*. He knew that Mr. Doyle had, in the past, been unfavorably inclined toward Mr. Johnson, because the latter accepted the reward offered by the State for the capture of the murderer Dennehy, instead of turning it over to the city treasury, which the law did not require Mr. Johnson to do, but which Mr. Doyle, then Mayor, thought he ought to have done, as a salaried officer of the city. But the writer also knew that Mr. Doyle would be one of the last men to see an officer, even one whom he did not like, sent forth penniless, merely because he had obeyed the orders of a superior. The writer called upon Senator Doyle, and suggested that a yearly appropriation be made of a sum of

money, to be at the disposition of the Governor for any use he might see fit to make of it in the interest of public justice. The idea impressed Mr. Doyle very favorably, and a measure substantially to the effect proposed was soon afterwards introduced, and has ever since been incorporated in the annual appropriation bill.

The Hon. William S. Hayward succeeded Mr. Doyle in the mayoralty. He brought to that office the ripe experience of a long training in the Common Council and Aldermanic chambers, a sound judgment and enterprising spirit. As a member of one of the leading business houses of the city, he displayed, in private life, those qualities most likely to insure success, whether in the direction of an extensive business, or at the head of a municipal corporation. Owing to the change in the law, he was, unlike his predecessor, not in command of the police, but there never was the slightest friction in his relations with that department. Chief Child acknowledged and readily extended the deference due to the chosen head of the city government, and Mayor Hayward, on his part, co-operated cordially in all efforts to maintain and increase the efficiency of the force. His administration was careful, well-ordered, and judiciously progressive. Great public improvements were initiated, although not forwarded to the extent that Mayor Hayward himself desired. With these subjects it is, of course, not the province of this work to deal.

Mayor Hayward retired from office at the close of 1883, having made a record which showed him worthy of a high place in the honorable list of Providence Mayors. He was succeeded by Thomas A. Doyle, once more called to the front to take charge of the municipality. Mr. Doyle interpreted the law of May 27, 1880, as meaning that the Mayor should act separately from the Board of Aldermen, in consenting to the appointment and removal of officers of the police—in other words that the Mayor acted, not as one with the Board, but as a third and separate party. This interpretation went undisputed for about two years, or until the Mayor was stricken with fatal disease. While Mr. Doyle was confined to his house, the Board of Aldermen, under the Presidency of Mr. Robbins, now Mayor, proceeded to act as



HON. WILLIAM S. HAYWARD,
Ex-Mayor.

A black and white photograph showing two rows of small, dark, circular objects, likely seeds or beads, arranged on a light-colored surface. The top row consists of approximately 18 items, while the bottom row contains about 25 items. Some items appear slightly irregular in shape or have faint markings.

a Board upon the nominations of the Chief of Police. This raised the issue whether the Mayor had the right to give separate consent to such nominations, and the question was referred to City Solicitor Van Slyck for settlement. Following is the opinion rendered :

OFFICE OF THE CITY SOLICITOR,

Providence, February 18, 1886.

To the Honorable, the Board of Aldermen :

GENTLEMEN :—I herewith return your resolution of February 4, A. D. 1886, and in answer thereto I have the honor to say : that an Act passed May 27, 1880, providing “that the Chief of Police of said city (Providence), by and with the consent of the Mayor and Aldermen, shall have power to remove any of said officers (police constables and city watchmen) from office whenever, in his opinion, the interests of said city shall require such removals,” was passed as an amendment, as appears from the caption or title of said Act, to a former Act of the General Assembly passed at the May session, 1855, and hence has arisen the doubt as to its meaning. Had chapter 823 been passed as an amendment to the city charter there would have been no question as to its interpretation, because of Section 1, Clause 4, of that charter, which, by reference thereto, as you will see, provides that “the Mayor and Aldermen shall comprise one board, and shall sit and act together as one body,” etc. The language of chapter 823 is exactly the same as in said clause, to wit: “the Mayor and Aldermen.” Is a different interpretation to be made because the title recites that the Act in question is in amendment of an Act passed prior to the present city charter ? The first charter of the city makes the Mayor and Aldermen one body. See Section 4 of said charter, wherein and whereby certain powers are vested in “the Mayor and Aldermen and the Common Council,” and not the Mayor, Aldermen and the Common Council. The same provision existed in that charter as to the right of the Mayor to preside over the Board of Aldermen, and to his having a casting vote in case of a tie, as exists in the present charter. The Act passed at the May session, 1855,

gives the power of appointment to the Mayor of said city, by and with the consent of the Board of Aldermen, and the power of removal to the Mayor, while the Act amending it drops the language there used, to wit: "the Mayor and Board of Aldermen," and uses the language of the present charter, "Mayor and Aldermen," a body created thereby. It is a reasonable assumption to make that such change in the language was made with some object, and it is difficult to name such object if it was not to put the power in the Mayor and Aldermen as constituting one body, with the powers given them in the city charter.

It is to be also remembered that chapter 823 was passed in 1880, when by law the Mayor and Aldermen comprised one body, and were directed to sit and act together as one body, and can it be said that the legislature had it in mind to use the words in a different sense than that used in the charter which was in force at the time of the passage of said Act?

Chapter 823, while its title refers to the Act of 1855, yet there is nothing in the Act referring to the Act of 1855, but said chapter 823 is entirely independent of any other Act. It commanded a new policy, and its repealing clause provides that nothing existing inconsistent with this command shall stand in its way, wherever such inconsistent legislation can be found. I am of the opinion that the consent required by Section 2 of chapter 823 is the consent of the Mayor and Aldermen, sitting and acting as a board, and that said section does not require a double consent, to wit: "the consent of the Aldermen and the individual consent of the Mayor." The inability of the Mayor to meet with the Aldermen would not affect the power of the board to do what is required under chapter 823. The meeting at which action is taken being regular, and a quorum present, its action is as effective as if all entitled to a seat were present.

When this decision was rendered, putting an end as it did, to the long controversy for the control of the police force, the hand of death was already laid upon Thomas Arthur Doyle. Any one personally acquainted with him could perceive that fact. The Doyle of 1885-'86 was not physically the Doyle of 1864. But the active, earnest, discerning mind was all there, unimpaired by

years, unaffected by the gradual inroads of disease. With a remarkable indifference to his personal interests, he devoted himself more than ever to what he conceived to be the best interests of the city. He appeared to realize that the world would not be long for him, that Providence would be his monument, and on that fair monument he proposed that no sacrilegious hand should be laid. To the last he was firm to the city of his birth, and when, almost on the eve of the 250th anniversary of the Plantations the great brain ceased to ponder, and the gracious heart to beat, every head was bowed in sorrow, and every citizen felt that we had lost more than a magistrate—a friend, an advocate, a guardian, vigilant and true, of whom it might well be said: “We ne’er shall look upon his like again!”



CHAPTER VI.

SKETCH OF MAYOR ROBBINS.—POWERS AND DUTIES OF THE MAYOR.—MR. ROBBINS CONFRONTED BY GRAVE PROBLEMS.—HE ADVISES PROVISION FOR INJURED POLICE AND FIREMEN.—THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—PRESIDENT SAMPSON.—ALDERMEN ARMSTRONG, ROGERS, M^COSKER, BURROWS, SMITH, ROOT AND CASEY.—CITY CLERK JOSLIN.

THE Hon. Gilbert F. Robbins, Mayor of Providence, was born in Burrillville, R. I., August 26, 1838. His parents belonged to the farming class, and were persons of sterling worth, and held in much esteem in the community. "In his early home life," wrote that popular and sterling minister, the Rev. Henry W. Rugg, in the *Freemason's Repository*, "Mr. Robbins had the benefit of excellent influences and helps, which were not without their good effect in after years. He was sent to the public schools of his town at an early age, and profited by the instruction there received, as also at a later period, by attendance at the Academy in East Greenwich. When he was about seventeen years of age his parents removed to Providence, and the youth entered upon a course of commercial training, preparatory to starting out in a business career to which he was specially inclined. Soon after completing his course of study, he became associated with his brother-in-law, Mr. Serril Mowry, of Providence, in the clothing business. The firm prospered from its establishment, and now, under the name of Mowry, Robbins & Co., holds a leading place among the enterprising houses engaged in this branch of trade.

Mr. Robbins, while yet a young man, became interested in public affairs, and has been frequently called to serve his fellow-citizens in offices of trust and responsibility. He was elected a member of the Common Council of Providence, in 1879, and re-elected the two years next following. His business capacity



FARMER BANK NOTE CO. BOSTON.



Gilbert J. Robbins

To read
Alphabet

and devotedness to the duties of the office he had accepted were fully shown during those years. In 1882 Mr. Robbins was elected Alderman, and being re-elected in 1883, he was chosen President of the Board, holding this position until the death of Mayor Doyle, June 9, 1886, when, by virtue of his office, he became Acting Mayor, and continued so to act until the close of the year. At the city election in December, 1886, Mr. Robbins was the successful candidate for the mayoralty, and his inauguration took place on the first Monday in January of that year. In this important and honorable trust Mayor Robbins displayed the same business qualifications, and hearty interest in the public welfare, which had characterized him in the Council and Aldermanic Chambers, and also in the General Assembly, of which he was a member in the years 1880-'81 and 1882, as a representative from Providence.

Mayor Robbins, it may be properly mentioned here, has been for a good number of years identified with the Masonic Fraternity, his membership being in St. John's Lodge, Providence, Providence Royal Arch Chapter, and St. John's Commandery, also of the same city. In Odd Fellowship he is deservedly prominent; he was Grand Master in 1875-76, and has since been Grand Representative from Rhode Island to the general Grand Body.

The powers of the Mayor of Providence are very extensive. He is the chief executive officer of the city, and, *ex-officio*, a Justice of the Peace within the city. He may commit to prison for purposes of prosecution, and for a term not exceeding twenty-four hours, any dissolute person detected revelling in the streets or behaving in a disorderly manner. He is also empowered to enter any house or building which he has reasonable cause to suspect to be inhabited by persons of ill-fame or to which persons of dissolute, idle, or disorderly character are suspected of resorting, and to command the inmates to disperse, and if they refuse to obey commit them for prosecution. He must "inspect the conduct of subordinate officers, and cause all negligence, carelessness, and violation of duty to be duly prosecuted and punished." He may call meetings of the City Council at any

time, and shall communicate to both branches of City Council all such information, and recommend all such measures as the business and interests of the city may, in his opinion, require. Every ordinance, resolution, and vote requiring concurrent action of both branches of the City Council must be submitted to the Mayor, and a three-fifths vote of all persons elected to each Board is necessary to pass over a veto. If any bill is not returned by the Mayor before the end of the meeting next after that at which the bill is presented it becomes a law without his express approval.

The Mayor has power to discontinue any actions brought in behalf of the city for the violation of any ordinance; and to order the discharge of the party complained of before, as well as after conviction. This jurisdiction is exercised by the Mayor mainly with the object of saving the city from the expense of boarding prisoners for the benefit of the State.

Other powers are conferred on the Mayor by special provision in various statutes, and, in addition, like the President of a Town Council, its spokesman when not in session, he exercises a broad and undefined authority in all matters pertaining to the public welfare.

Mayor Robbins' first inaugural spoke the character of the man, and the single purpose which animated him as a public official: "Elected without pledge or stipulation," he said to the City Council, "I am left free and untrammelled in the discharge of duty, and my policy will be that which, in accordance with my best judgment, will contribute to the welfare of the people. I ask your aid and assistance in the discharge of the multifarious duties appertaining to the office, and tender you my hearty coöperation in all efforts that shall have in view the proper administration of the trust that has been committed to us."

The new Mayor found himself confronted by problems of the gravest nature. Happily all doubt had been settled as to the legal relations between the Mayor and the police. Mayor Robbins found in Chief Child an official ever ready to pay due deference to the city's Chief Executive, and Chief Child found in the Mayor a magistrate ever ready to advise and suggest, but careful



CHARLES F. SAMPSON,
Alderman, Fourth Ward.
(See page 109.)

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not to over-step the bounds of his chartered authority. Thanks to this attitude and sentiment, the police department, under Mayor Robbins, has not only been maintained in a high state of efficiency, but has been able to devote its energies, without discord or distraction, to the service of the municipality.

In his first message the Mayor spoke with approval of the sanitary arrangements of the new model station completed on the fifth of October, 1886, for the Fifth Police District, and he urged that the matter of providing single beds for the patrolmen in other stations should, wherever possible, receive attention. He urged the necessity for a new station in the Sixth District, and he added: "The number of the force is 198, and is entirely inadequate for proper care of the city. The insufficiency of the number has rendered the work of the department less satisfactory than might have been otherwise fairly expected. There has been added to the duty of detecting, preventing and punishing other crimes, the necessity of enforcing the liquor law, so called. This duty has been well performed, both officers and men having been active and earnest. The enforcement of all the laws against the commission and for the punishment of crime has been the aim of the police, and their work is entitled to commendation." In accord with the Mayor's recommendations, steps were taken by the Council toward providing the Sixth District with a new police station. In his inaugural address for 1888 the Mayor again urged prompt and decisive action, adding that "the needs of the department in that district are imperative. The building which is now used is wholly inadequate for the section in which it is located, while the accommodations for the patrolmen are greatly inferior to those of other stations. There should be no further delay in securing a proper site, and building thereon a suitable station."

The extensive and disastrous conflagration on the fifteenth of February last, which destroyed the buildings in the square bounded by Fountain, Cove, Worcester, Eddy, Washington and Union streets, was a most severe test of the efficiency, not only of the fire department, but also of the police. The fire at the Theatre Comique building, but three days after, and that in the

Daniels building, on Custom House street, the day following, were fortunately confined to the buildings in which they originated.

These calamities, so bravely and faithfully combatted by the city's servants, called special attention to the fact that there is no fund provided by law for the relief of policemen and firemen injured in the discharge of their duty. A few days after the fire Mayor Robbins sent a message to the City Council suggesting that a provision be made. "In my first inaugural message," he said, "I alluded to the danger to which the firemen are exposed in the fearless performance of their duty, and suggested that some plan should be devised by the municipality to provide for a fireman in case of his injury, and to some extent the family of the killed. If a fireman had the certainty that exposure, should it be attended by injury, would not deprive him of support or bring immediate want upon his family, it would stimulate him to greater exertions in meeting the demands upon him in the saving of life and the preservation of property from fires. Fortunately at the recent fires no serious injury was sustained by any of the firemen, but the liability of such injury was great. I trust that this matter will receive the consideration of the City Council, and that some provision will be made for such firemen as may be injured in the service of the city.

"In this connection I shall call the attention of the City Council to another department, the members of which are liable to injury in the performance of their duty, and who would more fearlessly perform that duty were the assurance given them that they would receive material support from the city should they be incapacitated from further service. The police are, with the firemen, equally exposed to danger, and the same encouragement for a fearless performance of duty should be given to them. The liability from exposure and the danger to which the policemen were subjected at the recent fires, when it might have occurred that they would be called upon to risk life and limb in the saving of life and property, equally with the firemen, suggests that substantial recognition on the part of the City Council should be made to them."



HENRY C. ARMSTRONG,
Alderman, First Ward.

The Mayor's message was duly referred, and there is no doubt that the administrators of city affairs will act favorably upon the important subject thus brought to their attention. As Mayor Doyle once remarked in an address to the City Council, many years ago, on the subject of a fund for the relief of disabled officers: "It is true that the officer has only done what he is paid by the city to perform, but he would patrol none the less vigilantly, because his watchfulness had secured an addition to the fund to which he looks for relief when disabled, or worn out by service."

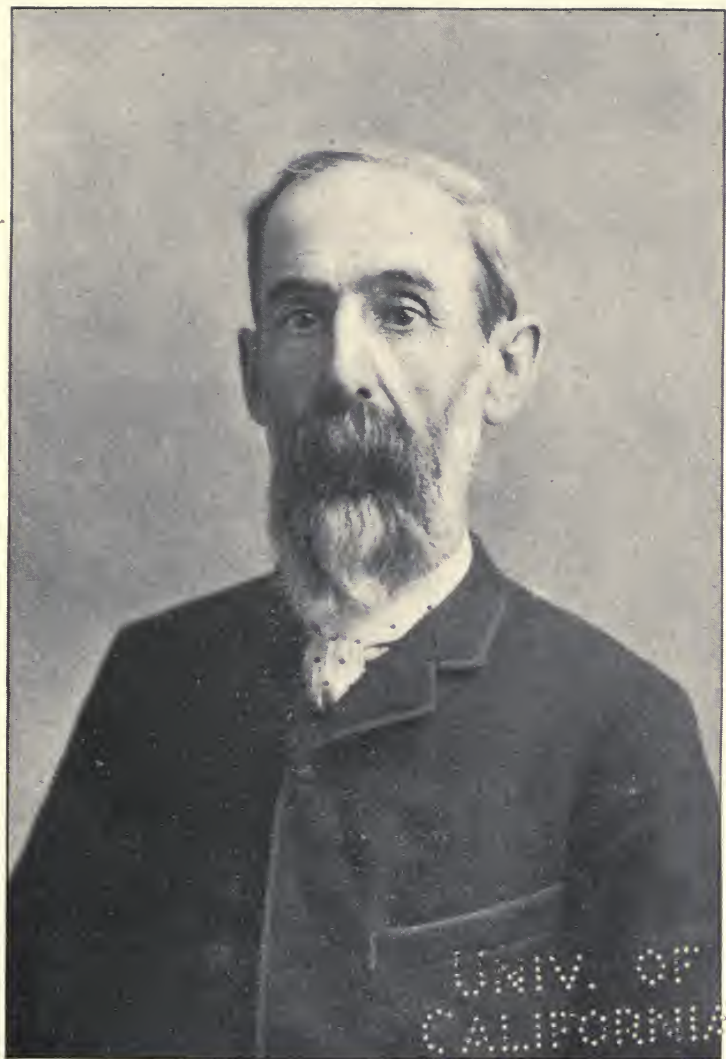
The administration of Mayor Robbins is witnessing the first operative steps toward the accomplishment of certain great and long needed public improvements. The City Council has resolved that the Cove Basin, once a thing of beauty—"the apple of the eye of Providence," as the late Chief Justice Bradley gracefully called it, but for nearly two decades an open cesspool, shall be filled, and the railways thus given an opportunity to extend their facilities for passenger and freight transportation. The pollution of the harbor, by city sewage at least, is to cease, and a sewage disposal system to be established, which will be a model for the continent. Other Mayors have advocated and promoted these improvements. Mayor Robbins has the honor and credit of witnessing their practical inception.

First after the Mayor comes President of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Charles F. Sampson, the present cashier, and for over twenty years connected with the Eagle National Bank. Mr. Sampson is a native of Bridgewater, Mass., where he was born in 1833. He came to Providence while yet in early manhood, and for over thirty years has been identified with the growth and interests of the city. In 1875, Mr. Sampson was elected to the Common Council from the Fourth Ward, and held that office until 1880, when he was chosen to the Board of Aldermen. When Mayor Robbins accepted the chair made vacant by the death of Mayor Doyle, Alderman Sampson was unanimously chosen President of the Board, and still holds that important position. As President it is his duty to preside in the absence of the Mayor, and to act as Chief Executive when the Mayor is

absent from the city. Alderman Sampson is one of those men, highly valuable in any legislative body, who do a vast amount of work quietly and unobtrusively, whose minds are stored with well-digested knowledge of the more important subjects coming, and likely to come under legislative and executive action, and who, therefore, never act without due and thorough information of the premises. His natural caution is seasoned with an enlightened sense of the needs and requirements of a growing city; every step of real progress commands his welcome support. For this reason he is a valued member on important committees, commanding, as he does, the confidence not only of the city, but of those with whom he has to deal on behalf of the city.

Alderman Henry C. Armstrong was born in Chepachet, R. I., March 22d, 1847. When he was five years of age his parents removed to Providence. In 1855 he went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, remaining there until 1860, when he returned to Providence where he has since resided. He was educated in the public schools, and began his business career in 1863 at the Providence Tool Company's Armory as time-keeper, afterwards becoming book-keeper. In 1865 he entered the employ of a prominent firm in this city as book-keeper, and remained in that position until 1880, when he became a commercial traveler. In this capacity he has had extensive opportunities for travel, which he has not failed to improve, although travel does not prevent him from giving due attention to his duties as a public official. He has been prominently identified with Masonic and various social and beneficial organizations. He was first elected a member of the city government as a Common Councilman from the old Third Ward for 1886, was re-elected to the same position for 1887, and is now Alderman of the new First Ward.

Alderman Charles Dake Rogers, of the Second Ward, was born at New Hartford, N. Y., July 15, 1827, and received the advantages of an academic education. Finishing his studies he immediately entered the machine shop of his father at Willowdale, N. Y., a place built up and principally owned by Mr. Rogers, Sr., as a manufacturing village. Here for upwards of twenty years the young man devoted his time in learning the details of the



CHARLES DAKE ROGERS,
Alderman, Second Ward.

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manufacture of cotton and woolen machinery, agricultural implements, and firearms. During the war, to use Mr. Rogers's own words, he sent a substitute, in the way of firearms, which were made under his general supervision. Just after the close of the war he accepted a position with the Utica Screw Company, but this concern was purchased by the American Screw Company, of this city, and Mr. Rogers was obliged to seek employment elsewhere, which he shortly did with the Continental Screw Company. The American Company also purchased this plant, and it being decided to continue the Continental works, Mr. Rogers was retained as the superintendent. In 1870 he was transferred to this city to take general superintendence of the extensive works of the American Screw Company where he has been in continuous service ever since.

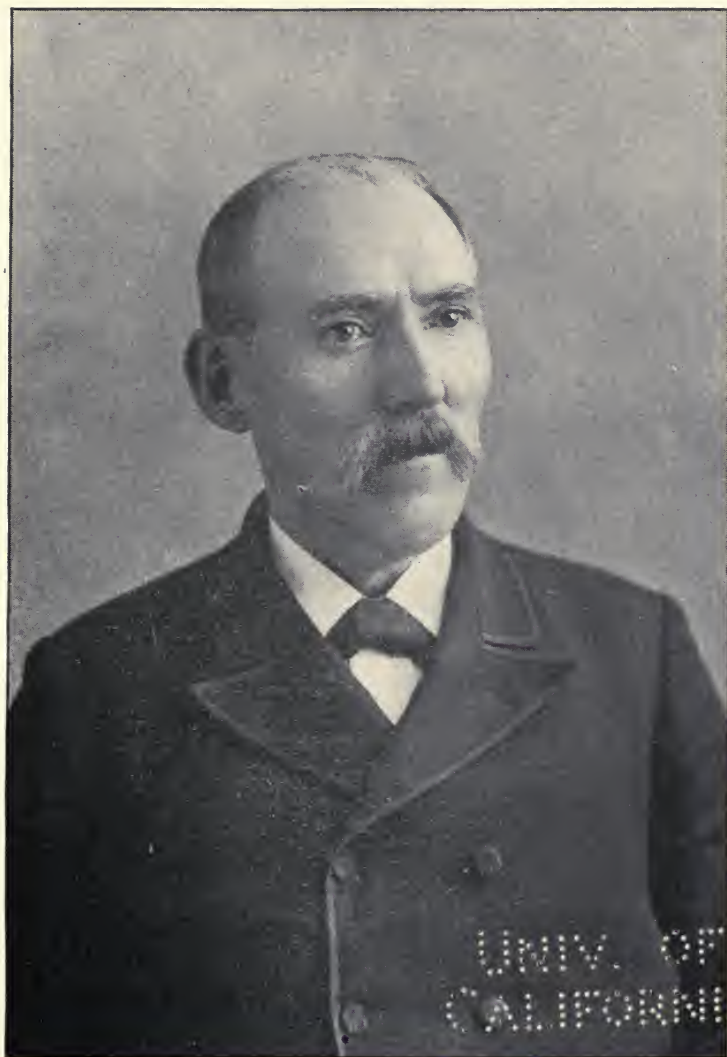
Mr. Rogers never sought or desired any public office, but, in 1884, the citizens of the First Ward elected him as their Councilman, re-electing him the following year, and in 1887 and 1888 promoting him to a place in the Board of Aldermen. He has been an earnest advocate of a public market, and a speech by him on this subject, when in the Common Council, attracted favorable comment and attention. He has consistently supported public improvements, with a due regard for the interests of his local constituency, and of taxpayers in general; and, as Chairman of the Joint Committee on the Fire Department, he has displayed a sound and judicious discretion in the direction of that important section of the municipal service.

Alderman Fergus J. McOsker, of the Third Ward, is an example of what pluck and perseverance will do for a man who has grit, integrity, and the ability not only to grasp but to make opportunities. Mr. McOsker was born of respectable parents in Tyrone County, Ireland, November 8, 1836. In May, 1840, his parents emigrated to this country and took up their residence at Lowell, Mass. The climate seems not to have agreed with them, for less than four years later, Mr. McOsker, with two brothers and one sister, were sent back to the old country, orphans, both father and mother having died. In June 1845, the future Providence Alderman, scarcely more than eight years of age,

crossed the Atlantic a third time, and settled in this city, taking up his abode with an uncle, who sent him to school, giving him a liberal common school education until he was fifteen years of age. About this time the sea-fever struck young Fergus, and he ran away from home, and in company with two other lads, somewhat older than himself, he walked to Warren, R. I., a distance of about ten miles. Arriving here his companions were allowed to ship, but Fergus was rejected as being too young. Nothing daunted, however, he walked to New Bedford where he shipped aboard a whaling vessel. Being naturally a bright lad he soon attracted the attention of the captain, and before the end of the cruise, which lasted twenty-five months, he had become an experienced navigator, so that at the age of nineteen he became mate of a West Indiaman. From that time until 1864 he made numerous voyages, circumnavigating the globe on several occasions. From 1862 to 1864 he was mate of one of the vessels engaged in the transportation of Union troops. During his entire life Mr. McOsker has never, under any circumstances, used intoxicating liquors in any form, and frequently he gave temperance lectures to his shipmates. In 1866 he returned to this city, married and settled down, and opened a grocery-store and meat market on Cross street, where he has since continued to do business.

Mr. McOsker's first appearance in public affairs was in 1881, when he was called upon by the voters of the old Tenth Ward to represent them in the Common Council. Here he continued to follow the motto of his life, "never to do anything by halves," and by his zealous and conscientious service he held the solid support of his constituents, and was re-elected each year until 1888 when he was rewarded for his faithful service by a seat in the Aldermanic Board.

Few men are better known in Providence than Alderman Edward G. Burrows, of the Fifth Ward. Born in Providence, R. I., May 14, 1828, Mr. Burrows enjoyed the educational advantages open in Rhode Island at that period, to the youth of our town. Of these he took the fullest advantage, and, by industry, thrift and energy, he worked his way up to an honorable



FERGUS J. McOSKER,
Alderman, Third Ward.
(See page 113.)

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place among Providence business men. As appraiser of the port for nearly eighteen years, Mr. Burrows showed, by a thorough discharge of his duty, that the office was far from being a sinecure, and that while Providence, as a seaport, no longer held the supremacy which it did, when the house of Brown and Ives was reaping a golden harvest from the sea, yet that its foreign commerce was far from being unimportant. So faithfully did he perform his difficult and often delicate task that he remained in office a long time after his party had gone out of power. When he retired, it was with the intention of abandoning public life; but his fellow-citizens would not consent to it, and in 1886 he was elected to the Common Council, and to the Board of Aldermen in the following year. Mr. Burrows is one of those men who think geniality entirely compatible with official trust, and that official dignity can be maintained without a stern and forbidding exterior. In city affairs he is, as in private business he was, entirely practical, without personal grievances to gratify, or personal hobbies to maintain, his sole hobby being to do what is best for the city. His thorough knowledge of the city, whose growth he has watched with the deepest interest, and of whose history he is a part, makes him a most valuable member of the Joint Standing Committee on City Property. Mr. Burrows is far from being an old man, but he is one of the few survivors of that genial circle in which Henry B. Anthony shone as the central star, and the fact that he enjoyed the late Senator's intimate friendship is the best guarantee of his worth.

Alderman Robert Ezekiel Smith, of the Sixth, is a lineal descendant of Roger Williams, the founder of Providence. He was born in the village of Pawtuxet, town of Cranston, Rhode Island, March 22, 1837, and there he spent his earlier days attending the best public school in the vicinity. At the conclusion of his school days he became a grocer's clerk, and in April, 1859, he entered the coal office of Joseph Hodges & Co., with whom he remained until about the first of November, 1867, when he became a partner in the firm. On January 1, 1875, however, he entered into business for himself, opening a coal yard on South Water street, under the firm name of Robert E. Smith & Co.

Mr. Smith began his public career in 1877, when elected as a member of the Common Council. Here he proved himself worthy of the trust and confidence reposed in him, and in the following year he was sent to the Board of Aldermen from the Seventh Ward, being re-elected to that body in '79, '80 and '81, the latter year serving as President of the Board. At the conclusion of the year 1881 he retired from active public life, only to be returned, however, to his old seat in the Board in 1887, as representative from the Ninth Ward, and in 1888, in a similar capacity from the Sixth, having thus been the chosen representative from three different wards during ten years. It is rarely that one man proves satisfactory to so many different constituencies, especially in Rhode Island, and the fact that Alderman Smith has done so, indicates that, in the discriminating judgment of Providence electors, he possesses peculiar qualifications for his trust. His official career has witnessed signal changes in our city affairs, and, never an obstructionist, his vote has always been in the interest of wise and prudent reform. At present he is a member of the Joint Standing Committee on Accounts and the Joint Standing Committees on Highways and Railroads.

Alderman Henry T. Root, of the Seventh Ward, was born at Augusta, Oneida County, N. Y., October 5, 1830. He was educated in the public schools of that place and early began training himself for a successful mercantile life. Removing to Hartford, Conn., about 1854, he at once opened a stove and house furnishing goods store, which at the end of four years he sold, with the purpose of removing to a larger field in Providence. In 1858 he started in the same line of business here, and continues it successfully at the present time. He began public life as a Councilman from the Ninth Ward, in 1869, and was re-elected continuously in 1872. He represented the Ninth Ward as Alderman, 1872-'73, and from 1885 to 1887, when, the ward lines having been changed, he was elected Alderman from the Seventh Ward. Mr. Root represents a section deeply interested in public improvements, and his re-elections bear evidence that the interests of the annexed district have not been neglected at his hands. Since he was first chosen to represent



EDWARD G. BURROWS,
Alderman, Fifth Ward.
(See page 114.)

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I N S E T.

THE year 1889 brought with it a change in the Mayoralty, Mr. Robbins retiring to give place to Henry R. Barker. The new Mayor is a Providence man in every nerve and fibre. Born September 15, 1841, on South Main street, within half a mile of Market Square, he is descended from old and honorable Rhode Island stock, his ancestors having been connected with the settlement of the colony. Mr. Barker was educated in the common schools of this city, passing through every grade from primary, and graduating from the High School in 1859, with a creditable rank in his class. In January, 1860, Mr. Barker entered, as clerk, the service of the Providence Mutual Fire Insurance Company, organized in the year 1800. For reasons patent to all who know Mr. Barker, the young clerk made rapid progress in the favor of his employers. He made their business his own, and threw his energies into their interests; and the company did not fail to appreciate faithful and successful service.

When the rebels threatened to attack Washington, and President Lincoln summoned the loyal North to rally to the defence of the capital, Mr. Barker, still under age, enlisted as Sergeant of Company I, of the 10th Rhode Island. Honorably discharged at the expiration of his term, he returned home with the intention of re-enlisting. As he stepped into the office of the Providence Mutual, the Secretary, Mr. Joseph T. Snow, who had that very day joined the 11th Rhode Island, received him with the announcement of the fact, adding: "You must not go back to the army, Mr. Barker. One of us must remain to take care of the business, and as I have enlisted, you are the man." Mr. Barker was installed as Assistant Secretary, and for nearly a year he had full charge of the affairs of the Providence Mutual, then carrying insurance to the amount of about \$12,000,000 in Providence and throughout Rhode Island. Mr. Barker was afterward elected Secretary, and then President of

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the corporation, which latter office he holds to-day. As to his management, it is sufficient to say that the amount of business done by this ancient company has increased more than fifty per cent. within twenty years.

Mr. Barker is a favorite in the Grand Army of the Republic, for the same reason that he has been successful in political and private affairs—he went into their cause with heart and soul. In Mr. Barker the veteran found a true and devoted friend, a faithful and tireless advocate. He was a charter member of Slocum Post No. 10, and is still in active membership. He was the first Adjutant of the Post, and served five successive terms as Commander, and upon retiring from the command, he was elected Quartermaster. In 1879 Mr. Barker was elected Commander of the Department of Rhode Island. He has represented the Grand Army of the State in several National Encampments, and took an active share in the election of General Burnside to the leadership of the veterans of the Union. Mayor Barker has lost none of his interest in the welfare of the soldiers, and every genuine movement in their behalf commands his cordial support.

Like his predecessor, Mayor Doyle, whose salient characteristics he appears to possess in a striking degree, Mr. Barker is a prominent member of the Masonic Brotherhood. He became a Mason in the latter part of 1862, and was an officer of St. John's Lodge, of our city, about three months after he had arrived at manhood's years. He is a charter member and Past Master of Corinthian Lodge, and is a member of the Providence Royal Arch Chapter, and of Calvary Commandery, Knights Templar. In the latter body Mayor Barker holds the office of Generalissimo, Attorney-General Horatio Rogers being Eminent Commander.

Mr. Barker's municipal service began in 1873. He represented the Ninth Ward in the Common Council from June in that year to January, 1880, being unanimously elected President in 1879. Mr. Barker served on important committees, and was Chairman of the Committee on Education from 1875 to 1878, inclusive. In 1878 he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on the Dedication of the City Hall, and was also Chairman

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of the Committee on the erection of a new High School. It is creditable alike to the City of Providence and to Mr. Barker that the head of the committee entrusted with the supervision and direction of the work of constructing our noble temple of higher education should himself be a graduate of the common schools of Providence. There could be no brighter evidence of the efficiency of the system. Providence has reason to be proud of her schools. What cathedrals are to the mouldering cities of Continental Europe, what the churches are to Rome, and the haughty homes of aristocracy to London—such are the schools to Providence. They are the palaces of our city. They are buildings to which the citizens can point, not with pride alone, but with hope and confidence; for strong as their foundations, and elegant their construction, they indicate that the foundations of the commonwealth are of materials more enduring than cement or marble—popular education, popular intelligence, popular self-respect and equality. And Mayor Barker has had no unimportant share in making our schools what they are.

With the close of 1879 Mr. Barker was promoted by his constituents to the Board of Aldermen. In that body he commanded the influence which his long and efficient service in the Common Council merited. He was appointed to the Joint Committees on Police and Railroads, and was chairman of the Aldermanic Committee on Police, also of the Committee on the Armory, and member of the Committee on Constables. The election of Mr. Barker as Chairman of the Committee on Police was a tribute to his discretion and energy, at a period which called alike for rare prudence, firmness and tact, in the direction of affairs pertaining to that department, as may be seen by reference to the History. Mr. Barker amply justified the confidence exhibited in his judgment and abilities, and the following year continued on the same committees. In 1882 he was unanimously elected President of the Board of Aldermen, and was a member of the Joint Committees on the City Debt, the City Engineer's Department, and the Aldermanic Committees on Streets, and "The Location of a building for persons having diphtheria."

With the close of 1882 Mr. Barker retired from municipal

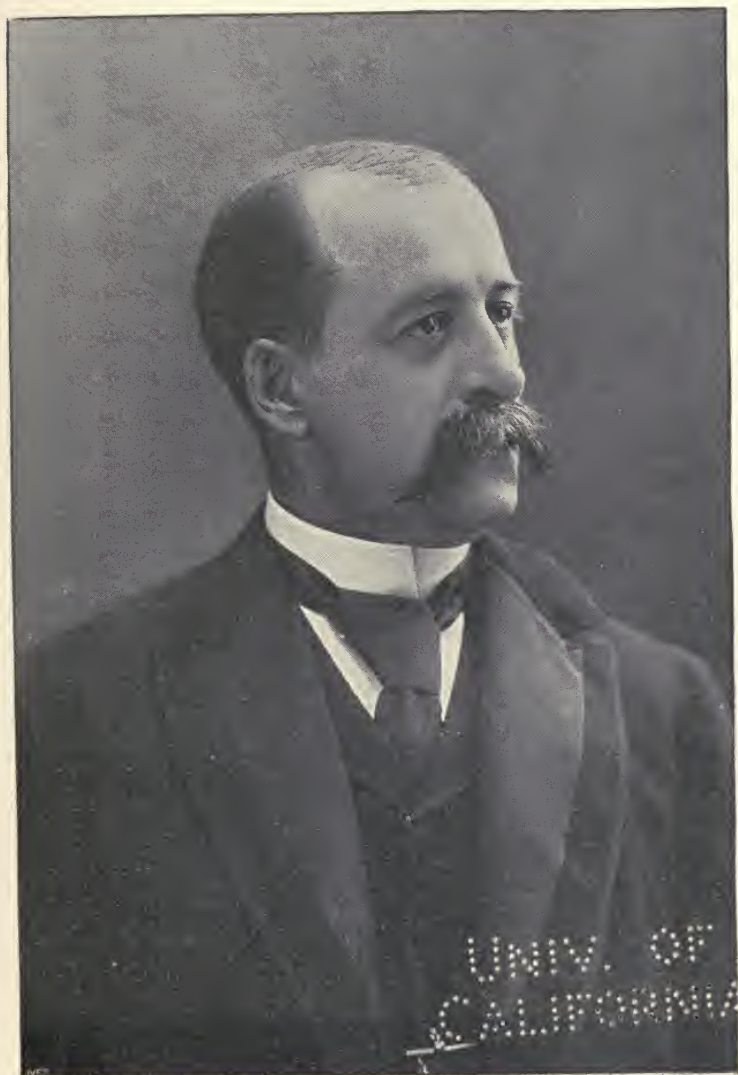
OUR POLICE.

affairs to give attention to the large and growing business of the corporation with which from youth up he had been connected, and until this year he remained in private life, but not forgotten by his fellow citizens. The public eyes were more than once turned toward him as a fitting candidate for Mayor, but Mr. Barker was not a man to struggle for elevation. He did not affect to despise public office, or to hold in light esteem those trusts which are, in Rhode Island, certainly, the evidence of honorable repute, and of standing in the community. But he felt that the people had his record to judge from, and that upon their judgment it was his duty to wait. His nomination and election by a decided majority proved that faithful service had not been forgotten, and that our citizens believed him to be the right man to whom to intrust the leadership of the municipality during the advancement of those improvements upon which the future of Providence greatly depends.

Mayor Barker's inaugural address showed that, in private station, he had kept a careful watch on the progress of civic affairs. After discussing, in concise and instructive language, the prominent questions which have too long been before our citizens, and which have threatened to be handed down, like a Corsican vendetta, from one generation to another, he added :

"The development and growth of this city has been conservative, but its gradual increase in wealth and population, from decade to decade, is fully attested by reliable statistics. The inducements which have been offered by the establishment and maintenance of good schools, well organized fire and police departments, good highways, well-lighted streets, a large and effective water supply, and the liberal appropriations made for other public improvements, have tended to secure this sure though gradual growth.

"Competition exists between municipalities as well as between individuals, and the greater the advantages offered by a city for education, for protection of life and property, for security to health, for public recreation and enjoyment, and for the extension and development of trade, so much the more will individuals avail themselves of these inducements, and by their coming within its borders quicken its advancement.



MAYOR BARKER.



OUR POLICE.

"The indications for a more rapid advance of this city than has been in the past are encouraging, if the possibilities of the extension of its commercial relations by rail and by water are aided by wise legislation on your part tending to the promotion of those projects which necessarily develop its resources.

"Already outside capital has been invested here, and to my knowledge foreign capitalists have been considering very recently the natural advantages presented by this city for the establishment within its limits of extensive business enterprises, and it is to be hoped that nothing will occur to prevent the consummation of these projects.

"The capital of non-residents alone must not be depended upon to secure the building up of new industries, but such of our citizens who make investments abroad from the hope of securing greater immediate return, should be induced to retain their money at home, and by its use here aid in adding to the wealth of this community. Not only would such retention of capital aid in the growth and increase the wealth of the city, but would by the extension of business add to the value of their belongings here, and thus in the end give a larger return for their capital. In this way they will keep the enterprises in which they may be engaged within their own knowledge, and under their more immediate control.

"The action which you will take in legislating upon the important matters, to which allusions have been made, if wisely directed, will inspire confidence in the people, and the capital now invested in this city will not only be retained, but others, having money to invest will here obtain the advantages which they are seeking.

"Let, therefore, your legislation be broad and comprehensive, so that the affairs of the city government may be conducted upon sound business principles."

As to the too-long-vexed issue of railway terminal facilities, His Honor said, that: "Whatever is best for the citizens and the railroads should be secured, and that without unnecessary delay. The question of the location of a passenger station and freight depots should be carefully considered, and the demands

OUR POLICE.

of the citizens recognized, with due regard to their convenience and the promotion and extension of their business interests. Grade crossings, in the heart of the city, should be abolished, and the location of the tracks made in such a manner as not to separate the northern section of the city from the southern by obstructions which, in the least, will affect the improvement of the one to the detriment of the other.

“In the development of a plan for railroad facilities, the advantages that will accrue to the whole city are to be considered, and the preferences of individuals for purely personal profit should not be permitted to determine the action of the City Council, neither should the railroad corporations be allowed to impose upon the city a plan which, while it may suit them, will not be acceptable to the people. It will, therefore, be my aim to do all that is possible to aid in carrying out the improvement of railroad facilities, considering only the interests of the whole city. The demands of the citizens in this respect are imperative, and upon you rests the responsibility of legislating upon the question in such a manner as will evolve a speedy accomplishment of an object which cannot fail of being one of the most important factors in promoting the welfare of our municipality.”

Mayor Barker recommended to the consideration of the Council the subject of the adoption of a police signal system. He said that “such systems have been in use in several of the large cities, and are reported to be valuable as an aid for securing greater efficiency of the department. By their use it is claimed that a better control of the men is obtained, and in emergencies the aid of additional officers and patrolmen is more quickly assured to the officer or citizen requiring assistance. It is also claimed that where these systems have been established it has not been necessary to largely increase the number of men for patrol duty, and that the saving in this respect goes far towards the expense of its introduction. If the operations of a system of police telegraphy would be an aid to the efficiency of the police, and the results such as would warrant its establishment within the business portion of the city, the matter should receive your



ALDERMAN WEST.



OUR POLICE.

attention and the merits of the various systems be carefully considered."

Mayor Barker is a believer in the future of our city. That fact impresses any one conversing with him, and is the best guarantee that he will be a successful Chief Magistrate. The office is not for him a question of bread, or, on the other hand, of personal ambition alone. His aspirations are identified with the promotion of the interests of Providence, and there can be no doubt that those interests are safe in his charge.

Ambrose E. West, the new member of the Board of Aldermen from the Tenth Ward, is a native of this city, born in Providence in 1855. Mr. West belongs to the well-known legal firm of George J. & A. E. West, who, at the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas, defended the majority of criminal causes. Of the senior member of this firm it is sufficient to say that he has few peers in eloquence as an advocate, or success as a counsellor, and Attorney-General Rogers aptly termed him "the silver-tongued." In Mr. Ambrose E. West, his gifted brother has an intelligent and efficient associate, and one on whom he can safely rely for the conduct of cases entrusted to his charge. Mr. Ambrose E. West was elected to the Common Council from the Tenth Ward in 1887, and served his constituents so acceptably that they decided in 1888 to send him to the Board of Aldermen. In the Council Mr. West was Chairman of the Joint Committee on Ordinances, a place for which his legal training made him competent. In the Board of Aldermen he is a member of the Joint Committee on Claims, Chairman of the Committee on Auctioneers, member of the Police Committee, with Aldermen Edwin Lowe and Edward G. Burrows, and a member of the Committee on Street Signs and Numbers. The Police Committee now consists of three members, with Alderman Lowe as Chairman, a change satisfactory to the committee, and likely to be more convenient in operation than a dual membership. The appointment of Mr. West also gives personality on the committee to a large and valuable element of citizenship.

Mr. West is thoroughly in favor of judicious improvement in the police, as in other city departments. "I believe," he said

OUR POLICE.

to the writer, "that a police signal system ought to be adopted; that we have passed the period when old methods of making arrests, and effecting the suppression of disorder, ought to be pursued in a community like Providence. We want every tried and valuable improvement that can be attained with reasonable expenditure. The city has never been niggardly in providing for its departments, and the proper protection of the lives and property of the citizens is the first duty of a municipality. The veteran policemen who have done faithful service should be protected from want, and the families of those injured in the performance of duty should not be allowed to suffer. My view is that every officer should give the city a fair and faithful return for his salary, and the city should recognize and reward fidelity in its officers, when age or accident has rendered them unfit for service."



the old Ninth Ward, that region has become a garden spot, a centre of attractive suburban homes, as well as of prosperous business. All this could not have come about without faithful and efficient representation in the City Council, and Mr. Root should receive due credit for his share in what has been accomplished. While there may be something of destiny in the westward march of empire and improvement, it should be needless to add that the progress of a locality materially depends upon the prescience and activity of its representatives.

Alderman John Casey, of the Tenth Ward, is a successful Irish-American business man. He was born at Ross Common, Ireland, November 8, 1846, and enjoyed the varied educational advantages afforded by the school system of that country to the children of the well-to-do farmers. In 1863, his father having died five years previously, Mr. Casey removed to this country accompanied by his mother. He first settled at Brooklyn, Conn., where he took charge of a green-house. At the end of eighteen months he went to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he found employment in a government cotton warehouse. In 1866 he came to this city, entering the employment of the Nicholson File Company. There he had charge of several rolling machines. In 1870 he opened a small grocery store on Putnam street, where he is now established, his fair, honest dealings gaining him popularity and custom. From time to time he has found it necessary to enlarge his store, and five years ago he opened a branch store at Pawtucket under the firm name of Casey and Mulleedy. Mr. Casey estimates that the two stores do a retail business of upwards of a quarter of a million dollars annually. He also has been extensively engaged in real estate transactions.

In 1886 the Democratic voters of the Tenth Ward placed Mr. Casey's name upon the ticket for Councilman, and he was elected. The following year he was re-elected to the Council, and in 1888 he was the Aldermanic candidate from that section. During his service in the City Council, Mr. Casey has earned and maintained the esteem of his colleagues as a faithful and conscientious public official, and he holds a place on the Joint Public Committee on Claims.

As the Aldermen who constitute the Police Committee of the Board will be mentioned in a subsequent chapter, it may be well here to include the City Clerk, and Clerk of the Board, *ex-officio*, Mr. Henry V. A. Joslin. Mr. Joslin has the affairs of the municipality at his fingers' ends, and everyone, be he or she a resident or a stranger within the gates, who has a problem to solve, or a date to unearth, relating to the municipality, resorts to Clerk Joslin for the solution or the date. And Mr. Joslin is always courteous and always patient, whoever the visitor may be. Mr. Joslin was born in Exeter, Rhode Island, April 24, 1846. He is the son of John H. and Julia A. (Vaughn) Joslin. As the parents of our City Clerk removed to Providence in 1848, his recollections of Exeter are quite rudimentary, and to all intents and purposes he is a Providence boy. Mr. John H. Joslin was a member of the Common Council from the Seventh Ward from 1869 until 1873, and Alderman from June until July 24, 1873, the date of his death. He was the first Providence Alderman to die in office, and Mayor Doyle and his Aldermanic associates paid a fitting tribute to his worth, while they deeply regretted his loss.

Mr. Henry V. A. Joslin graduated from Brown University in the class of 1867, and engaged in the lumber business with his father until the latter's death. He had not fully determined what course to pursue after being thus bereft of a sagacious partner and a devoted parent, when he received a message from Mayor Doyle requesting him to call at the Mayor's office. There Mr. Joslin was asked to undertake the duties of the newly created office of Mayor's Clerk. It was not without diffidence that the young man accepted the confidential relation to an official for whom he had always entertained the highest regard, and it may be worthy of note in this connection that the first paper handed to the new clerk related to the police. At that time the Mayor was in supreme command of the force, and much of the business of the office consisted of orders and communications regarding the department.

Mr. Joslin so faithfully and efficiently fulfilled the duties of Mayor's Clerk that in January, 1879, he was judged by the



ROBERT E. SMITH,
Alderman, Sixth Ward.
(See page 117.)

To the
Alumni

City Council to be best fitted for the more important office of City Clerk, made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Samuel W. Brown, who had held the position nearly twenty years. Upon accepting this office Mr. Joslin resigned the place on the School Committee, which he had held from 1870. He also resigned the office of Major commanding the First Battalion of Cavalry, which he had occupied for five years. — It was Mr. Joslin's view that the City Clerk should hold no other office, but devote his time altogether to the service of the city. He had always felt and exhibited an active interest in the public schools, and in military matters, and both the School Committee and his command appreciated his value, and regretted his departure.

The City Clerk is required by the charter to perform all such duties as may be prescribed by the City Council, or by the Board of Aldermen. He must also discharge the duties and exercise the powers incumbent by law upon town clerks, excepting matters of probate, the duties of City Registrar, and the recording of conveyances. He is likewise Clerk of the Board of Aldermen. Among the well-known duties of a town clerk is the annual registration of voters, posting of warrants for elections, etc., and these require the careful attention of an experienced mind, versed in the law, and rapid in analysis. These qualifications Mr. Joslin possesses in a prominent degree. He is soundly discreet, without being narrowly technical, and he does not stand upon ceremony when the interests of the public are to be protected, or the rights of the individual secured.

Among Mr. Joslin's more prominent services, outside of his regular duties, was the preparation of the reports of the dedication of the City Hall—a work undertaken at the request of the Committee which had charge of the celebration, and most satisfactorily performed. Mr. Joslin compiled the volume on the unveiling of the monument of Roger Williams, a memorable event in the history of the city which Roger Williams founded. He prepared the valuable report on the Dexter Donation Fund, the history of which had before been difficult to arrive at. Mr. Joslin's report places all matters in relation to the Fund within ready access. The Doyle memorial volume was prepared by Mr.

Joslin, who also prepared the handsome book which perpetuates the celebration of the 250th anniversary of Providence. For his services in connection with the obsequies of Mayor Doyle Mr. Joslin received a testimonial in the form of a handsome gold medal, suitably inscribed, and purchased with the individual contributions of the committee.



CHAPTER VII.

THE POLICE COMMITTEE.—ALDERMAN EDWIN LOWE, THE CHAIRMAN.—RULES OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—TRIAL OF COMPLAINTS.—SOME OF THE DUTIES OF POLICE OFFICERS.—THE SUBJECT OF A PATROL WAGON.—ALDERMAN BENJAMIN E. KINSLEY.—THE PROVIDENCE POLICE HARD-WORKED MEN.—PENSIONS FOR THE DISABLED AND SUPERANNUATED.

THE Board of Aldermen, as before explained, with the Mayor, controls the Police Department, the approval of the Board being required to all changes, whether appointments, promotions, or dismissals from the force. There is no police commission, the Mayor and Aldermen, with the Chief of Police, exercising the powers and duties which, in other large cities, are devolved upon a commission. The details of police management, such as trials, suspensions, and fines, would, however, be too taxing for the Board, with its other numerous duties, to give attention to, and therefore a Police Committee is appointed, which acts in behalf of the Board, and, in all matters save appointments or dismissals, exercises final authority. This Committee consists of Alderman Edwin Lowe, of the Eighth Ward, Chairman, and Alderman Benjamin E. Kinsley, of the Ninth Ward.

Alderman Edwin Lowe bears his forty-five years gracefully. Born in Birmingham, England, he came here when about six years of age, and his experience has proved, like that of Slater, of Duncan, and other sons of Britain, that nowhere is there a better opportunity than in Rhode Island, for brains, energy and integrity, come whence they may. However, Mr. Lowe is a Rhode Islander in all but nativity, all his interests, associations, and memories of youth and manhood being connected with these Plantations. When the deadly blast of war summoned the young men of Rhode Island to battle for the Union, Mr. Lowe answered

the call, and as a private in the First, and sergeant in the Twelfth Rhode Island regiment, he made an honorable record of duty well performed on famous fields of war, including the heroic and disastrous struggle of Fredericksburg. Mr. Lowe is also a member of the First Light Infantry Veteran Association. He has served three years in the Council from the Eighth Ward, and now represents that Ward as Alderman. Mr. Lowe has been for many years successfully engaged in the gold-plating business, at No. 82 Clifford street.

As Chairman of the Police Committee, Alderman Lowe has given thorough attention to matters bearing upon the welfare of the force. "We are governed," he said to the writer, "by the rules of the Board of Aldermen, which has laid down a set of regulations for the administration of the Police Department. "The general rules of the Board provide for furloughs of one week in each municipal year. No member of the department is allowed in the station house or elsewhere, while on duty, to drink any kind of intoxicating liquor, or smoke, or, except in the immediate performance of his duty, enter any place in which intoxicating drinks are sold or furnished. No intoxicating drink can be introduced, upon any pretext, into the station houses, except with the approval of the chief or captain of police. Smoking is not allowed in the station houses, except in apartments designated by the captain of police, with the approbation of the chief. No member of the police force can accept any extra compensation whatsoever, without the approval of the Mayor; and in all cases when any reward or gift or extra compensation is approved by the Mayor, twenty per cent. of the amount so allowed, shall be paid into the Providence Police Association, for the relief of sick or disabled members.

"As to the trial of complaints, all complaints made against any member of the department, except those made by a superior officer, must be reduced to writing, with specifications, and signed by the party making the complaint, before the same shall be investigated; and any officer whose character has been compromised, may have an inquiry as to the truth of any charges against him, upon the permission of the Mayor. For minor offences, the



EDWIN LOWE,
Alderman, Eighth Ward.

TO THE
ABBOTTS

measure of punishment is determined by the Chief of Police, with the approval of the Mayor. The investigation of all important charges must be before the Police Committee of the Board of Aldermen, and the evidence is taken down by a clerk, and submitted, with the report of the committee, to the Mayor; and when they find the officer guilty of any irregularity not sufficient to warrant his removal from the force, they state what fine should be imposed or what deduction should be made therefor from his compensation, and if approved by the Mayor, such deduction or fine is made. All fines go into the fund of the Providence Police Association.

“According to the true Rhode Island principle, as set forth in the charter and the constitution, the rules declare that no one will be appointed on, or discharged from the police for his religious or political opinions, and officers must avoid all religious and political discussions in the station houses, and the police must not interfere or make use of their office in elections, but may quietly exercise the right of suffrage as other citizens.

“Members of the Police Department may enter the shop of any pawnbroker, or dealer in junk or second-hand articles, and examine the books and the property therein, and if resisted or refused permission so to do, the case should be reported to the Chief, and by him to the Mayor, and if the circumstances justify it, the license can be revoked. The Captains, Lieutenants and Sergeants of Police may inspect the shops of persons licensed to buy and sell junk and second-hand articles, in the same manner as the Chief of Police and Superintendent of Hacks are so authorized by chapter 26 of the ordinances of the City of Providence.

“In case of an alarm of fire in the day-time the officers on patrol duty in the district where the fire occurs, and all other officers of the force not on patrol duty (except the officer in charge of the police station), must repair at once to the fire and act as fire police. The officers upon patrol duty in the adjoining districts will cover the beats left vacant.

“In case of fire or other emergency, either in the night or day time, the officer first arriving shall have command of the other officers present until the arrival of a superior officer, and upon

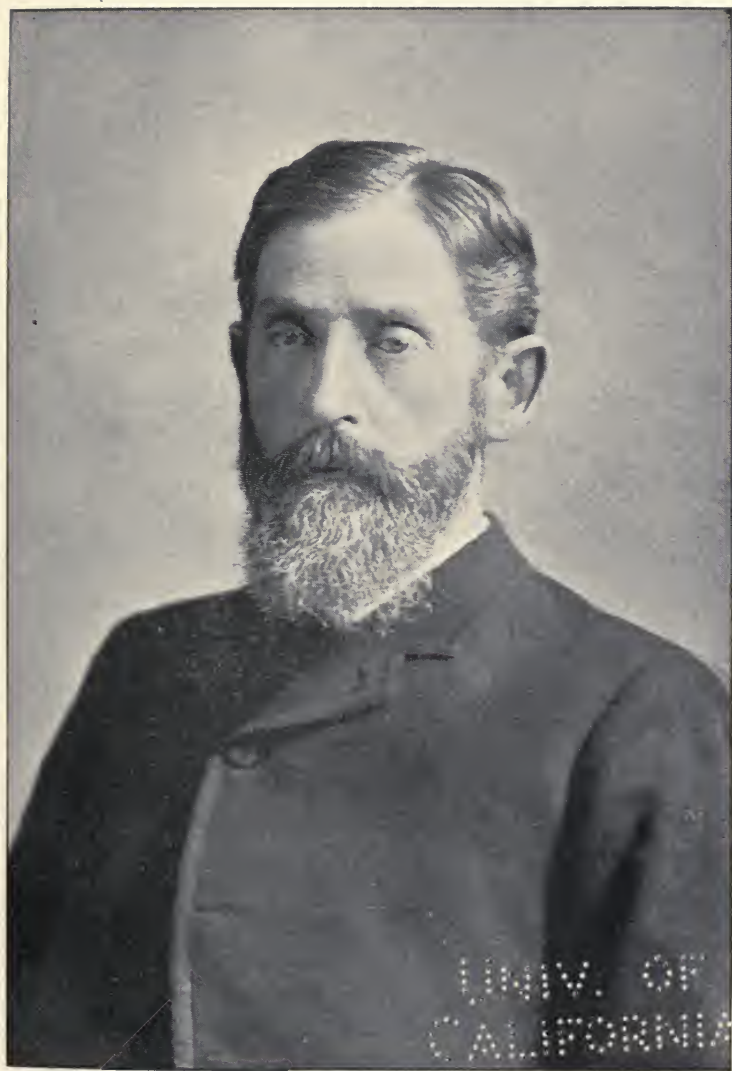
the arrival of the Captain of the District, he will have command of all the patrolmen present, until the arrival of a superior officer.

"A member of the Police Department must be a qualified elector for general officers in the city, 'not under twenty-one nor over thirty-eight years of age when first appointed: to be in stature not less than five feet eight and one-half inches; in weight, not less than one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and minimum circumference of chest, not less than thirty-four inches; that there shall be a difference of at least two inches at forced expiration and on full inspiration; that with additional height there shall be an increase, in a proportionate degree, of chest measurement, but in no case of additional height shall the minimum circumference of the chest exceed forty-two inches, nor the weight of the applicant exceed two hundred pounds.' He must be of sound health and vigor, without any predisposition, either hereditary or acquired, to any constitutional disease; of unquestionable energy and courage; of temperate and industrious habits; of peaceable and courteous manners; decorous and cleanly in his person and dress; respectful to his superiors; prompt and decided in action, and disposed to be zealous in the service. He must also be able to read and write the English language, and must present his petition in his own handwriting."

"Are the physical qualifications readily found?" asked the writer.

"There is no doubt," replied Alderman Lowe, "that many applicants are rejected for physical reasons. The growing preference of American young men for sedentary pursuits is causing an increase in the proportion of policemen of foreign birth and parentage."

"The Police Committee," added Alderman Lowe, "although believing that the Providence Police have no superiors in the country, keep their eyes open for any improvement likely to add to the efficiency of the force. The adoption of a patrol wagon has been a subject of discussion and investigation. The anarchist riots in Chicago called attention to its uses on such occasions, and it has since been adopted in many other leading cities."



HENRY T. ROOT,
Alderman, Seventh Ward.
(See page 118.)

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

In connection with Alderman Lowe's allusion to a patrol wagon, it may be of interest to describe the system of police signals and alarms used in other cities. There has been little progress in police methods; for the old system, coming down from the time when watchmen patrolled the streets with lantern, bill-hook and rattle, has been substantially followed. The patrolman has been sent to his route, post or beat, to act for himself; and once there, he is cut off from all communication with his superiors, and is free from all surveillance, except it may be the occasional visit of a sergeant or inspector. Police authorities have long felt that this was not satisfactory, and have desired some simple and effective method of electric intercommunication and control, by which each officer, instead of being a "free lance" might be made a component part of a great machine, and this demand the Municipal Signal Company of Boston, Mass., are able to satisfy with their Police Alarm and Intercommunication System, which meets all of the requirements a long and careful study of the subject has shown to be either necessary or desirable.

In this system, numbered signal-boxes, containing telephones and automatic signaling instruments, are placed upon walls or lamp-posts at proper distances from each other on every patrolman's beat, and are electrically connected with the police-station, and from them the patrolmen can either telephone or automatically transmit different messages to the station-house; or, the station-house can signal the patrolmen; and citizens can also readily summon police assistance from any signal-box. In connection with the signal-boxes, a wagon called the patrol-wagon, provided with stretchers, splints, surgical appliances, etc., to be used in case of accidents, stands at the station-house ready for instant dispatch to any point where its presence is necessary. This wagon carries several police officers, and whenever a policeman makes an arrest, or is in need of assistance, or wants an ambulance, he signals for this wagon, and when it reaches him the arrested or wounded person, or persons, as the case may be, are turned over to the officers in the wagon, who then drive back to the station-house, and leave the officer still covering his beat.

In order that the practical working of the system may be un-

derstood, let us suppose that a police precinct is equipped with street stations, or boxes, so that every patrolman passes at least two of them during the tour of his route, post, or beat. In such a case, each patrolman would be required to turn the pointers of the boxes passed by him during each tour, to the number on the dial indicative of the route, post, or beat he is patrolling, and actuate the pull. This operation would cause the signal and time recording instruments in the station-house to plainly record the fact that the patrolmen patrolling certain routes, posts, or beats, had signaled from certain points at certain times, and an



FIG. 1.

inspection of this record will readily show how many times, and at what intervals each route, post, or beat in the entire precinct or district had been patrolled during any given period.

Should the officer in charge at the station-house wish to speak to the patrolmen on street duty he can put himself into telephonic communication with them by manually sounding the gongs in the boxes whenever a patrol signal is received, or he can forestall the arrival of the patrolmen in turn at the street boxes, by merely setting a switch which causes an incoming patrol signal to automatically sound the box gongs and thereby summon them to use their telephones.

Thus each patrolman, individually, makes an indelible time

record of his visits to the signal boxes, and at the same time he is notified whether the station-house has anything to say to him, or otherwise; all without the intervention of special operator or attendant.

An efficient Police Alarm and Wagon system, electrically controlled, is not an added expense to a municipality, but is, in fact, a real economy; for by its use the police force is practically largely increased in numbers and efficiency, as with it, it is unnecessary for a police officer to leave his beat. While without it,

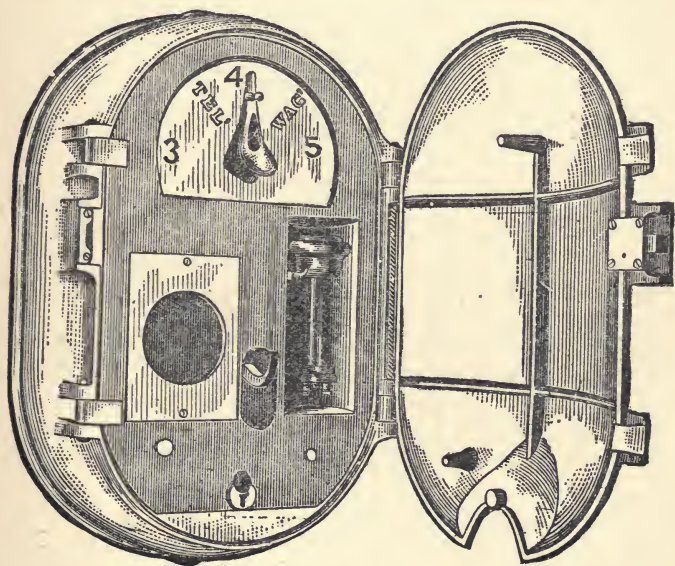


FIG. 2.

where an officer has to take a prisoner to the station-house, not only is his beat uncovered during his absence, which may be for an hour or more, but frequently officers from neighboring beats are obliged to assist him, thus leaving several beats unprotected at once; and it is apparent that a given number of patrolmen can, by the aid of the alarm system, more effectually protect a much larger area of territory than they could a smaller area without it. Furthermore, every key held by a citizen is really an additional police officer serving without remuneration.

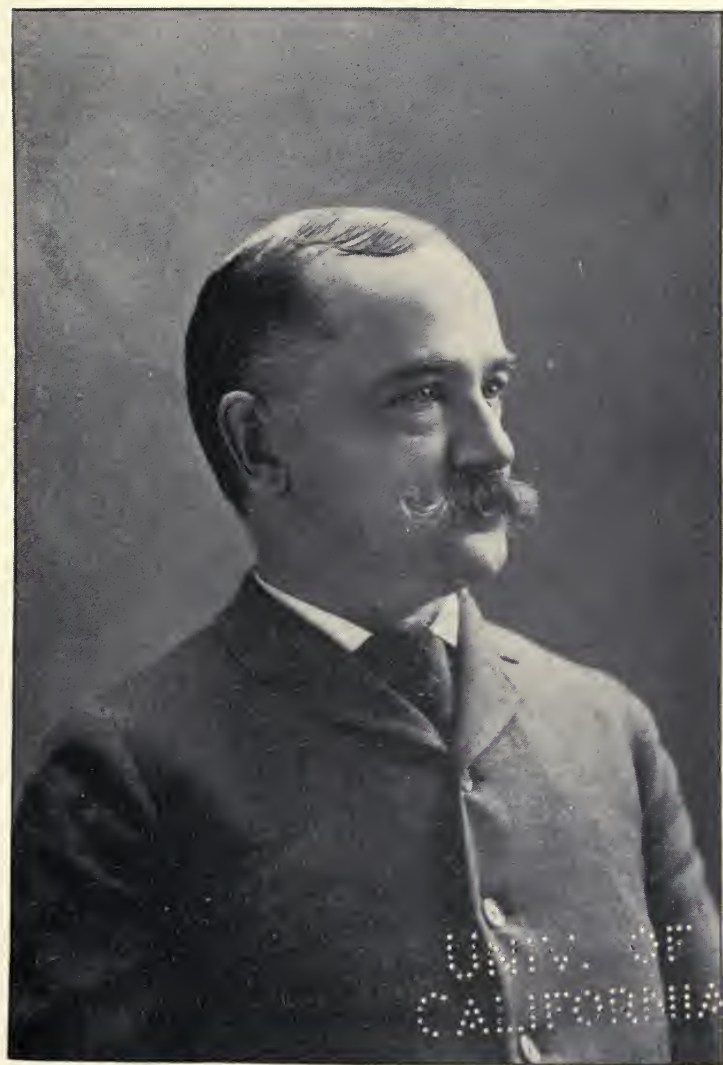
In turbulent districts policemen are often assaulted by the mob which gradually gathers and follows in the wake of an officer while he is engaged in taking an arrested person to the station-house. The assault usually takes the form of an attempted rescue of the prisoner, and lives have not infrequently been sacrificed in such encounters. But with an alarm and wagon system in operation the quickness with which assistance arrives, and the celerity with which a prisoner is conveyed to the station, discourages such attempts; so it is safe to say that no assaults will be made on the police wherever the system is in use, and the demoralizing spectacle of a refractory prisoner being dragged or clubbed through the streets will be entirely avoided. Every policeman feels that he is not alone, and gains added courage in the performance of his duty from the knowledge that he can at any time have all the assistance he needs, should he desire it; and not only does the police officer recognise this fact, but so do also the criminal classes.

A large body of police, by its aid, can be quickly concentrated in any desired locality, and street disturbances or riots can be much more rapidly quelled, while by means of the telephone a general alarm and accurate description of criminals can quickly be given to the entire police force, and their escape rendered very difficult, or impossible.

Without the signal system a police force patrolling the streets is really a series of detached and unsupported out-posts, practically without any base, while with it the policemen support each other, and the entire force can act together as a unit, the patrolmen, as it were, continually passing in review before the commanding officer, with facilities for intercommunication almost as good as if they were in his immediate presence.

The comparative economy of the Municipal Signal Company's System is obvious, and the cost of its introduction and maintenance is very small in proportion to the advantages gained.

Among its many advantages the most obvious are that policemen must perform the duties for which the city pays. Shirking work, excuses, or collusion with the roundsmen is impossible. Each officer must watch himself. Beats are never unprotected. The force is strengthened, and a given number of men can better perform the work required than double its numbers unaided by the Municipal System. No additional man is required to operate the station-house outfit. No special street enclosure is required, and the cost of the expensive unsightly sentry box obstruction used in a simple telephone system is saved.



BENJAMIN E. KINSLEY,
Alderman, Ninth Ward.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Alderman Benjamin E. Kinsley, associate member of the Police Committee, was born in Providence, June 1, 1837, educated in the public schools, and graduated from the Providence High School, in 1851. Mr. Kinsley at once entered into the employ of his father, a wholesale boot and shoe dealer, and the young man proved so apt and devoted to business, that the elder Kinsley decided to take him into partnership, the firm being formed June 1, 1860, under the name of Shepard C. Kinsley & Son. The firm is too well-known in Providence to call for any commendation here. Mr. Kinsley added largely to the prosperous business founded by his father, and the house acquired an estimable and enviable position in the trade. In 1882 Mr. Kinsley retired with an ample competence.

Mr. Kinsley was elected to the Common Council as a Republican, November, 1881, from the old Seventh Ward, and served his ward in this position until 1887. In November, 1887, he was unanimously elected Alderman from the new Ninth Ward. While in the Common Council Mr. Kinsley exercised a merited influence in city affairs, serving on the Joint Committees on Highways, the Harbor, City Engineer's Department, and City Debt. He was Chairman of the Committee on Highways in 1885-'86. In the Board of Aldermen he is a member of the Committees on Police, Streets, and Health, and of the Joint Committees on Sewers, Water, Accounts, and Revision of the City Charter. Mr. Kinsley has a daughter married to Foster Coates, Esq., Managing Editor of the New York *Mail and Express*, and well-known throughout the country as a graphic and talented writer.

"No more efficient body of men exists in the United States than the Providence Police Force," remarked Mr. Kinsley to the writer. "Despite a popular impression to the contrary, the Providence police officer is a hard-worked man, and it is safe to say that he earns all the pay he receives. At each and every step he has some rule to observe, and his situation is no sinecure. When on night patrol duty, he has, in the first place, to try his doors; that is to say, he should ascertain beyond peradventure, that no aperture through which a thief can enter is open or inse-

cure. Temptations beset him on every hand, in the shape of free liquor and cigars, providing he returns the compliment by closing his eyes to violation of law. He may have the monotony of patrol duty disturbed by a tussel or two with refractory prisoners. This means violent walking exercise, occasionally varied with wrestles, blows, kicks, rolling in the gutter, and general demoralization by the time the prisoner is landed in the station house. True, the day patrolman is not hampered by 'trying doors,' but he must see that the numerous city ordinances are observed, that the laws of the State are obeyed, and he is presumed to be a perambulating sign post and city directory for the benefit of strangers. Every arrest occasions an attendance at court, and consequent loss of time when 'off duty,' and fires, processions, and other events often call him to extra and sometimes hazardous service."

"It is true," added the Alderman, "that policemen sometimes make mistakes, that even deliberate wrong is sometimes committed. But no class of men fall from grace less frequently than policemen, and none are more quickly detected, while the story of their short-comings is given unusual publicity. They have a justifiable pride in maintaining good order. They take a personal interest in it, and are an honorable, intelligent and straightforward body of men, keenly alert at all times."

Like his associate, Alderman Kinsley takes a marked interest in the force, and gives intelligent consideration to everything bearing upon the maintenance and increase of its efficiency. He is deeply interested in the efforts to provide a pension for superannuated and disabled officers. "In New York," said Mr. Kinsley, "a reasonable pension is provided for: captains being pensioned at \$1,000; sergeants, \$750, and patrolmen, \$550. In Philadelphia the highest pension is \$300, and the lowest \$75, and this is provided for by a tax of two per cent. on the policemen's salary, a tax which the New York courts have pronounced unlawful, on the ground that the policeman is entitled to his full salary, without any deduction of this character. In Baltimore the Board of Police is authorized to pay their regular salaries for a considerable time to officers unable to attend to their duties by

reason of sickness or disability, and also to pension for life superannuated or disabled policemen, to an amount not exceeding one third their monthly pay: '*Provided*, Such officer shall have served faithfully not less than sixteen years, or shall have been permanently disabled in the discharge of his duty as an officer.' The pension may be suspended, or, in case of persistence, entirely withdrawn, upon proof that the pensioner is leading an improper or immoral life. Here, in Providence, we carry along a few superannuated officers on a reduced allowance, barely sufficient for their decent support, and put some of them not fit for active duty in positions that would have to be otherwise filled by able-bodied men. I hope that the Mayor's message of this year on the subject of providing for disabled policemen and firemen will result in some adequate action being taken."



CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTITUTION OF THE POLICE FORCE.—DUTIES OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.—THE DEPUTY CHIEF.—CAPTAINS, LIEUTENANTS, SERGEANTS.—THE SUPERINTENDENT OF HACKS.—CLERK OF POLICE.—THE DETECTIVES.—PATROLMEN.—DRESS UNIFORM OF THE FORCE.—NO SUCH OFFICIAL AS A POLICE SURGEON.—RULES FOR THE POLICE SURGEON.

BEFORE going farther, it may be well to describe the constitution of the police force, as at present organized. Under the law, the police force consists of a Chief of Police, and not exceeding two hundred police constables, fit for active duty. The Chief of Police may or may not have been elected from the body of the force. Like certain other city officials he is chosen annually by the City Council, and his official career terminates with the close of the municipal year. It is the custom to re-elect a Chief, unless he retires of his own accord, and this rule has had but two exceptions since the office was created. The Chief is in effect, therefore, a public official, delegated in behalf of the citizens, to control and direct the police force, subject, of course, to the authority of the Mayor and Aldermen.

The Chief is also the public prosecutor of the city, and this is a trust not less important than the direction of the police. He exercises in the city the authority exercised in towns by the Town Sergeants, who, within the past two years, under the District Court system, have also, as a rule, been appointed Chiefs of Police in their respective towns. No public prosecution can be instituted without his sanction. Every citizen has, of course, the right, upon giving required security for costs, to enter a criminal complaint, but the Chief of Police alone can enter such complaints without surety. Practically, therefore, all criminal prosecutions within the bounds of the municipality pass under his hand and seal. The gravity of this trust can readily be

appreciated. In the hands of a rash or evil-disposed person it would be more than dangerous. When one reflects upon the peculiarities of Rhode Island law, upon the number of statutory provisions, and common law offences which public opinion sees fit to condone or ignore, and the literal enforcement of which—as, for example, the law against taking recreation on Sunday—would be not only harshness, but cruelty, it is easy to comprehend the mischief that might be done by a reckless or ill-balanced Chief of Police. And yet those ancient laws have their uses, and occasions may be imagined which would call for their execution in the interest of public decorum. It is for the Chief of Police to discern such occasions, without interfering with innocent pursuits and harmless indulgences.

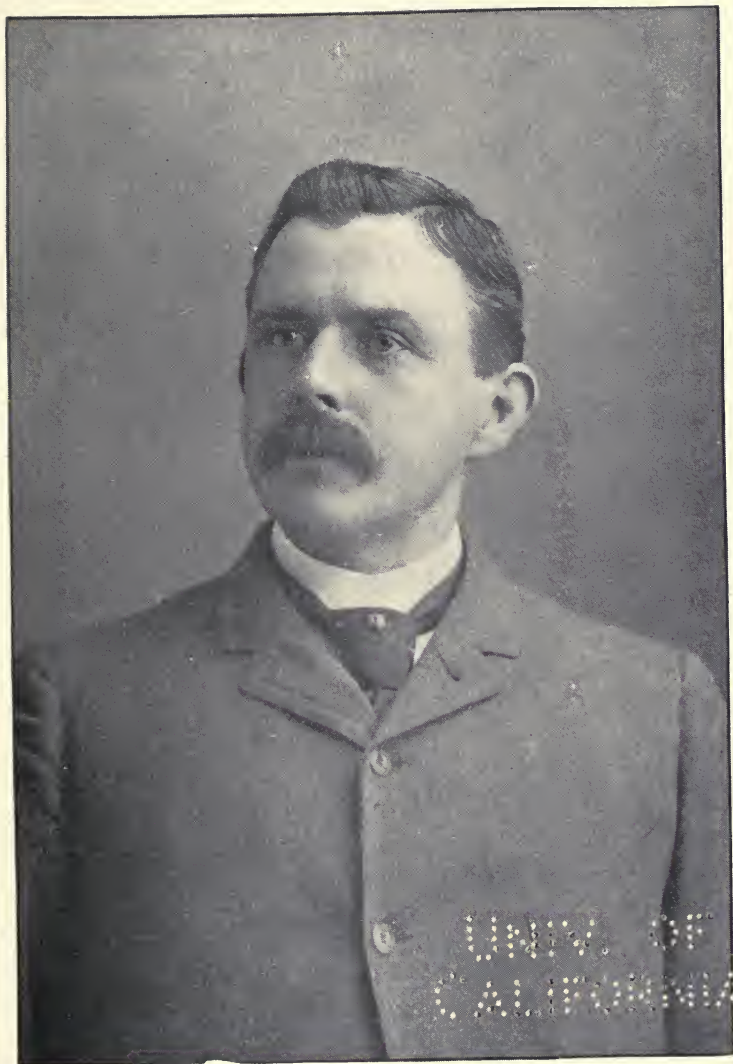
In the trial of weightier cases the Chief of Police has the valuable service of the City Solicitor, Col. Nicholas Van Slyck, or his assistant, but the minor cases he often conducts himself, and upon him also falls the burden of preparation. The records of the Providence courts bear evidence that the duties of public prosecutor have been faithfully performed both by the present Chief, and by his predecessors.

Once a month the Chief must instruct the captains in some branch of their duty, and see that the captains, as often as once each week, give similar instructions to their men. As often as opportunity permits, he must cause as large a number of the members of the department as can be spared from their other duties, to be drilled together in military movements and evolutions, so that they may act efficiently and in concert when called upon to suppress riots or disorders. He keeps a book, in which complaints may be made by citizens against members of the department, and another, in which violations of the laws and ordinances, crimes, misdemeanors, articles lost and other similar matters shall be entered, and he must cause prompt attention to be paid to such complaints or information. He may suspend from duty for not longer than one week, or fine any member of the department the amount of one week's pay, for cause, and may grant furloughs, of not exceeding one week, to any member, making report thereof to the Mayor for approval.

The Chief is required to keep the City Solicitor and Attorney General informed of all matters that pertain to their several offices, relating to the police or interests of the city, or to any breach of the laws or ordinances, and to use his best efforts to bring offenders to punishment. He must see that the station houses are provided with copies of the "Public Statutes," and the "Schedules of the General Assembly," as issued, the "City Ordinances," all "City Documents," as issued, the "Providence Directory," some system of drill, an "English Dictionary," and the "Bible," and furnish each member of the department with a copy of the rules and orders for the government of the force, together with a map of the city.

Whenever a disregard of any law, ordinance or order prevails to an extent prejudicial to the well-being of the city, the Chief must cause the said law, ordinance or order to be published in the newspapers of the city, or in handbills or circulars, calling the attention of the public thereto. He records in a book reports from the police of all defects in the highways, violations of the building laws and cases of nuisance, and takes measures to have the same removed. He also keeps a record of all accidents whereby the city may become chargeable, with the circumstances, names of witnesses, and a partial description of the locality.

He must also keep a record of all intelligence offices, junk shops, and dealers in second-hand articles, pawnbrokers, theatres, billiard rooms, bagatelle rooms, bowling saloons, and other places of amusement, and see that the laws, ordinances, and rules for their government are observed; also of all suspected gambling houses, drinking saloons, and houses of ill-repute, and of all convicted persons who may become dangerous to the community. In another book the Chief registers alphabetically the names of all licensed houses, or persons to whom, on petition, license has not been granted, and also of those to whom license has been granted but subsequently revoked, with the name and number of the street where each carries on business. And he must see that all such persons duly licensed keep the requisite books, and in all things conform to the requirements of the laws and ordinances



JOHN CASEY,
Alderman, Tenth Ward.
(See page 121.)

regulating their trade; and he must inspect said books, from time to time, as often, at least, as once a month.

The Chief must also keep a record of the name of every person arrested by the police force, with the name of the arresting officer and the officer in charge of the station-house at the time of the arrest, the nation, age, height, complexion, weight, residence, and offence of the prisoner, and the number of his cell. He must cause the prisoner to be properly searched, and whatever is taken for safe keeping to be properly entered upon the books, and also keep a record of the result of the arrest, and the day and the hour that the prisoner is removed from his custody, with the nature of the sentence, if taken before a court. He is also required to keep for reference a daily record of burglaries, robberies, larcenies, amount of property lost or stolen, assaults, disturbances, lost children, fires, dangerous places, and accidents, with the cause and proofs, and of all other matters pertaining to the police department, including a daily account of the regular and extra duties done by the police force. The Chief must also submit daily and monthly reports to the Mayor, and receive and keep all property coming into the possession of officers of the stations, by virtue of their office; mark and keep together, and separate the property taken from each person, and keep a record of the same; and property holden for evidence shall be delivered by order of court, and all other property holden shall, as soon as possible, be delivered to the lawful owner, and a receipt taken therefor; and all property remaining at the close of each quarter shall be delivered or reported to the Mayor.

The Deputy Chief of Police is under the immediate direction of the Chief, and required to assist him in the performance of his duties, and perform such other duties as the Chief shall direct. He also officiates for the Chief in his absence. He may suspend any member of the police force for cause, and shall immediately report such suspension, with the cause thereof, to the Chief.

Every Captain of Police must be at his station house at all times during the day, unless absent on official duty. He has the general charge of his station house. In his absence he must detail a sergeant or other officer to be constantly in charge to

receive prisoners, attend to calls, answer the applications of citizens, and to attend to other business properly belonging to the department. He visits each beat as often as twice a week, and notes the condition of the streets, sidewalks, street lights, obstructions and non-compliance with city ordinances, and all other matters requiring the attention of the police in his district. He reports to the Chief all cases of contagious disease, and any negligence which may expose the city to danger by fire, and all matters which require the attention of the Board of Public Works or the Superintendent of Health. The Captain has immediate control of the patrolmen detailed for duty in this district. He must call the roll at eight o'clock A. M., and six o'clock P. M., each day, then communicating all necessary information and orders, and at such other times as the Chief shall order; noting and reporting any negligence in attire, want of cleanliness or of neatness, or other improper personal habit, and report to the Chief every case of sickness, misconduct, insubordination, neglect or unfitness for duty, and preserve order and discipline at the station house. He is required, as often as once a week at roll call, to put the men through the simple military formation, and in line and evolutions, and once each week instruct them as to their conduct at fires or riots, in making arrests or complaints, as to defects in the highway, nuisance and accidents, in procuring information and other matters pertaining to their duty. He must also see that each man has his copy of rules and orders, and duly observes them. He divides, with the approval of the Mayor and Chief, his district into beats for night duty, so that the whole territory shall be covered at all times by officers on duty, except at roll calls and as circumstances shall require, placing each officer, as far as practicable, where he will be most useful and efficient.

The Captain is required to receive into his custody and safely keep all persons arrested in his district by the patrol under his command, and transmit them to the first station in charge of the reserve, at the time of leaving in the morning, or sooner if deemed expedient; keeping a record of all persons so arrested, their offence, the time of arrest and the name and number of the arresting officer. He must daily transcribe, from his blotter and

journal to his morning report, a true copy of all matters of importance there recorded for the twenty-four hours ending at eight o'clock A. M., and present said report to the Chief at nine o'clock A. M., of the same day ; at the same time reporting the number of men on duty of his command, the number and names of those absent, and the cause thereof. He must also report the name of every person arrested by the officers of his command, the name of the arresting officer, also the nation, age, height, complexion, weight, residence and offence of the prisoner, and the number of his cell, if locked up, and if not locked up, the reason of his discharge.

The Captain should carefully note and impartially report to the Chief the case of every officer, by name and number, absent from his beat, or other neglect of discipline or duty ; and his failure so to report would be sufficient cause for his suspension or discharge from the service. In case of any riot or sudden emergency requiring the services of the police, if in the daytime, the Captain of the district in which such riot may occur should forthwith proceed to the scene of disturbance with the whole police force he can muster, and be vigilant in suppressing the disorder. Should he have any doubt of his ability to preserve the peace, or to restore order, he must immediately send notice to the Chief of Police. In case of an alarm of fire in the night time the officers on the two adjoining beats of the district must repair at once to the fire and act as fire police, the officers on the next adjoining beats to cover those left vacant. The Captain of the district in which the fire occurs must also repair to the fire with the reserve in his station, to keep the streets clear and protect property, that the officers on street duty may return as soon as practicable to their beats. If the reserve at his station be not sufficient he should order the reserve from the district adjoining and nearest the fire, and if these be not sufficient he should report the same to the Chief, who would detail such portion of the entire force as he may deem necessary.

The use of intoxicating liquors, gambling, boisterous or indecent language or conduct, and profanity, are strictly prohibited at station-houses ; and the Captain or officer in charge should

report every violation of this rule to the Chief. He should cause the members of the police force in his command to be thoroughly instructed in the "school of the soldier and company;" excepting those parts which relate exclusively to the manual of arms.

Each Lieutenant, in the absence of the Captain, has charge of the station, and exercises all the powers and performs all the duties of the Captain, and is held to like responsibility. He should be at his station house from six o'clock P. M. to eight o'clock A. M., daily, unless necessarily absent on official duty. In case of any riot or sudden emergency requiring the services of the police, if in the night time, the Lieutenant of the District in which such riot may occur should forthwith proceed to the scene of the disturbance, with the whole police force he can muster, and be vigilant in suppressing the disorder. Should he have any doubts of his ability to preserve the peace or restore order he ought immediately to send notice to the Captain, the Chief, or Deputy Chief of Police.

Each Sergeant has the immediate charge of the men on their beats in his district, and should instruct and assist them in their duties. When on duty and not otherwise detailed, he should constantly and faithfully patrol his district, visiting each beat at least twice in each term of service; he should carefully note and report to the captain of his district any neglect of discipline or duty.

The Superintendent of Hacks has general superintendence of all vehicles of every description required to be licensed, collects licenses, and investigates complaints.

The Clerk of Police must devote his whole time to the business of the department. He is required to keep fully and accurately all books, records, papers and reports pertaining to the Police Department.

The headquarters of the Detective Police are at the office of the Chief of Police, City Hall, and their office hours are at such times as the Chief may direct. They are required to visit the railroad stations, theatres and places of amusement, all public gatherings, and other places where large numbers of persons collect; take notes of all gaming houses and houses of ill-repute, and all per-

sons who may reasonably be suspected of crime or evil design, whether residents or strangers, and keep a list of all persons convicted of crime, who are likely to be dangerous to the community. When no other business engages their attention, they must visit the most thronged thoroughfares in the city, noting persons and transactions which may be of service to them in the discharge of their duties; and they must not only use their best efforts to detect the criminal, but also to prevent the commission of crime. Should there be occasion to send one of their number out of the city, county or State, in pursuit of any fugitive from justice, this may be allowed by permission of the Chief or Mayor. But all his expenses and a reasonable compensation may be required by the department, of the parties interested in the apprehension of the criminal, as a condition of such permission.

Patrolmen are liable to be called into service for any portion of the day, if necessary. The ordinary sphere of their duty is the City of Providence and the harbor; but as officers clothed with the criminal powers of constables, they may be required to go into any other part of the State to arrest criminals, or for other duties.

Besides the duties common to patrolmen in all cities the patrolman may arrest, without a warrant, any person reasonably suspected of having committed a felony, or seen committing a breach of the peace, or being unduly armed with a dangerous weapon, and also night walkers. He may also examine any person whom he shall see walking abroad in the night after eleven o'clock, and whom he shall have reason to suspect of any unlawful design, and may demand of him his business abroad at such time, and whither he is going. When any party charges another with crime and insists that the party so charged shall be taken into custody, the officer must require the accuser, if unknown to him, or if there is any other sufficient reason for it, to go with the accused to the police station. A similar rule has recently been cancelled in Brooklyn, N. Y., on account of a verdict against an officer for false arrest.

As by virtue of his appointment the patrolman can act officially in criminal matters only, he must not render assistance in any

civil case whatever, except to prevent a breach of the peace or to suppress a disturbance actually commenced. He must, as often as directed by the Mayor or Chief, visit the public schools and obtain from the teachers the names and residences of each absentee or truant child, and thereupon visit the homes of such truants, and ascertain the cause of such non-attendance at school, and report the same at his station.

Policemen wounded or otherwise disabled, while in the performance of their duty, receive pay for their period of service necessarily lost in recovering, when duly certified by the city physician, or other physician approved by the Mayor, provided such pay shall not continue for a longer time than two months, unless by recommendation of the Police Committee and the approval of the Board of Aldermen. In case of ordinary sickness pay is allowed for three days upon the vouchers of the Chief, and for fifteen days more, and no longer, at the discretion of the Mayor.

Every police officer should keep a private record of his work, with day and date, and he shall enter therein all matters of any importance in which he is engaged in his official capacity, whether at court, on his beat, or elsewhere, and also, any other matter of importance that comes to his knowledge connected with the police of this city; and when his book is full it should be carefully preserved for future use or reference.

The several members of the force rank in order as follows:

1. The Chief of Police.
2. The Deputy Chief of Police.
3. The Captains of Police according to the date of their original appointment.
4. The Lieutenants of Police according to the date of their original appointment.
5. The Sergeants of Police according to the date of their original appointment.
6. The Superintendent of Hacks.
7. The Clerk of Police.
8. The Detective Police.
9. The Patrolmen in the order of their appointment.



HENRY V. A. JOSLIN,

City Clerk.

(See page 122.)

COLEMAN
AND
BROTHERS

As to uniforms, the Chief of Police wears a black hat, with gold star in a rosette thereon; a blue dress coat with police buttons and shoulder straps on the coat with the word "Chief" inscribed thereon; a black vest with police buttons; black pants and dark blue overcoat. On public occasions he wears a buff vest with police buttons. The Deputy Chief of Police wears a black hat, with gold star on enamelled leather thereon; a blue frock coat with police buttons, and shoulder straps on the coat, with the words "Deputy Chief" inscribed thereon; a black vest with police buttons; black pants and a dark blue overcoat. On public occasions he wears a buff vest with police buttons.

Captains, Lieutenants and Sergeants wear a dark blue double-breasted frock coat with police buttons; dark blue pants; a dark blue vest, single-breasted, made to button up to the top. Captains also wear upon the coat shoulder straps with the word "Captain" and the number of the district inscribed thereon. Lieutenants wear upon the coat shoulder straps with the word "Lieutenant" and the number of the district inscribed thereon; and Sergeants should wear upon the coat above the elbow infantry chevrons. Captains and Lieutenants also wear a blue cloth navy cap. Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants and patrolmen wear an overcoat of dark blue, double breasted, with portable cape to button under the chin, and police buttons,—the suits to be all cut and made in uniform style. Patrolmen wear a single-breasted dark blue frock coat with police buttons; dark blue pants, a dark blue vest, single-breasted, made to button up to the top, with police buttons, and a police helmet, such as may be prescribed. They wear: the Captains a red leather belt, the Lieutenants a maroon colored belt, the Sergeants a blue leather belt, and the patrolmen a black leather belt around the waist, and their club, twenty inches in length, is worn in a frog on the outside of the coat. An india rubber cap-cover and portable cape are allowed in wet weather. The style and material of all shoulder and other straps are prescribed by the Mayor. The police badge is worn upon the left breast and upon the outside of the outer garment, plainly exposed to view at all times when on duty before the public, unless by permission of the Mayor, the Chief, Deputy Chief,

Captain or Lieutenant of Police of the district in which the officer is detailed.

The rules of the Board of Aldermen provide the duties of a Police Surgeon; but there is no such official. In December, 1878, an ordinance was adopted by both branches of the City Council, providing for the appointment of a Police Surgeon, who should hold office during the pleasure of the Board of Aldermen, attend to police officers free of charge to them, examine applicants, etc., at a salary of \$1,500 a year. Mayor Doyle vetoed the proposed ordinance on several grounds, one being that the salary designated was excessive "in striking contrast with the parsimonious limit fixed for some city officers, whose duties were far more important to the public welfare." He also argued that a policeman, except when injured in the discharge of duty, had no more right to free medical attendance than a fireman or school teacher. He thought it "desirable to employ a person as Police Surgeon," but that his tenure of office and duties should be different from those prescribed. It was a season when the cry of economy resounded through the Council and Aldermanic Chambers. The veto was sustained, the subject dropped, and, while the rules of the Board of Aldermen recognize a surgeon, the ordinances do not.

By the rules, the Police Surgeon is required to perform such duties as may be ordered by the Mayor or Board of Aldermen. He should daily visit all officers reported, either upon the police morning report or at evening roll call, absent by reason of sickness, wounds or disability, and make a daily report to the Chief of Police of their physical condition and the probable time of their return to duty in full or in part. On the first day of each month he must prepare a consolidated report for the Chief of Police, and a duplicate for the Police Committee containing the names of all officers who have been reported sick during the next preceding month, the number of days that each has been absent by reason of sickness or disability, and the dates when any have been reported for duty in full or in part, which should be accompanied by medical certificates of the prescribed form, certified to or approved by the Police Surgeon. He should visit and inspect

each month the several police stations, and make a report in writing to the Mayor relative to their sanitary condition, with such recommendations as he may deem necessary.

Whenever, by reason of chronic sickness, debility or recurring disease, or from probable prolonged disability, resulting from acute sickness, wounds or injuries, or on account of the infirmities of age or other cause, a member of the police force becomes disqualified for the performance of duty, the Police Surgeon should make a full report thereon to the Mayor and Police Committee. Whenever an officer, absent by reason of sickness or disability, who is reported by the Police Surgeon as able to perform his duty in full or in part, and is thereupon directed to return to duty by the Captain of his district, neglects or refuses to obey such order, his pay stops from the delivery of such order, and he is liable to such other penalty as may be imposed under the rules of the Board.



CHAPTER IX.

CHIEF OF POLICE CHILD.—AN HONORABLE RECORD OF ARMY SERVICE.—WOUNDED IN PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.—TERRIBLE SCENES IN THE NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS.—PROMOTED FOR BRAVERY IN THE ARMY.—APPOINTMENT ON THE POLICE FORCE.—THE CHIEF'S RECOMMENDATIONS.—A WARNING TO PARENTS.—CHIEF STEWART.—EX-SUPERINTENDENT WALLING.—MARSHAL FREY.

CHIEF BENJAMIN H. CHILD is still a comparatively young man, having been born in Providence, in 1842. His early youth he gave to the service of his country. At the age of eighteen he enlisted, June 6, 1861, for three years, or during the war, as a private in the Second Rhode Island Battery, afterward Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery. It was a real June day when the young Rhode Islanders embarked on the *Kill von Kull*, at India Point, amid the pealing of cannon, and the farewell cheers of the multitude. A month later they were in the battle of Manassas Plains, commonly known as "Bull Run." The battery nobly vindicated the good name of the State on that disastrous field, with the Second Rhode Island regiment holding the enemy at bay until other troops were brought into action. "Our battery," says Theodore Reichardt, in his diary, "was the only six-gun volunteer battery carrying all the guns off the battlefield, two of them in a disabled condition." In this battle Mr. Child was slightly wounded. Battery A was connected with the Second Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, and was engaged in every battle with the corps, including the Peninsular Campaign, under General McClellan. At Antietam Mr. Child, now a corporal, was again wounded, this time severely.

At the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., Mr. Child, now promoted to a well-earned sergeantcy, was severely wounded in the shoulder in resisting Pickett's terrible charge on Cemetery Ridge. He

was sent to the hospital at Philadelphia. When sufficiently recovered to be removed, he started for Rhode Island. While on his way home he passed through New York at the time of the draft riots. Mr. Child witnessed the fearful scenes in the streets from the carriage in which he was conveyed through the city to the Fall River steamer, Plymouth Rock. It appeared as if the raging rabble might be tempted to attack the wounded Union soldier, and Mr. Child made the remark that it would be "rather humiliating to be slaughtered by a mob after passing through the charge of Gettysburg." The military and police, on the one hand, the rioters on the other, were engaged in terrible conflict for the control of the city. Colored men were chased as if they were wild beasts, and, when captured, hanged, burned and their bodies cruelly mutilated. The police fought heroically, but against overwhelming numbers their efforts were at first in vain. Club in hand, they ploughed their way through the waving throng, like a steamer in the rushing tide of a mighty river; but for every rioter that fell a dozen sprang to take the place of the fallen, until exhausted humanity could no longer bear the strain of the ceaseless and fearful struggle. With iron bars, guns, clubs and any and everything that might be used for a weapon, the maddened multitude, infuriated by the taste of blood, and stimulated by the evident faltering of the city's defenders, threw themselves on the blue-coats. The brave little band came to a standstill, and strove, for a moment, to stay the irresistible onset. As well might a Roman legion have opposed its bucklers to the countless hordes of Attila; as vainly did Custer's fated company make their final stand against the desperate followers of Sitting Bull. Scattered and broken, at last, the policemen sought safety, each one pursued by a score or more of the rioters, hot for his life-blood. For a time the mob was triumphant, and the chief city of the Union prostrate to an enemy more merciless, but fortunately also less organized than the Southern Confederacy.

The driver of the carriage in which Mr. Child was conveyed kept as far as possible from the centre of disturbance; but more than once the Rhode Island soldier had reason to apprehend that the senseless violence of the rioters might seek him for a victim:

Their wild, unkempt aspect, their threatening looks, and rude but formidable weapons, might well have stricken fear into the heart even of a man not disabled by wounds: but the mob was too busy in the active pursuit of the immediate objects of its vengeance to turn its rage against the passing traveller. Near Thirty-second street Mr. Child noticed in the distance a ghastly object swinging from a tree. Around it howled the mob, their cries and execrations audible for many blocks. It was a poor negro, who, hunted down until he could no longer run, had been dragged to the tree, and swung up to its branches by beings in the form of humanity. It was but one of many similar scenes, which gave shuddering evidence of what a great city could be, with its worst elements sweeping everything before them.

At the pier the Plymouth Rock was found, prepared with hot water and more effective weapons to give the howling multitude a warm reception in the event of an attack; but, while the Weehawken ferry-house was burned, and demonstrations made against the shipping in other quarters, the rioters did not assault the steamer. Mr. Child, however, was hurried on board in such haste, and in such rude fashion, that his wound, but imperfectly healed, had to be opened again, and the result is that he is troubled with a stiff shoulder.

War Governor James Y. Smith commissioned Mr. Child as Second Lieutenant of Battery A, Captain William A. Arnold, November 6, 1863, in recognition of his services in the field. Lieutenant Child, owing to his wound, was unable to report for duty until Christmas, and he was transferred from Battery A to Battery H, the latter being in the defences of Washington. The young Lieutenant had to go to Brandy Station, where Battery A was at the front, to be mustered out, and receive his commission. The mustering officer at General Sumner's headquarters had hardly signed the papers when a shell burst through the tent, and the officer was seriously wounded. Lieutenant Child rode back to Washington and reported for duty to Battery H, then lying at Camp Barry. In November, 1864, Mr. Child was mustered out at City Point, on account of disability caused by wounds, with the rank of First Lieutenant. For about eighteen



BENJAMIN H. CHILD,
Chief of Police.

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months Mr. Child was employed in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. Then he returned to the city which he had left about five years before, in the bloom and vigor of early youth, now shattered in body, but resolute as ever in mind and in purpose.

After being employed with Greenleaf & Co., on Westminster street, for about two years, Mr. Child was appointed on the police force, May 1, 1868. Had the physical examination then been as strict as to-day, he could not have been accepted, owing to the injuries he had received in the service of his country; but fortunately for the force and the city, as well as Mr. Child, it was otherwise. Mr. Child was appointed doorman by Mayor Doyle, June 4, 1874, at Station 1, and was promoted to be Sergeant, August 16, 1877, and detailed to Station 4. He was made Captain of the Fifth Station, August 8, 1879, and elected Chief of Police January 5, 1881. From that time to the present, Chief Child has been re-elected annually, by the unanimous vote of the Council.

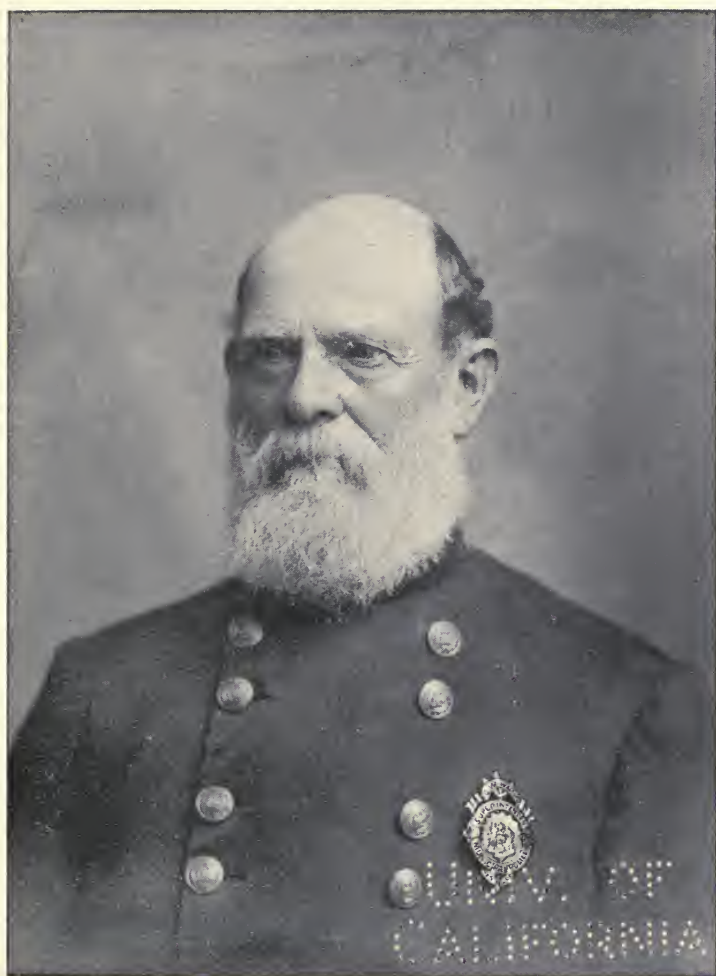
Chief Child has held office in a period of peculiar difficulty, and that he has discharged his duties satisfactorily, his repeated re-elections are the potent evidence. He is not a man of aggression, but, as one of his subordinates remarked: "Anyone who counts on Chief Child not having backbone makes a mistake." He accomplishes in his own quiet, resolute, effective way, much more than some men with bluster, noise and braggadocio. He is of a humane temperament, and is ever inclined to lean to the side of mercy. He never crushes the helpless simply because they can be crushed with impunity, and if a word of warning will be likely to effect reform, that word is kindly given. In the enforcement of the prohibitory law the Chief has displayed a rare and careful discretion. On the one hand, he has avoided plunging the city into futile and expensive litigation; on the other, he has not permitted or tolerated any open defiance of the Constitution and laws. He has always been ready to prosecute, when sustained by the requisite evidence, but he has remembered that there are other crimes besides the unlawful sale of liquor, against which it is the duty of the police to protect the community.

The administration of Chief Child has not been distinguished by any riots, and by but few notorious crimes. The nearest approach to a riot was during the excitement of the Presidential election of 1884, and then the police were promptly prepared for an emergency. But the crisis passed, in the city as in the nation, with only added proof of the ability of a free and educated people to control their passions, and command their destinies.

The eloquent evidence of Chief Child's efficiency is in the security of life and property in Providence. For this the credit belongs to the whole police force, but of that force the Chief is the director and the head. Without the arbitrary and high-handed methods of certain other cities, the lawless element is kept in subjection, and the streets of Providence are secure alike from ruffian violence, and the craft of the skillful criminal.

What has been accomplished in the way of police work during Chief Child's administration can perhaps best be told from the official reports. In 1881, on the recommendation of the Chief, several officers, whose physical condition required relief from active service, were placed, instead of being retired or discharged, on light duty as housemen at certain station houses. The officers in question were Theodore Rutherford, Benjamin A. Newhall, Augustus R. Tallman, Isaac A. Austin, William J. Booth, and Joseph W. Pratt. Chief Child earnestly recommended an increase of the force, and the result was the addition of ten men, who, however, hardly more than supplied the place of the officers withdrawn from patrol duty. This report also contained valuable suggestions as to needed amendment of ordinances. Speaking of the 1,117 arrests of minors made during the year, the Chief made these wholesome comments :

"In this large number of recruits to the jails and prisons of our country are the children of many worthy and respected parents, whose heads are bowed with shame, as they realize the ruin and degradation of their offspring. It certainly appears strange to the inexperienced mind that so many children, reared within the influence of pleasant homes, can thus early in life forget their youthful teachings, and bury in the oblivion that crime entails many of the possibilities of a useful and happy future. Regard-



GEORGE W. WALLING,
Ex-Superintendent of the New York Police.

ing this matter from an official standpoint, my observations have frequently suggested the thought that, in such cases, much of the difficulty lies in the undue confidence that parents and guardians repose in the security of their children from evil influences, and in their consequent ability to withstand temptation.

“When I am informed of the presence of boys in public billiard rooms, concert saloons, and in other resorts which are perhaps not so objectionable, but where a youth unattended can learn much that will prepare him to go outside the pale of home influence, I am led to think of the numerous dangers that will beset them, and almost wonder at the carelessness of those who should be their guides and protectors at this critical period of life. When I observe young girls crowding, evening after evening, through the almost impassable streets, unattended by older persons, impelled doubtless by the spirit of innocent sport, but with strange ignorance of the devious ways of life, there forming acquaintances with strangers of both sexes, as giddy and thoughtless as themselves, I remember that this is one of the pathways that have led many to a shameless life and dishonored grave, and sincerely wish that unconscious parents would realize the attendant dangers, and throw some restraint around their young lives before it is too late.

“I throw out the above suggestions in a general sense, being well aware that there are many young persons who have virtue almost thrust upon them, like a garment, and yet who neglect its influence; but I would impress upon the mind of every father and mother the thought I have expressed in regard to the watchfulness of parents and guardians over their children, well knowing by observation how important a factor such an influence may become in the sum total of a useful and well-ordered life.

“There is another, and a far more numerous class than that I have named as appearing in this record, who have never had the benefit of correct example—neglected children of vicious parents, who have never known the benign influence of pleasant homes, whose horizon is circumscribed by ignorance and moral darkness, and who only walk where the stern necessities of life mark out their pathway. Exposed to the elements without proper clothing,

abused, illy fed and illy housed, it is no wonder that such a one has bleary eyes and unprepossessing features; besides the sins of generations before him have left their impress upon his brow. Should he apply for work, he would meet with a rebuff, for the mechanic and the merchant will prefer a boy who is more fortunate in parentage, in social connections, and in personal appearance. He realizes that they do not want him, and looks upon society as his enemy. Born with a tendency to evil and a vicious life, how easy it is for him to drift into the current, and become confirmed in his evil ways. Thus a large class of the young are cast adrift upon the world, and with minds sharpened by constant contact with the rough sides of life, thereby developing a shrewd cunning far beyond their years, they become sneak-thieves and disturbers of the peace, veritable heathen amid all the advantages that our free institutions can give. I think the State has a duty to perform to such neglected ones, which commences before they become amenable to the law, and should by compulsory education and suitable restraints control their early life, in order that they may become good citizens, and productive members of the community in which they live.

“If a suitable House of Industry was established, where such waifs could be cared for, and some form of a truant law enacted and carried into effect, that would take the idle boys from the streets, many annoyances would be prevented, and the number of those whose names appear on the criminal record would diminish in a remarkable degree.”

This excellent recommendation did not pass unheeded by the law-making body, and the enactment of the present efficient truant law was undoubtedly aided and forwarded by the timely admonition of Chief Child.

Of all forms of swindling none is more cruel and more contemptible than that which robs the seeker for employment under a fraudulent pretext of obtaining for him a situation which the swindler, having once obtained the victim's money, takes no steps to provide. This evil had been especially flagrant in Providence, and as the victims were usually strangers, many of them not even talking the English language, and therefore unable to make

their wrongs known intelligently, or to sustain their complaints, if they did complain, with legal evidence, the petty knaves who preyed upon them pursued their traffic with comparative impunity. Chief Child saw the evil, and pointed out the remedy. He advised that a law be passed regulating the business, and affixing a penalty for the opening of an intelligence office without first obtaining permission from the authorities. The recommendation was adopted, and the poor are no longer made poorer by being defrauded through false and delusive promises of employment.

Through the urgent recommendation and efforts of the Chief, also, but not without considerable opposition from interested parties, a stringent law was enacted, placing the business of pawnbrokers thoroughly within police supervision, and rendering it more difficult for those establishments to be used as receptacles for stolen goods.

The Chief has always been opposed to the degradation of the police force by the use of its members to procure evidence, as "spotters," of the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors. Of this subject he said, in 1884: "Such a course interferes greatly in the proper discipline of the force. I am conversant with cases where officers have been subjected to punishment for the use of liquor, when I feel positive the appetite was induced by procuring testimony in liquor cases. It is always necessary that we should use new officers in order to meet with any success in getting sales, and it certainly seems wrong that an initiate should be ordered to perform a duty of this character, when it may become the incentive to an appetite that will remain life-long, or fan into a flame the fires of an inclination that have required all his previous strength of character to bring into subjugation."

In January, 1886, Chief Child called attention to the fact that, during the twenty-two years since the organization of the department, a number of men who became members at that time, in the full strength and powers of their manhood, through old age, after a faithful service, had become partly, or wholly, incapacitated from performing the duties required by the police regulations. "I do not think," wrote the Chief to the Honorable Board of Alder-

men, "that it is the wish of the city government that they be cast aside and left to penury and want. I have canvassed the matter thoughtfully, and present the following recommendations for your consideration: First, That an ordinance be passed for the purpose of placing veteran police officers, who have served continuously for at least twenty years, on the retired list at an allowance of a sufficient sum for their comfortable support. Second, That the fines hereafter imposed upon members of this department for dereliction of duty be reserved by the city to form the nucleus of a fund to be created for the benefit of old and infirm officers. A small monthly tax upon the members of this department might be added. Other sources of income would suggest themselves, from time to time, as they may be required. The patrolman is supposed to be the alert watchman in the hours of duty, and constantly mindful wherein lies the greatest danger to life and property—and in the hour of need to be found there—the right man in the right place. For the police officer on such occasions to be tardy by reason of his infirmity of age, or to prove inefficient by reason of decrepitude, may find an excuse in public sympathy, but will not escape public and just criticisms. To keep, therefore, these disabled officers on patrol duty is neither creditable to the humanity nor to the efficiency of the department; for, by virtue of the authority of his office, a policeman at any moment may be called to exercise the best physical and mental energy. The veteran officers should, therefore, be relieved of all duty, but not of pay. Then will the annual sickness decrease, the department be less exposed to the criticisms of incompetency, and the active officers be encouraged by the better outlook."

The Chief's recommendation was in so far adopted that several worthy and aged members of the force are carried along with pay instead of being turned out upon the mercy of the world by the city they have faithfully served.

Chief Child has visited other departments with the view of improving his ability to direct the police of Providence. In Philadelphia he met General James Stewart, Jr., the then executive head of the Philadelphia Police Department. Accounted during the late war one of the best disciplinarians in the

service, his ripe experience in that life came in aptly at the time of his appointment. He found the force in a disorganized condition, and it needed just such a consummate organizer and disciplinarian as General Stewart to place it on the footing of a model constabulary, a work which he has accomplished in an eminent degree. In New York Chief Child met the veteran superintendent, George W. Walling, whose forty years of honorable connection with the New York Police have made his name familiar throughout the country, and who, whether serving a warrant on Mayor Fernando Wood, or battling the mob in the draft riots, never shrank from the summons of duty. The Chief was well received in Baltimore by Marshal Jacob Frey, under whose administration the Baltimore Police has risen to be a model department, not only in the physique and discipline of its members, but in every equipment which ingenuity has suggested, and experience has demonstrated to be useful in aiding the police to perform their duties as the enforcers of law and the protectors of life and property.



CHAPTER X.

DEPUTY CHIEF JOHN T. BROWN.—HIS EARLY CAREER IN THE WAR AND CIVIL LIFE.—APPOINTED ON THE FORCE.—CAPTAIN OF THE SECOND STATION.—PROMOTED TO DEPUTY CHIEF.—DECLINES ELECTION AS CHIEF.—HIS VARIOUS DUTIES.—THE FORCE NOW AND WHEN HE BECAME A MEMBER.—THE LAW TOO LENIENT FOR HABITUAL CRIMINALS.—CAPTAIN WINSHIP.—HOW HE SAVED AN OLD MAN'S LIFE.—LETTERS OF THE LATE MAYOR DOYLE.

DEPUTY CHIEF JOHN T. BROWN is 45 years of age, and was born in Johnston, Rhode Island. He comes of sturdy Rhode Island agricultural stock, being the son of Harris Olney Brown, a highly respected farmer. Mr. Brown came to this city at an early age. He served the country, during the war, as quartermaster on the transports *Guide* and *Illinois*. Returning home with an honorable discharge, it was his intention, after a brief rest, to go back to the national service; but Mayor Doyle, who knew a good man when he saw one, and was on the alert for first-class recruits, offered the place of patrolman to Mr. Brown. The latter accepted, being appointed to the force October 31, 1864. For several months the duties of the new police did not differ much from those of the old watch, for the change had to be made gradually, and Mr. Brown patrolled in citizens' clothing, very much like the watchmen of the later period. He was the first to put on the new uniform, and will never forget the number of times he had to stop and explain to curious and interested citizens. That Mr. Brown performed his duties faithfully as patrolman is shown by the fact of his promotion, January 7, 1875, to the office of Sergeant of the Fifth Station, Mr. Brown's being one of the appointments made under the ordinance of January 4, of that year, authorizing the Mayor to appoint a Deputy Chief of Police, seven Captains and seven Sergeants,

instead of one Captain and five Sergeants, as allowed by the old ordinance. The Sergeants then performed duties similar to those of Lieutenants at the present time, and in the case of Mr. Brown the duties were especially exacting, owing to the age of the venerable Captain, James W. Sanders, now a retired member of the force. The Captain was vigorous for his years, but his Sergeant had the manhood and delicacy to relieve the veteran, as far as possible, from the arduous details of work.

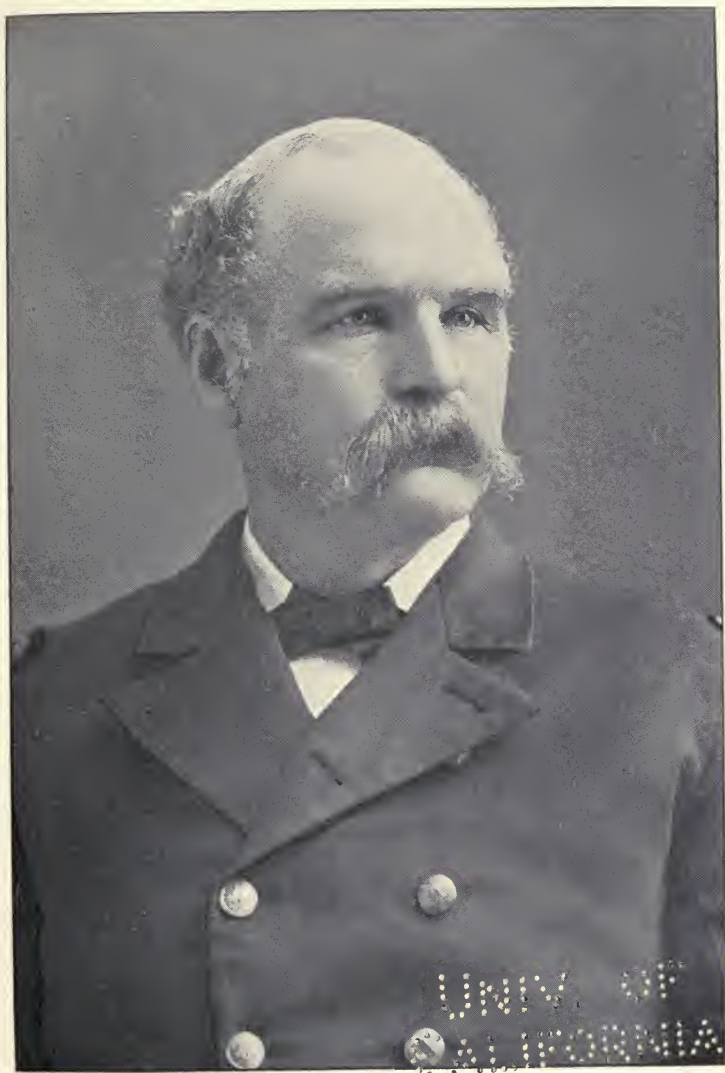
The Fifth Precinct, as our citizens well know, is not only an important residential quarter, but the centre of active and thriving industries, in which many millions of capital are invested. Under Captain Sanders and Sergeant Brown the patrol was thoroughly efficient, life and property were protected, and crime was as rare as it was promptly detected. In July, 1876, Mr. Brown was appointed Captain of the Second Station, a broad and difficult district to control. During the year of his Captaincy the rough characters of the North End learned that they had an officer to deal with who was determined that the law should be obeyed, and localities in which ruffianism had reigned assumed an aspect of comparative order. Randall Square became safe for respectable travellers after dark, and the denizens of the "Hollow" found that a restraint was placed on their orgies.

September 14, 1877, Mr. Brown was appointed Deputy Chief, to take the place of William H. Ayer, promoted by the City Council to the command of the force. Mr. Brown has been Deputy from that date to the present time, declining, after the resignation of Mr. Hunt, to accept an election as Chief.

The duties of the Deputy Chief, as defined by ordinance, are to assist the Chief, when the latter is present, and to take his place when absent. The duties of the Chief are so weighty and diverse that more assistance than can be rendered by a clerk is absolutely required. The force alone would be sufficient to occupy his entire attention; and, in other large cities, a Superintendent of Police is required and expected only to superintend the police. But in Providence, as already stated, the Chief is also the public prosecutor, and much of his time is taken up in preparing and prosecuting cases. He often is called away for hours at a time

to be present at the hearing of some cause in the lower or in the upper courts, and, but for the deputy, the police force, at such times, would be virtually without a head; without an officer authorized to act authoritatively in emergencies, and to give special commands to any section of the force, in any and every precinct. The Deputy Chief, therefore, finds plenty to do. He receives the morning reports, and assigns the detectives to their several details for the day, giving any matter that requires special attention to the officer he deems best fitted for the task. He also exercises a general supervision over the force, reporting any suspension, as soon as may be, to the Chief, and he sometimes represents the Chief in missions beyond the State. The Deputy Chief also acts as a merchant, in behalf of the city, in the purchase of cloth and other supplies for the use of the Department. In order that the cloth may be of uniform color and texture, it is necessary that the purchases should be made in a uniform manner; otherwise the police might be clad in all the tints of the rainbow. The officers have the goods at manufacturers' prices, and really at much lower prices than the same goods are sold for at wholesale in the city. This was signally illustrated on one occasion when the Deputy Chief found himself unable to get all the goods he needed at the usual place of purchase. Learning that a large jobbing house in this city had a case of the cloth he desired, he asked the price, and found it to be just forty cents a yard higher than he had been buying the same goods for, and charging the officers. The firm stated, in reply to his inquiries, that they themselves had paid for the case just the figure which the Deputy proposed to buy and sell at, and wanted forty cents profit in addition.

The Deputy Chief also procures the chevrons, civil service stripes, clubs, etc. When first organized the night patrolmen carried long twenty-two inch clubs, and the day force carried "spring billies," or short clubs. An old night watchman known as "Uncle John Worden," used to make the "spring billies," which were kept handy in the hind pocket. When Mr. Brown became Deputy Chief he was sent to Boston to consult the Police Department there as to a convenient style of club, and the result



JOHN T. BROWN,
Deputy-Chief of Police.

was the adoption of the present weapon, of cocoa-bola wood, with a swivel head, tough as any wood that grows, convenient in size, and becoming in appearance. For dress parade a long rosewood club is worn, but only on formal occasions, and in case of real necessity the showy and fragile rosewood would give way at once to a reserve of the toughest hickory. Upon Chief Brown also devolves the task of arranging the beats for members of the force, according to their numbers, and in such a way that no part of the city shall be neglected. From maps prepared for this purpose, the members of the force, at their several stations, are expected to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the situation of the fire alarm boxes, and the bounds of their respective districts.

Still in vigorous manhood, although he has spent close to a quarter of a century on the police force, Deputy Chief Brown is eminently qualified for his important position. He understands the police, the city, and the city's criminals, and, like the Chief, he believes in a firm, but not a tyrannical administration of law. Both Chief and Deputy are, in fact, eminently representative of the true Rhode Island principle, to be lenient with the erring, but severe toward the deliberate and dangerous criminal.

Deputy Chief Brown thoroughly understands every detail of the Police Department, and his suggestions, based on intelligent observations and practical experience, are always highly valued. "When I think of the police force, as it was when I first became a member," said the Deputy, "and compare it with the force of to-day, I think the citizens of Providence have every reason to be satisfied with the change. It is true that some larger cities have improvements with which we are not as yet provided, but no city of the size of Providence can show a body of men that will compare with ours. Not only the physique, but also the moral tone of the force is satisfactory, and the rigid rules are very certain to prevent any decline in the existing standard. In the earlier years of the force we did not have the thorough examination required to-day; otherwise many worthy men, now members, would have been excluded. But now that we have a first-class body of men, it is but right that the standard be strictly maintained."

"While I believe in strict discipline," added the Deputy, "I

also believe in stimulating the ambition and self-esteem of the police officer by proper recognition of meritorious service. The civil service stripes,—as they are called—one for each five years of service—are in the right direction. The officer who wears them feels that the city recognizes his years of fidelity and devotion to its interest, and those who have not achieved them are stimulated by an ambition to obtain similar distinctions. The graduation of salaries is also a wise system, holding out, as it does, a reward for persistence in good conduct. What remains necessary is some provision by the city for the disabled and superannuated, and I have no doubt that such provision will be made at no distant day."

"The best testimony," added the Deputy, "to the efficiency of the force, is the comparative immunity of Providence from crimes against the person and property. Great criminals, like Brockway and Dunmunway, seem to meet their fate when they strike Providence, and professional scoundrels of a lesser type have long ago learned to avoid our city. While such is the condition of affairs, our citizens ought to be, and I believe they are, satisfied with the police."

The Deputy Chief is a strong advocate of a more effective method of dealing with habitual criminals than now provided by the statute law. He thinks that there ought to be some provision, similar to the common thief act of New York, which would allow the deliberate and habitual offender to be shut up, as an outlaw, for such a period as to secure society against his depredations for a long term of years, even if reform on the part of the criminal were hopeless. "I believe," he said, "that first offenders, especially when the offence is not long planned and deliberate, should be dealt with leniently, but with the confirmed and habitual criminal it should be entirely different. Not only should the penalty be exemplary, but when released they should be under the surveillance of the police. Against the habitually criminal class there is in Rhode Island virtually no safeguard save the vigilance of the authorities, and, although outlaws by choice and intent, they have the same protection and legal status as the law-abiding member of that society upon which they make



AUGUSTUS J. WINSHIP,
Captain of Police.

war. That habitual criminals shun Providence is due, not so much to the efficiency of the laws providing for their punishment, as to the keen and sleepless outlook maintained by the police."

Captain Augustus J. Winship was born in Providence in 1836. He has been detailed for special service so long a time that many may not be aware that he is a member of the police force. Appointed on the force November 13, 1869, Mr. Winship was put on night patrol from the Central Station. He was soon afterward transferred to the day patrol, and assigned to the important beat on Market Square. It has always been the rule to select for this beat men of especial tact, judgment and firmness, for all these qualities are called into action continually, in dealing with the throngs which centre on the Great Bridge, that ever-pulsating heart of the City of Providence. The officer on the bridge ought to have a wide circle of personal acquaintance, and be promptly able to discern who, among the multitude, ever passing, and often loitering, are such as ought to be watched. It is often necessary for him to ask respectable citizens, women and men, to move out of the way, and to do this without giving offence is more than many men, however cautious and patient, are capable of. Mr. Winship did it. At the same time he kept a lynx-like outlook for pickpockets and other offenders who seek their victims where people most do congregate. The city included at the time a large, and by no means desirable, floating population of laborers at work on street excavations. These Mr. Winship helped to keep in restraint, doing his full share in the preservation of the public peace.

It was while serving on the Great Bridge that Captain Winship was instrumental in saving a human life under circumstances of peculiar peril and hardship. Our citizens are not likely to forget the Thanksgiving Day of 1871, when Pawtuxet water was first introduced in Providence. It was a bitterly cold day; but the celebration was carried through without break or hindrance. Surrounded by the Water Commissioners and other public officials, his Honor Mayor Doyle opened the water-gate for the first time, to let the water through into the centre of the city. A stream rose, three inches in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet in

height. Broken into silvery spray by the keen north wind, the column of pure water presented a charming and dazzling spectacle. All day it played until half-past four o'clock in the afternoon. The spray froze as it fell, and the space from the Great Bridge to the water-gate was covered several inches deep with an icy coating. A clearly defined rainbow spanned the cloud of spray from Washington Row to Canal street, over-arching with symbolic radiance the flowing fountain sparkling in the beautiful sunlight. Meantime locomotion in the street was not only difficult, but almost impracticable. Soon after three o'clock an old man with gray hair, named Eben Sherman, of Kingston, being not drunk, but a little unsteady on his legs, attempted to cross Washington Bridge from Canal street, on the south side, to go to the station and take the train for home. He got along well until about half over, when the spray began to grow deeper and motion more difficult. A crowd gathered and enjoyed the struggles of the old man to make headway, supposing his gyrations to be merely the transient misfortunes of a drunkard, and not, as in fact, the actual struggle of an aged man for very life. Two young men, more thoughtful than the rest, who went to the rescue, were driven back by the blinding spray. Still the old man kept on, his strength fast failing, his struggles weaker, and each rest on the ice longer than the one before. Finally, when within a couple of rods of Washington Row, he fell, and, with one long, loud cry for help, remained there. In five minutes he would have been completely covered up, and fifteen minutes would have found him dead. Officer Winship, busily engaged in aiding passengers on the Great Bridge, heard the cry. He hurried to the scene. The first step into the spray carried him deeper than his rubber boots, nearly took his breath away, threw him down, and gave him an idea that the old man might not be as drunk as the crowd thought he was. The officer arose and bravely pushed on, hidden from view at times by the floating spray. Twice he went down before he reached the fallen wanderer, when he helped the latter up and both went down. Then the crowd began to think of danger, and breathlessly watched the intrepid policeman and the helpless old man. Another person started from Canal street

to assist officer Winship, and he, too, fell several times before he got across, which he did some time after the officer had got his man on firm footing. The two were cased in ice from head to foot, and Mr. Sherman, although rescued, seemed nearer dead than alive. He was conveyed to the Central Station and prompt measures taken to revive him. These were successful, and, unlike some men who owe a debt of gratitude, he hastened to offer to discharge it. Taking out his well-filled pocket-book, he proffered one hundred dollars to officer Winship, which, it is needless to say, was refused. Mr. Winship felt sufficiently rewarded in the consciousness that his presence of mind had saved a fellow-being.

Mr. Winship, after a period of excellent service on the Great Bridge, was transferred to a position of grave responsibility as paymaster of the officers and employés of the city, with headquarters at the old City Building. In that position he has handled many millions of dollars in values without the loss of one cent. As to how he has discharged his duties, the following letters, signed with a name which Providence citizens will ever delight to honor, bear testimony.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,

City of Providence, December 9, 1875.

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN:—For some years past Augustus J. Winship, of the police force, has been detailed as officer at the city building. By his efficiency, promptness, and courtesy in the performance of the varied duties required of him, he has won the respect of the municipal officers and citizens.

For a considerable time he has acted as paymaster of the city, receiving from the City Treasurer the sums due to city officers, school teachers, police, firemen, workmen upon the highways, and others, and after making the payments, returning the vouchers to the treasurer. These payments are made to some fifteen hundred persons, each month, and scattered throughout the city, and during his discharge of this duty not an error has occurred.

For his fidelity, I have appointed him Captain of Police, and request that you will consent thereto.

The change in his rank will make no change in the work assigned for him, as he will continue in the same place as at present, but it seems proper that the responsible duties he has discharged so well shall receive suitable recognition.

THOMAS A. DOYLE,
Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
City of Providence, September 12, 1877.

CAPT. A. J. WINSHIP,

DEAR SIR :—It seems highly probable that Deputy Chief Ayer will be elected to the office of Chief of Police, and that thereby the office of deputy will become vacant.

I take pleasure in tendering for your acceptance the position of deputy should it thus become vacant, with the fullest confidence in your ability to properly discharge the varied duties incumbent on the position, and in this opinion Deputy Ayer heartily concurs.

Yours truly,
THOMAS A. DOYLE,
Mayor.

Captain Winship, while he gratefully appreciated the regard of Mayor Doyle, declined the proffered honor, preferring to continue his accustomed duties. In 1881 and 1882 the members of the Department elected Captain Winship to the Presidency of the Police Association, and he attended to the cares of that office in such a thorough and satisfactory manner that deep regret was expressed when he declined a re-election. There is no more genial member of the force than Captain Winship. He has a friend in every respectable person who has the good fortune of his acquaintance, but, with all his good humor, he is firm and rigid in matters pertaining to his public trust.

CHAPTER XI.

PROPERTY CLERK BLANDING.—SERVICE IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.—APPOINTED ON THE FORCE.—A TRAMP ROBS THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION.—DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH RUFFIANS.—DUTIES OF THE PROPERTY CLERK.—SUPERINTENDENT OF HACKS NORCROSS AND THE VETERAN SOLDIERS.—PROMPT CAPTURE OF THIEVES.—CLERK OF POLICE HORTON.—THE COMICAL SIDE OF A POLICEMAN'S LIFE.—“JUST THE MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR!”—“WAIT TILL I GET MY MITTENS.”—AWNINGS ON MY BEAT.”—A CANDIDATE FOR POLICE HONORS WHO SOON GOT TIRED.

MR. STEPHEN F. BLANDING is the Property Clerk at police headquarters. His duties are to take charge of any property taken from prisoners, and to have the same ready upon any order of the court, or the removal or discharge of a prisoner. Mr. Blanding has been twenty years upon the police force. Born on March 28, 1836, he was old enough to do good service in the war for the Union, and enlisted first in the navy, from which he was honorably discharged, and next in the Third Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, being finally mustered out of the service on September 18, 1865, when the great struggle was over, and the veterans started for their homes again. Three years later, September 7, 1868, Mr. Blanding was appointed a patrolman by Mayor Doyle, and assigned to Station Three. He made an honorable record. One of the queer arrests made by officer Blanding was that of a tramp who actually robbed the Central Police Station. The fellow's name was John Dunn. He entered the station one afternoon, passed upstairs to the patrolmen's sleeping rooms, and put on an officer's uniform dress coat, buttoning over it a shorter coat, so that the blue tails with brass buttons hung down beneath it. Then, having obtained a piece of soap, he marched deliberately out by the front way, past the clerk's and

captain's offices. He was seen by officer Blanding, who thought his appearance so remarkable that he brought him back for a more careful survey. Whether he meant to eat the soap or wash with it can only be surmised. He was sent to the State Farm. Officer Blanding was also detailed to accompany Chief Knowles and Captain Ayer in the first seizure made under the prohibitory law of 1874. Another arrest like that of Dunn, showing the quick intuition so valuable in a police officer, occurred in November, 1884. James Austin had served a term in jail for stealing a buggy from William J. Sheldon. After his release Austin visited the police station to obtain some articles taken from him at the time of his arrest. Property Clerk Blanding told him to call again on Monday. Later in the day Mr. Blanding was on Olney street, when he noticed Austin drive a handsome buggy to the door of a liquor shop, step down, and enter. The officer thought he would wait a while, and observe. Austin came out visibly intoxicated, and tried to get into the buggy. Mr. Blanding went up to him and asked where he had got the horse and carriage. Austin replied that he had owned it for six months. "Are you not the man," said the Property Clerk, "who has some things in the City Hall?" "Yes," he replied, "I am." "Then come with me, I am going there, and we will get them," said the obliging clerk. The man assented, and Austin was driven to the City Hall and locked up. The horse and buggy proved, of course, to have been stolen.

Mr. Blanding owes his position as Property Clerk to a desperate struggle which he had with half a dozen ruffians about two o'clock one bitter cold morning in January, 1873. The bullies were coming down Transit street from Benefit street shouting and breaking windows. They insulted the officer when he spoke to them, and at length assaulted him on James street. He faced the ruffians with his back toward the hill, and gradually retreating. One big fellow, of over two hundred weight, tried to close in on the officer, who, seizing a good opportunity, laid him low with a stunning blow on the head. As the assailant fell, a large stone from another of the crowd struck Mr. Blanding, breaking his collar bone. Mr. Blanding's right arm was dis-



STEPHEN F. BLANDING.

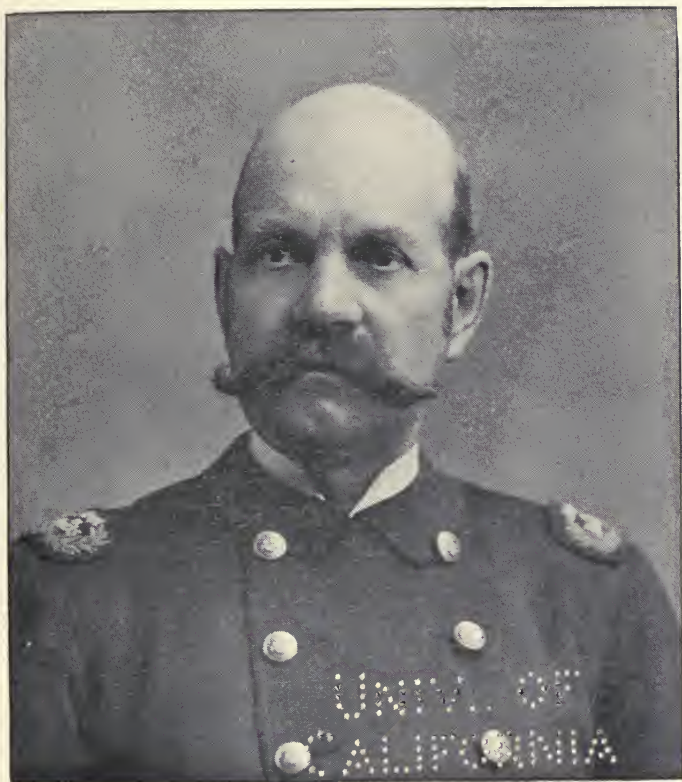
abled. He shifted his club to the left hand, and tried to draw his revolver. The ruffians fled, the one who had been stunned recovering sufficiently to follow the rest, which he did, pursued by officer Blanding. The fellow came to a halt on the west side of South Main street and squared off to Mr. Blanding, who parried his blows without coming to close quarters, not wishing to expose his disabled condition, and hoping for assistance to arrive. Officer Henry Powers, on the adjoining beat, heard the affray, and hastened to the assistance of Mr. Blanding. The bully was captured. Mr. Blanding was found to be severely injured. After partial recovery he went on patrol duty a short time, and was then detailed to the station. There he proved so useful in the repair of electric apparatus and other ways which saved expense to the city, that it was decided to retain him. The licensing of dogs was also entrusted to him, thus saving to the city the fee of fifteen cents on each dog. This, with other items saved, amounts to more than enough to pay for the office of Property Clerk. Mr. Blanding has several times declined a sergeantcy, and once a lieutenantcy. The pay of the Property Clerk is only that of a patrolman. Mr. Blanding is the author of an interesting book—"Recollections of a Sailor Boy; or, The Cruise of the Gunboat Louisiana," giving a vivid and well-written account of his experiences in the navy.

What George H. Norcross, the Superintendent of Hacks, does not know about the public carriages of Providence would take but little time to tell. Born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1829, Mr. Norcross became, early in life, a resident of this city, and followed the occupation of carriage-owner and driver for many years before he joined the police force. He had the cream of the trade. Straight in his dealings, and fair and accommodating in disposition, he attracted the patronage of the better sort of people, many of whom would wait an hour or two rather than take another escort. In the war times Mr. Norcross was kept busy night and day, and he never hesitated, irrespective of compensation, to carry free the sick or wounded soldier, arrived on the threshold of home, but unable to totter to the household that anxiously awaited his coming. Many a time, Mr. Norcross hap-

pened to be near by when a maimed and weary Rhode Island soldier was being jostled into an express wagon, to be rattled over the cobble stones through the streets of his native or adopted city. On such occasions Mr. Norcross would open wide his carriage doors, and freely invite the veteran to the cushions well-fitted for his tired and aching limbs. The soldier may not have had a cent, but Mr. Norcross felt sufficiently rewarded to see the stricken warrior sink, with a sigh of relief, on the soft and comforting seat, while not unfrequently tears of gratitude would chase each other down the bronzed and emaciated cheeks.

Mr. Norcross was appointed to the force October 1, 1866. He was a welcome accession; for the police had always liked him, and always found him a model driver and law-abiding citizen. In January, 1867, there was a heavy fall of snow. Mr. Norcross was then patrolling from Knight street to Olneyville, and the intervening streets. As Officer Norcross was passing through Knight street, about five o'clock on the evening of the storm, he noticed a dark object, dimly discernible amid the snow-flakes, prostrate and partly sunk in a snow-drift. Mr. Norcross found a man in an unconscious condition, and so chilled that he could not move his eye-lids. The Knight street station was not then open in the day-time; everybody who was able to get in-doors was there, and, seeing no sign of help, Mr. Norcross shouldered the nearly frozen unfortunate, and struggled through the drifting snow with his burden as far as Union street. There he met Officer Jones, now warrant officer, and together they succeeded in getting the man to the Central Station. Vigorous methods were resorted to, but it was a long time before the victim of the storm came to his senses. Mr. Norcross had good reason to congratulate himself on having saved a life.

One Sunday, in the same year, 1867, Mr. Norcross noticed an aged man, bent nearly double, and supporting himself with a cane, ringing the bells of houses, from door to door. The old man was begging for money to help him to Boston. Thinking that such a decrepit and aged man should be aided by the city, if in need of aid, Mr. Norcross took him to the station. He proved to have seven hundred dollars in money.



GEORGE H. NORCROSS.

Mr. Norcross held for a number of years the place of doorman, first at the Central Station, afterward at the Second Station, a position which frequently called for the exercise of careful judgment and quick intuition, in grasping the scope of any matter that might suddenly be brought to his attention. On December 14, 1877, Mr. Norcross was told by a Pawtucket horse-car driver that several houses in Pawtucket had been broken into the previous day, and a large amount of jewelry stolen. A few hours after Mr. Norcross had received this information, a man stepped into the station, and asked Mr. Norcross if he knew two men who were passing at the time. Mr. Norcross replied in the negative, and asked the man why he made the inquiry. The answer was—"Oh, nothing—only those two fellows came into my shop in Pawtucket, yesterday afternoon, and, after remaining awhile, and looking around rather queerly, went away." Mr. Norcross at once thought of the robberies, and started rapidly for the two suspicious strangers. A spitz dog belonging to the veteran policeman, Theodore Rutherford, ran barking after the doorman. The strangers heard the dog bark, looked back, saw the officer coming toward them and started on a run. Mr. Norcross followed at a more rapid rate, and captured the fugitives on Black street, near Martin. One broke away, but was taken, after a long chase, by officer Hubbard. The jewelry was found on them when searched at the station. Their names were Patrick Sullivan and John Bender, and they were convicted, and each sentenced to five years in the State Prison.

Mr. Norcross was appointed Superintendent of Hacks, January 14, 1878, and has faithfully performed the duties of the office.

Who does not know the genial face, the snapping eyes, and ruddy cheeks of Clerk of Police Seth Luther Horton? Mr. Horton was born in Bristol, Rhode Island, on the twenty-second day of April, 1836, and received the name which his father and grandfather had borne before him. At the age of nine he found Bristol too slow for him, and emigrated with his parents to Providence. When fifteen years old he started on a whaling voyage, and was absent for three years. He knew when he had enough

of whale. After his return he became book-keeper for a well-known firm of coal dealers, and while thus engaged was elected Moderator of East Providence, where he resided. Since graduating as Moderator of that town he has considered himself equal to anything in the way of suppressing a riot. With that steadiness for which most persons of the name of Horton are noted, he lost but three weeks time in eleven years service as book-keeper. He accepted an appointment as night patrolman, June 30, 1867. Subsequently he was roundsman in the First District for three years, and was appointed Clerk of Police, August 14, 1871, when Mr. Ayer was promoted to be Captain.

As patrolman and roundsman, Mr. Horton has had some interesting adventures. Late one evening, soon after his appointment on the force, when he was patrolling his down-town beat,—the cries of “Murder!” “Watch!” accelerated his steps to a house at some distance, around which a crowd had gathered. Great excitement prevailed over the report that the man of the house had just killed his wife in a quarrel. The woman was, in fact, insensible at the moment from the rather rough handling she had received from her angry lord and master, but the result was nothing serious. On the appearance of the policeman, the excited women-folks raised a tumultuous cry for the arrest of the husband; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last some one remembered seeing him go up-stairs, and thither Mr. Horton started. The chamber he entered appeared to be empty, but the officer observed a stockinged-foot protruding from beneath the unoccupied bed. Sagely suspecting that more was concealed than met his eye, the officer rapped the exposed extremity smartly with the “locust,” at which the foot was promptly withdrawn, and, after a series of unfoldings, the husband emerged from his retreat. Mr. Horton was never more taken aback than when the man approached him, and extended his hand cordially, saying:—“Mr. Horton, you’re just the man I’ve been looking for—I want to tell you what a scolding jade that wife of mine is.”

In 1870, when the writer was a reporter for the *Providence Journal*, a colored prisoner was brought into the Central Station. Mr. Horton was taking a look at the cells after dark. When he



SETH L. HORTON.

came to the one containing the negro, he could not tell, in the dim light, whether the inmate was white or black.

"Hello, in there—are you colored?" demanded the roundsman.

"No, boss," replied the negro, naively, "I was born so."

There was a wealth of philosophy in the ingenuous reply, and when Mr. Horton related the incident, the writer promptly reported it in the *Journal*. The little story was copied far and wide, and Mr. Horton was amused, years afterward, to hear it repeated by John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, in Music Hall.

While Mr. Horton was clerk, at the Central Station, a good-looking colored girl called and said that she wanted a colored man arrested. "He has promised to marry me," she said, "and is going to leave town." "We cannot arrest him for that," answered Mr. Horton. "All that I want him taken for," pleaded the young woman, tearfully, "is to keep him here until the regular meeting day of the church, when they'll give him a dressing-down for being such a scoundrel. He's up there prayin' as hard as any of them now." Of course no warrant could be issued.

Mr. Horton possesses a fund of anecdotes in relation to the police. On one occasion a green patrolman excused himself for being late at the station—as he supposed—on the ground that some trouble had detained him on his beat. He was a little confused when the sergeant in charge pointed to the clock with the remark "you are just one hour ahead of time."

It was a bleak December day, before the period when the outer stations were opened for the detention of prisoners. A patrolman belonging to the Third Station had captured a victim, and was on his way to the watch-house. The wintry wind blew sharp and keen, and the officer's fingers, not yet seasoned to a policeman's unhappy lot, ached for something to warm them. The officer and his man were nearly opposite the old Third Station; the prisoner was as meek as a lamb, and seemed rather to enjoy the policeman's company. The officer halted near the station house. "Just wait here," he said to his captive "while I go in and get my mittens." He got his mittens; he could not

resist the temptation to linger a moment over the cozy old Ben Franklin stove. Then he stepped forth again into the cheerless street. He gazed around; the prisoner was not there. He had, with a lack of courtesy that indicated some fault in his bringing-up, incontinently disappeared—perhaps he, too, had gone after a pair of mittens. “Where is your man?” said the captain, a few minutes later, when the officer arrived at the watch-house. “Well, you see,” was the reply, “he took advantage of my confidence in him to run away.” “Your confidence in him!” exclaimed the captain, sternly—“What do you mean?” Then the story came out. That patrolman always lodged his prisoners at their destination afterward, before he went for his mittens.

About eighteen years ago a new policeman came on the force. He was very careful about his attire. Handsome in person, with a pure white shirt front, tastefully set off by a fashionable necktie, his mustaches waxed *a la* Napoleon III, and his boots shining like an advertisement of a patent blacking, he was indeed a model for his fellows. The new arrival was put on night duty. The floodgates, which a kind Providence above permits to sometimes wash out the Cove, were opened one night, and the rain fell, not in drops, but in sheets. Of course the patrolmen were, or ought to have been, in a position to receive a share of the moisture, and when the hour of relief came they sought the Central nearly all in soaking attire. Charley Oakes was one of those who got wet. As he turned, in the station-house, to intercept the drops that were trickling down his neck, his eye rested on the new patrolman. There he stood, spick and span, his boots as brilliant, and his mustache as unruffled as if he had just stepped out of his dressing-room. “How in thunder did you keep dry?” uttered Oakes, in amazement. “There’s awnings on my beat,” replied the other, complacently. “Humph!” remarked Oakes, as he shook another drop from the end of his nose, “when it pours that way another time, there’ll be awnings on my beat.”

We have already alluded to the fact that the policeman’s lot is not always a happy one. A young stone-mason who joined the force, some years ago, thought differently. He imagined it was a berth only second in luxurious ease to that of a German

Prince united to one of Queen Victoria's daughters, and that a policeman had no more to do than a druggist who refuses to sell liquor except on a prescription. After considerable effort he received an appointment on trial, it then being the rule to try men for six months before confirmation. He was assigned to a night beat which included College and some other streets with a toboggan incline. The weather alternated between zero and sleet, and the new officer would have found skates quite a convenience. He managed to get through the first night, however, until it came to the time for extinguishing the lights. When he tried the experiment, at the head of College street, he slipped. The light was still there; but he was not. A fat old citizen, of early worm or cocktail proclivities, happened to be crossing South Main street. He felt himself seized by the lower limbs without warning, and carried off his feet. "Murder! Robbers! Watch! Police!" he cried, vainly struggling with the supposed highwayman. He had not to cry long. The policeman was right there. He had just come down College street, and, all malicious inuendos as to the absence of policemen on critical occasions to the contrary notwithstanding, he was on the spot at the exact moment of the catastrophe. In fact it was his extended limbs that had interrupted the fat old gentleman's morning exercise. The officer gasped an apology; the stout person spluttered and fumed, and at last accepted it. Without waiting to put out any more lights the new policeman started for the station. "Is it as hard to get off the force as to get on it?" he asked the sergeant in charge. "Oh, no," was the reply; "just sign a piece of paper; that will do the business." And in a few minutes the candidate for the blue and brass again breathed freely. He has since adhered to his original trade, and prospered.

Mr. Horton's duties include the keeping of all the records of the department, a duty to which he attends with the thoroughness of an expert. Besides, he has to answer numerous questions, and give all sorts of information to all sorts of people, many of whom think that the Clerk of Police is a combination of city directory and encyclopædia. And Mr. Horton treats every one with unvarying good humor. If he ever got angry, the circum-

stance has been blotted from the books. He hardly looks the half a century or so to which he confesses, and his healthy complexion—the real color of temperance—and hearty form, indicate that he has a good share of another half century ahead of him. It should be added, that Mr. Horton was, for twelve years, Secretary of the Police Association, fulfilling the duties of that office to the acceptance of his colleagues.



CHAPTER XII.

ACTING POLICE SURGEON PALMER.—CHIEF GROSS SAW THE NEED OF A REGULAR SURGEON.—THE OFFICER WHO WAS FLYING KITES.—HOW THE CITY HAS BEEN A GAINER.—MUCH LESS SICKNESS WITH A LARGE FORCE.—“NOMINAL SICKNESS.”—A SUPPLEMENTARY POLICE FORCE SUGGESTED.—SERGEANT THOMAS D. TOPLIFF.—OFFICER JOHN B. LIVSEY.—WARRANT OFFICERS JONES AND LONG.

DR. WILLIAM H. PALMER, the acting Police Surgeon, was born at Woodstock, Connecticut, May 29, 1831. He went through a collegiate course at Yale, and obtained his medical and surgical education in the Harvard Medical College and New York University. Dr. Palmer left a growing practice as a physician to serve as surgeon with the Third New York Cavalry, in the war for the Union. He was three years in the field with that command, holding, as regimental surgeon, the rank of Major. When Richmond fell into the hands of the national forces, Dr. Palmer was placed in charge of a hospital there, as Acting Staff Surgeon, U. S. A., and continued to hold this important office in Richmond and at other hospitals in Virginia until the autumn of 1866. Dr. Palmer then removed to Providence, and built up a profitable medical connection. At this time there was no Police Surgeon, either acting or official, and practically no examination for admission to the force. Candidates were sent to a surgeon, who, after glancing at them, or possibly putting his ear to their breasts, without requiring them to strip, passed promptly, and, as an almost invariable rule, favorably, upon their fitness. The excuse of illness was greatly abused, and the city was often defrauded of the services for which it paid a fair equivalent. A surgeon had to be summoned, when occasion demanded, to treat policemen or prisoners, who were injured, or suddenly ill. Dr. Palmer's office being convenient to the Central Station, he was

frequently called upon—happily much more frequently than to-day—for much less force is now exercised with prisoners than twenty years ago, when the rougher sort had not yet learned that the organized police was a body of very different character from the watchmen of former days, and that it was cheaper to submit to arrest than meet the certain penalty of resistance.

The experienced and practical mind of the late Chief Gross saw the need of a regular police surgeon. He saw that the malingerers were throwing additional work on the conscientious and dutiful members of the force, and that sickness was often a pretence only to cover a holiday in or out of the city. He therefore began to employ Doctor Palmer to visit policemen absent on the pretext of illness, and report as to their condition. One of the doctor's early visits was to the home of an officer, for many years a worthy, earnest, and active member of the force. The officer's wife did not know what the visit meant, and readily indicated to the inquirer where the alleged sick man, to all appearances happy and healthy, was enjoying himself flying kites in the field. The incident got to be a standing joke in the department, and that officer's temper used to soar whenever he heard an allusion to a kite.

The espionage of a surgeon was something extremely distasteful in those early days of the police, and Doctor Palmer was proportionately unpopular. To the Chief, however, his services were eminently satisfactory, and Chief John M. Knowles, who succeeded Mr. Gross, upon the death of the latter, made a regular arrangement with Doctor Palmer for visitations and reports, instead of the doctor only answering the special request of the Chief, as formerly.

Doctor Palmer is paid for his services according to monthly charges. He does not consider it necessary to make daily visits to the sick, who are, of course, at liberty to select any physician they please, but makes his visits only often enough to be able to offer a correct report as to their condition. He thus avoids running up an exorbitant claim against the city. It may be mentioned here that the Chief Police Surgeon in New York receives \$4,000, and the District Surgeon \$3,000 annually; they



T. D. TOPLIFF,
Sergeant City Hall.

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are required to render medical aid to policemen, free of expense, and their report as to a man's condition is final, which is not the case as regards Doctor Palmer, whose report that a man is fit for duty is simply *prima facie* evidence to that effect.

That the city has been the gainer by the employment of an Acting Police Surgeon is shown by the fact that, whereas in 1876, with a considerably smaller police force, the total number days of sickness was 2,773; in 1878 the number had diminished to 1,475, and in 1887, to 756. Even much of this illness, Dr. Palmer says, is "nominal sickness from the demands of tired nature for a day of rest." "Nominal sickness," he adds, "is not, as a rule, reported from the desire of the officer to get a day's pay without a day's work, but only to get a day's rest, and, if not one in seven, at least one in many seven days. And this occasional day for rest and recreation is really needed by very many officers who find police service equal to and sometimes exceeding their physical ability. If, therefore, the service of a policeman would be had at its best, I am fully satisfied, after my long acquaintance with the service, that the officers must have more holidays, more days for rest and recreation. This desideratum could be readily obtained without any increase of the force and its expense by an ordinance that shall establish a small supplementary police force to be known as call policemen. Such a service would afford a good opportunity to test the qualifications of police applicants, and at the same time provide for days of rest and recreation, when needed by the regular officers, and also secure available service for that which is now wholly lost through the continued sickness of officers or from their suspension, or is only partly supplied by extra hours of work of those on duty."

Sergeant Thomas D. Topliff was born in Providence in 1842. He enlisted in the United States Navy, April, 1861, as seaman; was promoted to master mate, and assigned to the United States Ship Minnesota, of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron. Mr. Topliff participated in the fight when Forts Hatteras and Clark were captured. He witnessed the struggle between the monster Merrimac and the little Monitor, and he assisted in the dangerous occupation of removing obstructions in the James

river. Sergeant Topliff resigned from the United States service January 1, 1865. He was appointed on the police force July 28, 1879; promoted to Sergeant, January 20, 1881; Day Sergeant, November 4, 1887, and was assigned to police headquarters.

Officer John B. Livsey, on duty at the City Hall, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1840. He was a mariner by occupation, and appointed on the police force, December 22, 1864. June 5, 1865, Officer Livsey while patrolling his beat, on Potter's avenue, saw a colored man minus a hat, and acting suspiciously. Mr. Livsey investigated, and found that Henry Sperry's grocery store, 300 Potter's avenue, had been entered through a rear window, and the store rifled. Mr. Livsey immediately ran in the direction taken by the negro, and found him hiding in an out-building, in the rear of Westminster street; after a sharp run the officer caught him. He was convicted and sentenced to five years in the State Prison. He gave the name of Thomas A. Gardiner. About seven o'clock in the evening of September 24, 1865, Mr. Livsey was informed that Detective James O. Swan's house had been entered and a robbery committed while the family were at supper. Mr. Livsey proceeded to the house and commenced a search. Indications pointed that the thief was still in the house. In searching for him the officer came to a covered stairway, that led to a tenement. It was dark as a pocket, and it occurred to the officer that a little light would not be out of place. At the foot of the staircase he procured a match from the depths of his vest pocket, and reached out to scratch it on the wall. His astonishment can be imagined, when instead of coming in contact with any hard substance, he drew the match across some person's face. Without waiting for any more light on the subject, he immediately grappled with the human match-safe, and yanked him outside into the street. The thief, William Blake, was sent to prison for one year.

June 2, 1876, the report of fire-arms attracted the attention of Mr. Livsey while patrolling his beat. Elisha Jones had broken into a house, pilfered the pantry, and made an assault on the servant girl in her room, the family being absent. Two officers, attracted to the spot by the outcries of the girl, saw the fellow

as he ran from the house. They gave chase and fired two shots, but the thief escaped. Mr. Livsey came to the conclusion that he had not fled very far, and prosecuting a search, found him hiding in an out-house a short distance from where the robbery was committed. After a short but decisive struggle, Mr. Livsey subdued and placed him under arrest. He was convicted of breaking and entering, and sentenced to the State Prison for a term of five years.

The warrants issued by the Chief of Police are served by two warrant officers detailed from the patrolmen. Upon these officers is also imposed the task of conveying prisoners sentenced by the District and Police Courts to the County Jail and State Farm in Cranston. No member of the force is better known than the veteran Warrant Officer, Edwin R. Jones. Born in what is now Pawtucket, on the Rhode Island side of the line, June 28, 1834, Mr. Jones was brought to this city when a very small boy. His black eyes indicate that, as a small boy, he may have been mischievous. He learned the trade of a jeweller, and worked faithfully at that respectable calling until appointed on the police force, August 15, 1864. Mr. Jones never was a night patrolman. His beats were Market Square, Canal street, Weybosset and Westminster streets. Upon the latter he remained about four years. Mr. Jones has had some queer experience with prisoners, but being naturally of a pleasant disposition he has doubtless escaped many encounters that harshness would have provoked. One cold morning, in midwinter, a female prisoner deliberately threw herself into the canal, at a place where she might have drowned. Mr. Jones, aided by a male prisoner, rescued the woman, who was chilled nearly to death. In the days when prisoners were conveyed in an express wagon to the State Farm, the risk of escape was much greater than now, with a railway, but both Mr. Jones and his then associate, Mr. Hunt, were vigilant in the oversight of their human cargoes. Mr. Jones is now on the shady side of life, but he is apparently as vigorous, active and good humored, as when he first went on the force.

Mr. Isaiah Long, the associate of Mr. Jones in the service of warrants, was born at Chatham, Mass., March 13, 1841, and

received an academic education. He preferred the sea, however, and made many a journey across the ocean to Mediterranean and other ports, rising from common seaman to master of a vessel. In June, 1874, Mr. Long became a patrolman at the First Station. After three years of patrol duty he was detailed as call-man at the Central, and when Mr. Child, now Chief of Police, was sent to the Fourth Station as Sergeant, Mr. Long succeeded him as door-man. Mr. Long held the office of door-man until detailed as Warrant Officer, to succeed Mr. Hunt, elected Chief.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE DETECTIVE BUREAU.—NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS WHO HAVE COME TO GRIEF IN PROVIDENCE.—DETECTIVE SWAN.—HOW HE BAFFLED A MOB OF BOUNTY-JUMPERS.—A DESERTER NOT BORN TO BE SHOT.—ARREST AND DEATH OF CHARLEY MOWRY.—DETECTIVE PARKER.—THE FIRST SOLDIER TO MEET GENERAL SHERIDAN ON HIS FAMOUS RIDE.—A CAPTURED BURGLAR LOSES HIS SPEECH THROUGH FEAR. BRINGING A LICENTIOUS SCOUNDREL TO THE PUBLIC PILLORY.—EX-SERGEANT MURRAY.—A RECORD OF EFFICIENT AND COURAGEOUS SERVICE.

WHEN George Calamity, one of the burglars who broke into the house of Christopher Lippitt, Esq., on Hope street, in the spring of 1869, was in jail awaiting trial, he remarked that nothing in connection with his arrest hurt his feelings so much as the fact that, after operating successfully in some of the largest cities in the country, he should come to grief in "a one-horse town like Providence." If Mr. Calamity's opportunities for being acquainted with Providence had not been so calamitous to himself, he might have known better than to call this wealthy and lively centre of industry and commerce "a one-horse town." But the complaint of the burglar with the rueful name has been uttered in substance by more than one notorious criminal, who, after evading the police of other cities, has come to grief in these Plantations. Charles O. Brockway, Billy Ogle, George Hammill, James Dunmunway, Charley Mowry, and others, who had eluded and defied the authorities, not only of leading American cities, but, in some instances, of Europe also, found the end of their tether in Providence, and received sentences likely to prove examples to the professional offender everywhere. Those who did not die in prison have sought other pastures when released, and property in Rhode Island will doubtless be secure from their depredations in the future. For this satisfactory condition of

affairs the credit is due to all the police force. In particular, however, it is due to the detective police. While the names of these detectives will appear in later chapters, in connection with the history of memorable cases of crime, it may be well here to give a sketch of the officers who have been instrumental in bringing to justice so many foes of society.

The dean of the detective force is James Osgood Swan, who certainly does not look the sixty years which he will have travelled when the Christmas holidays come again. Mr. Swan is a native of Denmark, Oxford County, Maine. When the Providence and Worcester Railroad was first opened Mr. Swan came to this city, and was employed for some time in a responsible position in connection with that railway. The late Mayor and War Governor, James Y. Smith, appointed Mr. Swan a day policeman. He had previously been appointed a constable under Mayor Danforth, while in the service of the Worcester Railway, and from that time he has been a public officer. After two years duty on the day force he was engaged as baggage-master for the Boston and Providence, and Providence, Hartford and Fishkill Railroad Companies for three years, when he resumed day police duty until the commencement of the war; Mr. Swan enlisted as a private in the First Rhode Island Regiment, and afterwards in the Tenth. In the First he was detailed to special service, and in the Tenth he acted as Commissary Sergeant. Returning home when the regiment disbanded, he again entered upon the duties of day patrolman, but soon after entered the office of Provost Marshal Hamlin as a United States Detective, in which capacity he continued until the close of the war.

Those were stirring times, in the North as well as the front, and Mr. Swan had his share of them. While he was in the Provost Marshal's office an officer from New York arrived here with the statement that a number of recruits in the barracks on the Cove lands were deserters from that city. Captain Hamlin and Detective Swan accompanied the New York officer to the barracks, where the officer designated forty men as deserters. They were searched for the bounties of \$300 each, which they had received from this State, but no part of the money could be



ROGUES' GALLERY.

found in their possession. As the New York officer insisted on the surrender of the men, they were shackled together, and placed in a car by themselves, together with four others who had tried to escape from Rhode Island regiments. Mr. Swan, with a guard of six soldiers, took charge of the squad of deserters, with orders to shoot any one who should endeavor to escape. On the way to New York one of the deserters, who knew Mr. Swan personally, gave the detective a hint that a plot was in progress to escape at New Haven; Mr. Swan at once investigated, and ascertained that twelve of his prisoners had freed themselves from their handcuffs by pushing the tin foil of tobacco under the springs. The irons were replaced, and a rope obtained from the conductor, but the men promised to make no further attempt for liberty, and were not bound. At New Haven Mr. Swan took the opportunity to telegraph to Colonel Nugent, the Provost Marshal at New York, to have soldiers in readiness on the arrival of the train, and told the conductor to stop where he saw the military escort. All was quiet until the train reached New York. Just before arriving at the station on Twenty-seventh street the cars halted, and the deserters discovered two files of soldiers, with bayonets fixed, drawn up for their reception. The rage of the "bounty jumpers" to find themselves outwitted was undisguised. They had intended to make a break at the depot, and scatter in every direction, hoping to evade pursuit by mingling with the crowd in the obscurity of the evening. With a wild howl of anger they dashed their irons against the seats and battered them until but a single pair of the forty-four sets of handcuffs remained unbroken. The deserters were marched to the boat for Governor's Island that night under a strong military guard. On their way they made an attempt to escape and two of their number were shot.

A young man, a native of this city, enlisted in the Third Rhode Island Regiment, and went with it to South Carolina, deserted in the face of the enemy, was sentenced to be shot, but contrived to escape. He was arrested, and sent to Governor's Island. He again eluded the vigilance of the sentries, got away, and came to Providence. Mr. Swan re-arrested the condemned fugi-

tive, and took him back to Governor's Island. In New York City the prisoner made an effort to regain his liberty, but was knocked down by Mr. Swan, in the street, after which he yielded to the force of circumstances. Four times the prisoner escaped from Governor's Island, with a daring that might have won him the shoulder-straps, if displayed in the field of battle; and at last the authorities forwarded him to South Carolina to be made an example for the encouragement of others who might be inclined to show the white feather. He was placed on board of a vessel, bound for the Palmetto State. When the vessel got there, the convict was again missing. It is supposed that he exchanged clothing with some one on board, and managed to get ashore. It is certain he did not drown himself, as, some time after the war, he re-appeared in Rhode Island.

While connected with the Provost Marshal's office Mr. Swan went on at different times, in charge of several hundred deserters. He brought back a receipt for every man. Of medium size, strong and muscular, although Mr. Swan has found himself in many a critical situation, it has always been his good fortune to escape personal injury. He has a keen and observant eye, but is as different from the detective of the stage and the story paper as could well be imagined. He goes about his business in a cool, deliberate way, and is very sure to get his man, no matter how slight the clue.

The arrest of the Boston burglar, Charley Mowry, for breaking into the residence of ex-Governor James Y. Smith, and for other robberies in this city, was an instance in which detective ingenuity foiled well-laid plans. Mowry was one of the most dangerous criminals that ever operated in this vicinity, and all the more dangerous because, while perpetrating his crimes, he sometimes, and successfully, endeavored to give the authorities the impression that he was assisting them in the detection of crime. But he could throw no dust in the eyes of Detective Swan, who, from the first moment that he observed Mowry in this city, made up his mind to watch him. Mowry's method was to go to bed in his living-place in Boston, making his retirement as open as possible to the people of the household, then quietly emerge from

the window, take a late train for Providence, break into a house or perpetrate some other crime, take the earliest train for Boston, make his entrance as he had made his exit, and go innocently to breakfast. Of course this established an alibi that could only be met by evidence of much greater force, or by arrest in actual commission of a burglary.

But Mr. Swan knew Mowry's haunts in this city, and he shadowed him. The unsuccessful attempt to enter ex-Governor Smith's house, No. 177 Hope street, was made about two o'clock, on the morning of Monday, April 13, 1874. "Mowry did that job," concluded Mr. Swan, when the case was reported in the morning, "and if he was in the city last night, he visited Tom Marryott's." Marryott's bar was a favorite tippling place, and Mowry seldom visited Providence without spending an hour or two there. "Was Charley Mowry in your place last night?" said the detective to Tom. "He was not," Tom positively replied. The denial was reiterated. "I'll go to Boston, and take him anyway," thought Mr. Swan, for he was convinced by Marryott's manner that he was lying to save Mowry. The detective had not got far on his way to the depot, when Mrs. Marryott overtook him, "Mr. Swan," she said, "Mowry was in our place last night." Mr. Swan at once proceeded to Boston, and had no difficulty, with the assistance of Officer Dearborn, of the Boston police, in securing his man. Mowry refused to come to Rhode Island without a requisition. This was obtained from Governor Howard, and Mowry was brought to Providence, and arraigned on the charge of burglary.

The young cracksmán, who had been discharged from the Charleston State Prison only the previous autumn, pleaded his own case. The charge on which he was prosecuted was breaking into the residence of Dr. Wallace, No. 173 Angell street, and stealing \$117. In the higher court Mowry was defended by E. S. Hopkins, Esq., afterward Assistant Attorney-General. The plausible alibi was not sufficient to establish a reasonable doubt, in the face of overwhelming circumstantial evidence, and Mowry was sentenced to State Prison. There he died, confessing before his death his guilt, not only of the Wallace burglary, and of the

attempt upon the mansion of Governor Smith, but of a burglary upon the house of J. Erastus Lester, Esq., of which he was suspected.

Detective Swan has an able associate in Detective Parker, a native of this city, and born in 1847. At a time when every incident in regard to General Sheridan is of interest, it should not be omitted that Mr. Parker, then a stripling orderly, was probably the first of the army to be accosted by that gallant commander, when he arrived to turn the tide of battle at Winchester. At the age of fifteen, young Parker went to the front with the First Rhode Island Cavalry, and, boy as he was, took a soldier's share in the battles of Cedar Mountain, the Second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Kelley's Ford, and other noted conflicts of the war. At Kelley's Ford, on the seventeenth of March, 1864, Mr. Parker had two horses shot under him. On the nineteenth of October, 1864, the day made famous by Sheridan's Ride, the youthful orderly was detailed to carry a dispatch from General Torbett to Custer. On the way he was stopped by General Sheridan, just dashing to the scene of the fight. The General was not in uniform, as sometimes represented; but wore a blue overcoat, and a hat not of the drawing-room pattern. Three or four of his staff were with him. General Sheridan asked the orderly where Torbett was, and, from a knoll near by, the young Rhode Island soldier pointed out the situation of that officer's troops. Then General Sheridan briefly said—having already been informed of the orderly's business—"Now carry your dispatch to Custer." The dispatch was delivered. Mr. Parker remained in the army altogether three years and two months, being two months in excess of his term of enlistment. The reason for this was that, when his time expired, the command was on a raid, where it was impossible, or very inconvenient, to comply with the requisite forms of mustering out. Besides his service in the field he was for some time a prisoner in Libby and Belle Isle, and at the time of his liberation was in such a weakened condition that his life was for some time in the balance.

Mr. Parker was appointed on the Providence police force May 1, 1874, as a night patrolman, and was transferred to the

day force in December of the same year. In May, 1876, he was assigned to the railroad station. Soon after his appointment he began to display a peculiar detective ability which earned the attention of his superiors, and he was often detailed to work on special cases. One of these, which was promptly followed by his appointment as detective, is well worth relating. About May, 1879, the residence of Dr. Von Gottschalk, at Westminster and Walnut streets, was entered on several occasions, during the night, and various articles stolen. At first the doctor did not report the matter to the police, hoping that the annoyance would end without the necessity of police intervention. Immunity, however, encouraged the mysterious plunderer, and the visits were repeated. The doctor could form no idea as to the culprit. Mr. Parker was detailed to detect the offender, if possible, and, after a vain watch of several nights, during which there was no attempt upon the house, Mr. Parker was recalled. Then followed another robbery. The doctor and his family now looked upon the matter so seriously that they were afraid to sleep in the dwelling; and Mr. Parker was again detailed to get at the bottom of the affair. Noting that there had been an interval of several weeks between each burglary, Mr. Parker did not think it requisite to begin his watch until two weeks had elapsed after the last in the series. He resumed his vigil on a Friday night, and waited until morning without any discovery. On Saturday night, about ten o'clock, he was again in the kitchen. He sat in the darkness, and directly opposite a window. No one but the doctor and his family knew that he was there.

For hours Mr. Parker kept a sleepless watch. Midnight tolled, and the bustle of Saturday night gradually died away, with only an occasional footstep to relieve the sense of loneliness. Suddenly the detective hears something. The window is slowly raised. A knife is softly passed in to raise the latch of the shutter. As a section of the shutter rolls slowly back, the gaslight gleams in from Westminster street; and by its fitful glow the detective, himself unseen, discerns a round black head and two glistening eyes. The head protrudes over the window-sill, and listens. The detective hardly breathes. Then black hands roll back the shut-

ter clear of the window, and the intruder climbs in, body and legs, on the window sill. But he is still cautious. He lights a match and looks around. By the light of the match he sees the detective. "Then," said Mr. Parker, "he let a sound escape him so unearthly, so expressive of utter and horrified fear, that I was myself astonished. But only for a moment. The single thought possessed me that my month's work must not be thrown away, that I must capture that man. As he dropped from the window, I made a leap for him. In my haste my forehead struck the window sash, and I was nearly stunned. But dazed as I was I ran. The burglar darted into 'Shinbone alley,' and I after him. He was a good runner, and younger than me. As I chased him into Walker street he turned and fired. I returned the fire twice. I gained on him, and on Jackson street, near Washington, I seized him. He made no resistance. When I questioned him on the way to the station house he gave no answer, and seemed unable to give any. At the Central Station he motioned to a pencil in my pocket, and, on its being handed to him, he wrote on a piece of paper his correct name and address. I thought I had captured a deaf mute; but he proved able enough to talk on the following day. The fact seems to have been that he was so paralyzed by fear that he was unable to talk. His firing the pistol was more mechanical than of design, and he said he did not fire at me. I certainly heard no bullet. His name was Noble H. Grubb. He was the son of a colored minister, and had been employed in Dr. Von Gottschalk's house, and was therefore familiar with it. He said that, hearing nothing about the robberies he was committing, he concluded that the articles taken had not been missed, and therefore continued stealing. Grubb was sentenced to seven years in State Prison." "In this case," added Detective Parker, "I found the usefulness of letting as few persons as possible know what I am engaged upon. Had the servants in the house, who were entirely innocent of any connection with the robberies, been permitted to know that a detective was in the house watching for a thief, they might have casually mentioned the matter outside; it might have reached Grubb's ears, and he would not have been captured."

John, *alias* Wax McCormick, a notorious and successful "omnibus" pickpocket of New York, was neatly captured by Detective Parker in this city. McCormick had stolen \$1,000 from one passenger and \$1,600 from another in a New York omnibus. Mr. Parker thought that a man on an Elmwood car answered the description of the robber, took him, and he proved to be the criminal wanted. Another timely arrest of an offender wanted elsewhere was that of Frank McCarty, *alias* Webster Nicholls, on November 10, 1883. After a ten years' term in prison McCarty had begun stealing horses again on an extensive scale. His method was to trade a stolen horse to a farmer or country resident, and then bring the farmer's horse to this city, or some other centre, and dispose of it. As the police had no description of the horse traded for he was not likely, of course, to be molested. Mr. Parker captured him, and the result was that some twenty horses were restored to their owners, and McCarty went to State Prison again in Massachusetts.

Another noteworthy arrest by Detective Parker was that of Isaiah Simmons, also colored, who committed a number of robberies in the Fourth Precinct in 1881. The method of Simmons was to work all day on a lumber reach, take his rest in the early part of the night, and turn burglar toward the approach of the "wee sma' hours." During one of his tours of robbery he was seen by two young women, whose attention was attracted by the outcries of persons whose houses had been invaded. From their description Mr. Parker arrested Simmons. The negro denied his guilt, and, at first search, nothing was found in his house. On the second visit Mr. Parker plunged his hand into a hole in the ceiling. His hand encountered a rope. A tug at the rope brought forth a bag, and the bag contained a number of stolen valuables. Simmons received a sentence of fifteen years in State Prison.

An excellent public service performed by Detective Parker, and one which respectable newspapers may especially appreciate, was in bringing to exposure, if not to justice, a wealthy scoundrel who abused the opportunity offered by the advertising columns of the *Providence Journal* to insult a lady asking through that

medium for employment. The lady in question, having become straitened in circumstances through domestic bereavement, advertised for an engagement as housekeeper. She received a letter purporting to be signed by a man named Branch, making a proposition from which her true womanhood revolted. It was a blow all the more cruel on account of her recent change from comparative affluence to dependence. The fact reached the ears of the *Journal* proprietors. They resolved to vindicate their columns in an exemplary manner against such abuse in the future. Mr. William Danielson, brother of the late George W. Danielson, undertook, with earnestness and determination, to bring the guilty party to the pillory of public contempt and obloquy, and he was ably seconded by Detective Parker. By means of a decoy letter "Branch," whose name was not Branch, was caught and arrested, and although, through a technical construction of the Federal statute, he escaped conviction, he received a lesson likely to be remembered by any and all who may be inclined to take advantage, for their own vile purposes, of women who seek through the newspapers the means of honorable self-support.

Among the criminals who have evaded justice elsewhere, to come to grief in Rhode Island, and for whose arrest credit is largely due to Detective Parker, is Pat. Cody, one of the smartest burglars in the country, and an ingenious mechanic. Mr. Parker saw Cody and his partner, Edward Kelley, arrive on the Worcester train. He recognized them on sight, and followed them to the hotel at which they took lodgings. Mr. Parker at once reported to Chief Ayer, who detailed Detective Swan to assist in making the arrest. They proved to be the parties who, while waiting for a chance to break into the Pascoag Bank, had robbed a jewelry store at Harrisville, in this State, and, upon conviction, they received sentences of four years each. Cody invented a set of three tools for burglarious uses, fine enough to be carried in the vest pocket. Each tool by itself would be looked upon as an innocent piece of mechanism, and as each is usually carried by a different man the arrest of all three is necessary to get at the set, and recognize the unlawful object of the innocent pieces of

metal. Cody was also an adept at disguise. When captured his face was ornamented with whiskers and mustache. In the station-house he got hold of a piece of looking-glass and shaved off his whiskers nearly clean.

The regatta of June 17, 1880, gave the detective officers a rare occasion to prove their ability to protect the citizens of Providence from depredations. Fourteen pickpockets were taken in charge, including Pete Stuvesant, a pickpocket from boyhood up, and who has never obtained a dollar in any other way. Pete's picture was taken, and he was turned loose when it was too late for him to ply his criminal business at the regatta. Detective Wood, of Boston, assisted the Providence officers, and did good service in pointing out offenders known in that city, but so far unknown on the Rhode Island side of the line.

To recite all the cases in which Messrs. Swan and Parker have exhibited true detective ingenuity would be to recite a large share of the criminal record since their respective appointments. The detective force has recently been enlarged by the addition of ex-Sergeant Murray, whose long and excellent service at the First Station is the best evidence of his efficiency.

John Andrew Murray was born in this city, April 23, 1843, and enjoyed the advantage of a common school education. When about fifteen years of age, he entered the real estate, stock and insurance office of the late Mayor, Thomas A. Doyle, where he remained several years. In June, 1864, he became a member of the night watch, but only for a short time, as he soon resigned and went into the business of bottling mineral waters. In 1872, Mr. Murray rejoined the police force and was assigned to night duty in the Fifth Precinct. After ten months he was transferred, in October, 1873, to the Central Station. Mr. Murray was assigned to patrol Westminster Place, a short dark lane just below Union street and running from Westminster to Fulton street. This locality was then a rendezvous of the scum of the city; the habitual resort of thieves, cut-throats, lewd women, and offenders of every description. It was folly for any respectable citizen to attempt to pass through the locality after dark, and the police authorities decided to stamp out the foul spot. The officers were

instructed to be more vigilant, but hardly a night passed without a serious complaint being entered against the place. Such was the condition of affairs when Officer Murray was assigned to the beat on trial. When he asked for instructions, Captain Marston, of the Central Station, replied, "Clean the dens out! I don't care how you do it, but do it." By promptly arresting all suspicious characters who frequented the locality, Mr. Murray soon broke up the nefarious haunt. On the fifth of September, 1875, Mr. Murray was transferred to day duty, at the Fifth Station, and traveled the same beat that Detective Parker had formerly patrolled. The beat was one of the most difficult in the city. The schooner S. L. Thompson, Captain Herman A. Hull, a West Indiaman, was at anchor, in the latter part of the year 1877, at Hopkins and Pomroy's coal wharf. Among the crew was a Portuguese seaman named Charles Jacobs, who on account of dissolute habits had been paid off and discharged by Captain Hull. The sailor went, but returned a few hours later in a rum-crazed condition. He was ordered away. He jumped into the forecastle, and obtaining a revolver, came on deck, and threatening the officers and crew, at length succeeded in driving them all ashore, leaving him sole possessor of the schooner. Captain Hull went immediately to the Fifth Station, then on Richmond street. Captain Sanders sent a posse of officers to recapture the vessel from the mutinous sailor. Arriving at the wharf the police advanced cautiously. Meanwhile Officer Murray, happening to be on an adjoining pier and witnessing the commotion, went to ascertain the reason. He slipped quietly aboard the vessel and crawling through the lazaret hold, came upon the infuriated seaman unawares, while the latter was making war upon the officers in front. Seizing him around the body, Officer Murray held him fast and with the assistance of the other policemen succeeded in locking him up. Officer Murray remained on his beat until May 28, 1879, when he was appointed door-man at the Central Station, by ex-Chief Hunt. During the five years he patrolled the river beat he rescued no less than eighteen persons from drowning. The majority of these were young people who had fallen overboard from boats, or tried to swim.

While Detective Murray was day officer at the Fifth Station, in 1878, certain characters or marks were found upon the fences, sheds, sidewalks and curbstones in the Third and Fifth Districts. At first they did not attract much notice, but after a few weeks the marks, which were made with blue chalk, became so numerous that fear and alarm was felt by the residents. In fact, the whole city was more or less alarmed. The police were applied to for protection, and the late Chief William H. Ayer detailed officer Murray to ascertain the significance of the signs. These characters were as follows :

< □ + ○ L -

They were not all placed together, but were in front of different houses, one sign in front of one house, and another sign in front of another. Mr. Murray saw a tramp come out of a house and with a cane appear to make marks upon the curbstone. He went to the spot and found a square of blue chalk. Entering the house, Mr. Murray asked the lady what she gave the tramp who had just departed. Being told, he at once suspected what the mark signified. Following the man for several days, and inquiring at the houses, Officer Murray learned how he fared, and what he received at each place. Following his clue he discovered that the marks indicated the reception the tramp met at the different houses, and the religious and temperate sentiments of the inmates. He also learned that five tramps who were visiting the city had a rendezvous near Cranston, and that the blue marks were for their guidance. He accordingly decided to join these men, and after some difficulty gained their confidence, remaining with them several days. While with them he learned the true interpretation of the signs. For instance, the □ denoted that the people in front of whose house it was made were kind and generous, and that a square meal could be obtained there; the ○, that the tramp was ordered away or threatened with the police; the +, that the people were religious, and that sanctity and purity must be feigned; the -, that the people preached temperance, and that total abstinence must be advocated at that house; the L, that there was a barn or shed or other lodging place

to be found on the premises; the < shaped mark indicated the direction the tramp took, the prongs; not the point, pointing the way. This is used when travelling country roads, very extensively. The results of Officer Murray's investigation were published in the local press.

August 7, 1879, Officer Murray was promoted to Day Sergeant, and assigned to duty at the Central Station. Soon after he assumed the duties of a Day Sergeant, the ambulance service was established, Sergeant Murray having charge of that corps during the daytime. He spared no effort to acquire knowledge of use to him in that important position.

During his eight years at the Central Station, Sergeant Murray frequently did effective service in detecting crime. He rendered notable assistance in bringing to justice a party of burglars, named Raymond Brothers, Hayward and Moore, who had robbed extensively in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. All of them are now serving sentences in State Prison. Since his appointment as detective, Mr. Murray has fully justified the judgment of the Mayor and Chief in making the selection.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST POLICE PRECINCT.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CENTRAL STATION.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. CORY.—FROM TYPE-SETTER TO POLICEMAN.—THE ROCCO VOTTA MURDER.—VALUABLE SERVICES OF HENRY C. SALANDRI.—LIEUTENANT EUGENE STEVENS.—THE CAPTURE OF A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.—LIEUTENANT FREDERICK A. RANKIN.—ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A POLICE MATRON.—DUTIES OF A DAY SERGEANT AT THE CENTRAL.—SERGEANT CONSTANT S. HORTON.—A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER.—SERGEANT JOSEPH R. BOSS.—ARREST OF A FRAUDULENT VOTER.—TAKING IN A PRIZE-FIGHTER.

LEAVING Exchange Place and passing in a northerly direction up Canal street, elbowing your way through the crowd of hucksters gathered in quest of produce and garden "sass," and climbing over innumerable barrels, crates, and boxes, you at length arrive at a plain, square brick building, fronting on Canal street, and occupying the space between Haymarket and North Court streets. It is of three stories, with arched windows and brown-stone casings, with a main entrance on Canal street and a side-door on Haymarket street. This is the police-station of the First Precinct, and within the cells of this building many a noted criminal has spent weary hours. Entering the building by the main entrance, the visitor ascends a flight of five stairs, and finds himself in a long corridor facing a barred door, at the end of which he gains admittance to the cell-room. At the right opens a door leading into the office, while to the left is the guard-room. The corridor is wide, well lighted, and finished in ash throughout. On the left side of the corridor are eighteen lockers for the uniforms of the day patrolmen. Entering the office, further admission is denied by a heavy black walnut railing, behind which are the desks of the lieutenant and sergeant, the police safe and the door leading to the Captain's office. The

store-room, wherein is kept all of the ink, paper, and sundry supplies for the various stations, also opens from this room.

The Captain's private office is a pleasant, well-lighted apartment, with a bright-colored Brussels carpet on the floor, and tastefully furnished with a heavy cherry roller-top desk and office chairs. It contains the telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, by which communication is had with the several police stations, the police headquarters, at City Hall, and with the State institutions at Cranston. Behind the Captain's desk is one of the most interesting collections of curiosities with criminal histories to be found in the police department, many of them dating back a quarter of a century and more. The collection reposes in an elegant heavy black walnut case, and a glance at some of these instruments of crime is enough to cause the average man to shudder. The stick of wood, four feet long, with which Officer William Pullen was murdered on the night of May 18, 1852, is an ugly looking affair. A base-ball bat, hanging in the cabinet has a story, for with it Eddie Meagher killed another boy named Prentice on the Calender lot, over a game of ball, July 21, 1876. An ugly-looking club below it was used by Edwin Cronin in making a murderous assault upon Henry Olney. Near this is the revolver with which Hermann Myers committed suicide, on Broad street, May 27, 1883. There is a sand bag with which John Prentice tried to assault an officer, who was endeavoring to arrest him for shooting at a man in a saloon. A curious looking article is a gag made by Dennehy, the murderer of his employer, George Favor. Dennehy tried to make his escape from the old prison on Gaspee street, and intended to use this gag on the watchman. There is also a razor with which William H. Queen assaulted Isaac H. Sherman, in a saloon on Peck street, making a terrible wound. A cheap jack-knife is one with which Clinton Smith stabbed Frank Thornton, both colored. Smith received an eight years' sentence for the assault. The bullet is also preserved with which Belle Chase killed herself in a house of assignation on Snow street. Attached to a card is a small piece of steel taken from a man named Wood, who was arrested August 24, 1880. Detective, then Sergeant, Murray

took, as he supposed, everything from the man with which he could inflict any injury upon himself. The desperate fellow tore open his shoe, extracted the steel shank, and grinding it to an edge on the brick flooring of his cell, opened an artery in his arm. He was discovered just in time to save his life, as it was supposed that two minutes more of bleeding would have finished his existence. A heavy and deadly slung-shot, loaded at both ends, was handed over to the police by a man who had been employed to assault another man with it. He weakened at the last moment and gave up the weapon. A cylindrical piece of iron came from a house on Atwell's avenue. It struck the house on the Fourth of July, 1883, and is supposed to have been fired from a cannon on Smith's hill. There is a set of dies for making counterfeit half dollars taken from a German named Lundberg by Detective Swan. Lundberg was sentenced to ten years, and died in prison. Murderous looking is the dirk-knife taken from a beggar woman name Flora McDonald, December 27, 1877, and keen-edged the bowie-knife with which the Turkish inspector of the arms being manufactured by the Providence Tool Company stabbed his mistress. He then shot himself and died. The woman recovered. Another knife is the one with which the waiter, Frank Besmond, stabbed the cook of the Hotel Dorrance, December 10, 1880. There is a small piece of rope with which an unfortunate hanged himself in a barn on Travers street, February 24, 1877, and another fragment of rope with which a man named Michael Dougherty attempted to hang himself in the Central Station lobby, July 18, 1881. He attached one end of the rope to the stair banisters, put the noose around his neck, and swung off. Officer Murray saved the man's life. When he revived a little, he struck at the officer with a sickle which he had in his hand, and afterwards tried to cut his own throat with it.

A piece of wood is shown as the gag used upon the watchman of the Dyer Street Land Company's building, when that establishment was broken into. Some bunches of skeleton keys were dug up from a cellar of a house on Prairie avenue, once tenanted by Jim Edgerton and Bob Lucas. There is also a set of burglars' tools, left in Joshua Gray's jewelry store, when his safe was

broken open. The set consists of sectional jimmies, bits, lead-faced mallet, and other implements. The burglars, supposed to be Porter and Irving, did not get away with their plunder. Another lot of tools was used in robbing John Armstrong's liquor shop, on Canal street. Beside the above there are many dirks, slungshots, knuckles, etc., which have been taken at different times from prisoners.

It may be stated here, that in the office of the Attorney-General are also many interesting relics of prominent criminal cases, including a model of the gallows upon which John Gordon was hanged, in 1845, for the murder of Amasa Sprague, and the remaining portion of the rope used in the execution. The rope was rapidly vanishing, many old Irish women begging pieces of it for charms, and to preserve what was left, it was sent to the Attorney-General's office. There is also the last cat-o'-nine-tails used in the old State Prison. An old-fashioned gun is the one used by Moses Grinnell in shooting Charles Thomas. Grinnell was sentenced for life. Portions of an iron bedstead and a pair of broken spoons are the implements with which Kate Judd, the Newport incendiary, dug her way through her cell wall in Newport jail. A common axe is the weapon with which Margaret Shaw killed her husband, John Shaw, in April, 1877. Margaret received a life sentence. A cheap-looking revolver is labelled as the pistol with which Congdon killed Wilcox in Warwick Cove. A bolt is shown with which Walter Winsor killed Amelia Potter at Johnston, June 7, 1880. Winsor died in prison. There is the hammer with which Dunmunway assaulted two fellow-convicts at the Rhode Island State Prison, in Cranston. A long and heavy file is the implement thrown by Fred. Glover at Donovan, inflicting a wound by which the latter died. Both were employed at the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. The jury disagreed in the case of Glover, and he was discharged.

To return to the Central Station. Leaving the office and crossing the corridor the visitor is in a long, narrow room, with a large desk at one end. At the other end are two doors and a case containing pistols, clubs, and belts. This is the guard-room, where the relief awaits its turn for duty. In the

case referred to, the patrolman, as he comes in from his beat, deposits his weapon, each case having a number corresponding with the number of the beat. The door to the left of the case leads to the cell-room. This contains twenty-two cells, one of which is padded. The cells are arranged in three rows, in the form of a letter T. A flight of stairs leads from the cell-room to the court-room on the floor above. In the rear of the cell-room is a small, oblong room known as "the tramps' quarters." Posted conspicuously in several places are cards bearing the following: "All lodgers will be required to pay for their lodgings by work on the following morning." The lodging-room is fitted up with two rows of wooden bunks, each one separated from the other by a low partition board. There are thirty-two bunks in the room, which can accommodate fifty or sixty lodgers. Very few tramps, however, avail themselves of these quarters in the summer season, as they are obliged to saw and split wood for two hours at the Charity Wood Yard to pay for their lodging and entitle them to a substantial breakfast. From the tramps' quarters, the visitor, by means of a rear door, passes into the carriage-room, opening upon Haymarket street. Entering this room and turning to the left, he passes into the morgue, or dead-house, a cold, vault-like apartment, with a marble table in the centre for the reception of the corpse, and sheets, medical appliances, etc., deposited in various places around.

In the carriage-room are the several wagons of the department, including "The Black Maria," a small black wagon of the omnibus type. This wagon is zinc-lined, and is used every morning to make the rounds of the several stations, and convey the prisoners arrested during the night previous to the Central. Two ambulances, together with express wagons and carriages, are also kept in the building. In the stables beyond are the horses, five in number—two for the ambulances, one for the Chief of Police, one for the Deputy Chief, and one used by a mounted officer. Over the stable is the grain and hay loft, and the harness-room opens from the lower room. Returning through the tramps' quarters and the cell-room the visitor is again in the main corridor of the building. Ascending two flights of stairs he enters

the sleeping apartments of the night force on the third floor. The apartments of the janitor and his wife (the matron) are also on this floor. The chambers are all models of cleanliness, and, as well as the architecture will admit, of convenience. Each room is nicely furnished with single beds, and every officer has a locker for his clothing. There are eighteen beds on this floor. The night lieutenant and night sergeant also have apartments here. The janitor's apartments have all of the appointments of a small tenement house, comprising a kitchen, sitting-room, store-room, and chambers. A large well-arranged bath-room and water-closet on this floor furnish sanitary accommodations.

Descending to the second floor, and turning to the left is another, smaller bath-room, next to which is the Captain's night-room. Next to this and directly over the main entrance is the station-library, where a choice supply of bound volumes and many pamphlets are at the disposal of the men. Adjoining the library is the smoking-room, across from which is a chamber containing one bed, for cases of exigency. In the Court-room the sessions of the Police and Sixth District Courts are held. Here prisoners are arraigned every morning, except Sundays, at 9 o'clock, with trial days every Tuesday and Friday. Stephen A. Cooke, Jr., is Justice of the District Court. The sessions of the Police Court are held daily at 8 o'clock, A. M.

The Commander of the Central Station is Captain William H. Cory. Descended from the old Rhode Island family of that name, Captain Cory was born in Providence in 1831, and has been in Providence all his life. Learning the trade of a printer in the old *Journal* job office, he toiled faithfully at the case until October 13, 1866, when he left the typesetter's stick to wield a club, as member of the police force. From patrolman he was promoted to roundsman, and, in January, 1875, to sergeant. September 13, 1877, Mr. Cory was elevated to a captaincy, and assigned to the Second District. Always trustworthy, although not demonstrative, Mr. Cory is a thoroughly reliable officer, maintaining effective discipline, and giving satisfaction both to his official superiors and the citizens at large. He has ever displayed a deep interest in the welfare of the force, and was a



WILLIAM H. CORY,
Captain of the First District.

charter member and first President of the Police Association. In the Second, and afterward the Fourth Precinct, he proved his ability to cope with the lawless element, and when danger was present he went with his officers to meet it. Nor have his merits been unrequited. Just after Captain Cory's transfer from the Second to the Fourth Station, a large number of friends from both districts called upon him at the station on Knight street, and through Captain A. Winship, presented him with an envelope containing \$150 in cash.

It was in Captain Cory's precinct—the Fourth—that Achilles DeRobbia was murdered, on Sunday, August 7, 1882, by Rocco Votta. The parties were Italians, and the killing the result of a feud. Mr. Henry C. Salandri, of the *Journal*, was mainly instrumental, through journalistic tact and his knowledge of the Italian language, in bringing the offender to justice. The crime originated in a dispute as to the character of a girl whom De Robbia, the victim, proposed to marry. Rocco Votta, who belonged to the lower class of Neapolitans, cut DeRobbia several times with a razor, inflicting fatal wounds. The murderer sought refuge in the woods, near the North Providence line, and was tracked there by Detectives Parker and Swan, who captured him. In the trial of the case, Mr. Henry L. Salandri acted as interpreter, receiving the approval of prosecution and defence. Rocco Votta was convicted, and sentenced to State Prison for life. Another case of special interest in Captain Cory's (Fourth) Precinct was that of John McCarty, a colored man, who, during the summer and spring of 1881, committed a number of burglaries. The police in vain searched for the guilty party, until one night Detective Parker saw a suspicious-looking individual sneaking along with a bag on his shoulder. He recognized McCarty, and going to a shop near by, telephoned to Captain Cory to meet him at McCarty's house, and find what could be found. In searching the place Mr. Parker found a valise, which McCarty and his wife said had been bought in Newport two or three years before. The valise was taken and identified by Mr. Edward Clarke, from whose house it had been stolen. When Mr. Parker returned to arrest Mc-

Carty, that person had gone. Captain Cory and Mr. Parker watched the house for several hours. Late in the night McCarty returned and was arrested. On searching a dark room full of ashes, the officers found jewelry stolen from Governor Bourne, and silver-ware taken from the house of Mr. Henry Marsh, which McCarty had first robbed and then burned. McCarty was sentenced to ten years, and died in prison.

Lieutenant Eugene Stevens, of the Central Station, was born at Piermont, N. H., December 19, 1843, and until thirteen years of age he attended the district school. He then became a student at the Haverhill Academy, from which he graduated two years later. In April, 1859, Mr. Stevens entered the printing office of H. W. Redding at Haverhill, where he served his time as a printer. The New Year of 1866 found him in this city, where he was soon employed in the machine shop of Thomas Hill. Mr. Stevens was appointed to the force on January 15, 1869, and assigned to Station Four as night patrolman. When on duty at this station he was patrolling the beat about 9.30 o'clock on the evening of December 24, 1869, when he heard a pistol shot in the vicinity of Broadway and Harkness street. Rushing to the spot he learned that John S. Paine, who keeps a shop in the above locality, had been shot at. Earlier in the evening a man named Richard Bethel came into the shop and purchased some small articles. When he entered the shop he wore a slouch hat pulled down over his face and with his coat collar drawn up to meet the hat. After purchasing his articles Bethel had some words with Mr. Paine relative to the attachment of Bethel's wages. Bethel was ordered from the premises. He went, vowing vengeance. About half an hour later Mr. Paine closed his store, fastening the doors on the inside, after which he went into a back entry on his way to his tenement over the shop. As he stepped into the entry Bethel opened the outside door and fired one shot from a revolver, and ran away. The ball just grazed Mr. Paine's head, and lodged in the wall. Officer Stevens was detailed on the case. He first heard of the man at a dance near Olneyville. Bethel went from one part of the city to the other until about five o'clock the following morning, when the officer captured him



EUGENE STEVENS,
Lieutenant of the First District.

A black and white photograph showing a large, dense crowd of people, primarily men in suits, gathered for a formal event. The individuals are arranged in rows, filling the frame. The image is somewhat grainy and has a historical feel.

in a house on State street. At his trial he pleaded not guilty, and the jury failed to agree. But on the second trial he pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity, and was sent to the State Insane Asylum.

The only time that Officer Stevens received injuries while in the performance of his duties was on January 14, 1871, when he attempted to arrest John Sylvester. The prisoner fought savagely, and succeeded in getting the officer down and kicking him. After a hard battle the officer had the satisfaction of putting Sylvester behind the bars, but he was confined for several weeks in consequence of the encounter. In April, 1872, Officer Stevens was transferred to day duty, and January 10, 1878, was promoted to roundsman of the Fourth District. He was awarded a Lieutenant's commission, on July 28, 1878, with duty at the same station, where he remained, until transferred to Station One, on January 9, 1887, Lieutenant Stevens assumed his present office as Day Lieutenant at the Central Station, on July 18, 1888.

Lieutenant Frederick A. Rankin, born in Taunton, Mass., in 1848, was appointed on the police force fifteen years ago this month, and traveled four months as patrolman from the Central Station. He was then promoted to roundsman at the Fifth Station, and remained there four years. Under Chief Hunt Mr. Rankin received a deserved promotion as Night Sergeant at the Central, holding that office until a year ago, when he was made Day Sergeant, and last month promoted to Lieutenant, doing night duty. Mr. Rankin is a quiet, but observant and thoroughly competent officer. He has had more than one hard brush with the lawless. Perhaps the hardest was in defence of a helpless and friendless Chinaman assaulted one Sunday near the Round Top Church. He rescued the almond-eyed stranger, but the roughs turned their rage against the officer, who was soon surrounded by a crowd of about two hundred, most of them on-lookers, but many of them determined upon crushing the bold policeman who had deprived them of a victim. Mr. Rankin made a courageous stand, but was being pounded and choked from all sides, when other officers, called by a law-abiding citizen, arrived to his assistance. Three of the roughs were captured and sent to jail

for ninety days for assaulting the officer, besides having each to pay a fine of ten dollars and costs for attacking the Chinaman. Since that time the ruffian class has left the Chinese alone. Lieutenant Rankin has made not a few arrests and prevented some suicides by keeping a careful watch on prisoners. He is a strong advocate of the police matron system, believing, from his own experience, that the searching of females by men is not only embarrassing to the officer, and offensive to delicacy, but likewise inefficient, so far as obtaining the evidence of crime. Lieutenant Rankin has displayed peculiar shrewdness in measuring the character and circumstances of the tramps and others who visit the Central Station, a valuable qualification in such an officer, for the sergeant in charge of a desk is not merely a book-keeper, but ought to be a detective also. The lieutenant showed this in the case of "Skitch" Donnelly, the burglar, who was brought into the station one night on suspicion. The sergeant noticed that Donnelly was stouter than usual, and a little undressing disclosed five pairs of trousers. The prisoner had broken into a clothing-store on North Main street.

When this book was begun Lieutenant Rankin was performing the duties of day sergeant, which he thus described: "When brought in at the time of arrest the names of prisoners are put on the book; but, if not, then the night sergeant gets the names about six o'clock in the morning. The Chief arrives about seven o'clock and makes out the warrants, and then, about eight o'clock, the prisoners are taken up to the police court and disposed of. At nine o'clock the district court opens, for the trial of State cases. As for the lodgers, they go to the wood-yard, about eight o'clock, and work until about half-past ten, when they go to Mr. Wightman's for a breakfast of bread and coffee, and are then allowed to proceed on their way. If a lodger has work somewhere, which he might lose by being late, we allow him to depart early in the morning. Nine-tenths of the time, professional tramps are satisfied with one visit to the wood-yard. If a man wishes to work his passage to New York, we give him work in the wood-yard for a week, and then pay his fare. The Providence wood-yard discourages tramps. The ambulance, introduced



FREDERICK A. RANKIN,
Lieutenant of the First District.

when Mr. Hunt was Chief, is sent, on a telephone or other message. It is intended for city service only, the exception being an order of the Chief. The injured are taken to their homes or the Rhode Island Hospital, as the case may be. In cases of *delirium tremens*, one officer is employed all the time to watch the sufferer, while here, but every precaution cannot prevent fatality, when the case has gone too far. Women are seldom brought in with this affliction, although one woman has been here three times, each time suffering from the trembling evidence of alcoholic dissipation.

"When the dead are brought to the morgue, in the rear of the Central Station, we at once notify the medical examiner, who decides as to the need of an inquest. There is no exposure of the dead in transit, Chief Child having invented a method to prevent it. The body is inclosed in a canvas, oiled and carefully cleansed after each use, and thus morbid curiosity is denied gratification, and the feelings of the humane are spared."

Sergeant Constant S. Horton, was born in Rehoboth, Mass., in the year 1848. He received his early education in the public schools, after which he learned the trade of a carpenter, and prosecuted that calling for a number of years. He is a man of quiet demeanor and unassuming manner, but possessed of great strength and determined courage. He was appointed on the police force January, 1877, and promoted to sergeant March 19, 1886. August 3, 1886, the Yankee notion store of P. S. Dodge & Son, 160 Westminster street, the hairdressing establishment of C. C. Rines, No. 89 Eddy street, and the fruit store of P. W. Hatch, No. 1 Mathewson street, were forcibly entered, and considerable property carried away. The police of the Central Station kept a sharp lookout for the marauders, and, on the night of March 9, 1886, they were captured. Thomas F. Ward, 10 years of age, on the night in question, wandered into Exchange place, barefooted, but otherwise fairly well dressed, with a portion of the stolen goods upon his person. He was seen and arrested by Sergeant Horton about 6.30 o'clock in the evening. John P. Gilchrist, about 12 years of age, also clad in stolen raiment, appeared in the same thoroughfare about an hour later, and was

likewise pounced upon by the Sergeant. The third, and last culprit, was arrested by Captain Cory, at his parents' house in McDonough street. They all confessed, and were sent to the Reform School. Colored people were in the habit of holding dances each week in a hall on Weybosset street. The place did not bear a Queen Victoria reputation, and two officers were detailed at the dances to keep order. One night, news came of a battle in progress in the hall. Sergeant Horton hastened there, and found men cursing, and women shrieking, while razors flashed, and blood was flowing freely. The Sergeant found his way through the crowd to a man who was standing upon one of the seats flourishing an open razor in his right hand, and threatening to cut any one who approached him. This man's name was William Jackson, who had begun the row by claiming to be escort of a white woman, the latter preferring another companion. Nothing but blood would satisfy Jackson. The Sergeant quietly approached Jackson and demanded the razor.

"You jes' best keep away, Mister ossifer—don't cum near dis chile; kase if you does youse a dead man!" shouted the enraged negro. But the Sergeant grabbed him by the coat, jerked him off the seat to the floor, and disarmed him in an instant. With the assistance of officer John Splau the Sergeant quelled the disturbance, drove out the crowd, and compelled the proprietor to close the place; Jackson and his razor were locked up.

In December, 1886, Mr. Horton arrested John Burns, an employé, at that time in Carpenter's Foundry, on Cove street. For some days Burns had been acting queerly, and on the day in question he went furiously insane. Word was sent to the station, and Mr. Horton responded. Burns was a strong rugged man, and his employers, anticipating trouble, locked him in a room by himself. When the officer arrived, the door was opened, and Mr. Horton entered the room. Burns was pacing rapidly back and forth, muttering to himself, and armed with two heavy iron weights, one in each hand. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Horton sprang upon Burns and seized the weights. It was only after a desperate struggle that the Sergeant conquered the insane man, Mr. Horton receiving an ugly gash in the back of



CONSTANT S. HORTON,
Sergeant of the First District.

his left hand. He got along with his prisoner all right until they reached the Cove street railroad crossing, when Burns became furious again, and declared with a fierce oath that he would not proceed another step; but Mr. Horton subdued him as before, and locked him up at the Central Station. Burns was placed in the Butler Asylum.

In the summer of 1886 Mr. Horton had a dangerous encounter with a colored man. The Day Star had been on a moonlight excursion, and a negro on board insisted on fighting with other passengers. The Sergeant took him in charge on the arrival of the steamer. On Canal street the fellow drew a razor on the Sergeant, with his left hand. The sergeant was apprised of this, by a little colored bootblack, who had followed from Dyer street. The boy cried:

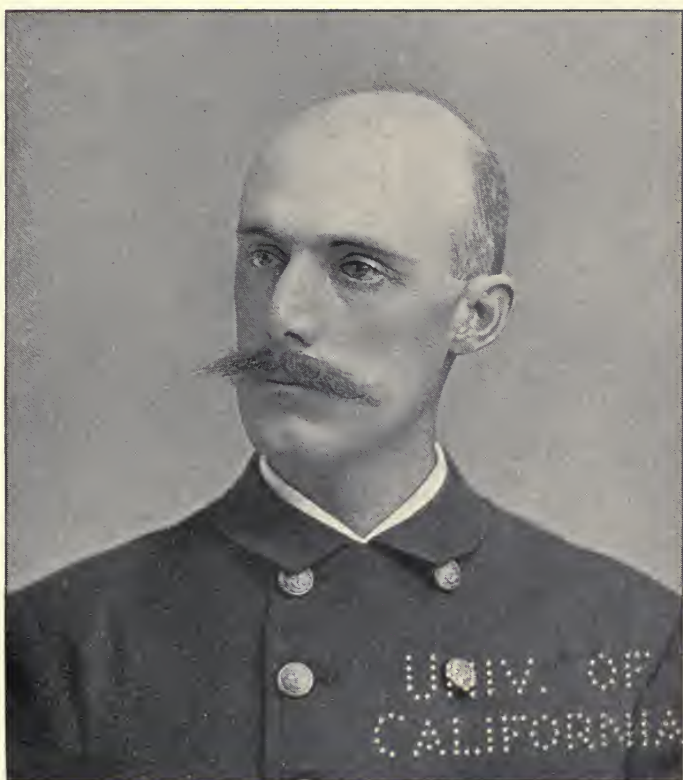
"Look out dar, Serg! Look out dar! Dat feller hab got um razor." The sergeant turned in time to knock the razor out of the prisoner's hand before he could use it.

In June, 1886, Mr. Horton arrested John Wilson in Post Office court for revelling. When passing along Canal street, they encountered Peter Hackett and Redney Carroll fighting on the sidewalk. The Sergeant reached out his left hand and collared Hackett. Carroll said to Hackett, "Dont go, Hackett—kick!" and as Hackett followed the advice, Carroll assailed the officer. All three went down in a heap on the street, the Sergeant on top. At this juncture one McSoley ran up and struck the Sergeant in the right eye, but the doughty officer clung to Hackett and Wilson, and officer John P. Howes, hearing the fracas, ran to the sergeant's assistance, and they were all taken in. McSoley, for obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty, served ten months in jail, and the others were duly punished.

Sergeant Joseph R. Boss was born in North Providence, R. I., in the year 1849. He attended the public schools until seventeen years of age, when he was taught the trade of a stone-mason. He worked his way up to the position of foreman. Mr. Boss was appointed a patrolman February 3, 1875, and promoted to Sergeant August, 2, 1888. He was assigned to do duty at the Second Police Station, on Chalkstone avenue. A notable arrest

by Mr. Boss on November 7, 1876, was that of John McDonald, for fraudulent voting. McDonald had been noticed by Mr. Boss hanging around the polling place for some time. The officer saw him cast a ballot in his own name, and later on march up to the ballot-box, and vote on John or Jack Smith's name. Mr. Boss called the attention of Detective Swan to the matter. While they were talking, McDonald went out. Boss immediately followed and arrested him. He was turned over to the United States authorities, convicted of illegal voting, and duly sentenced. Mr. Boss has had several severe encounters with refractory prisoners, and with obstinate revellers, in all cases bringing the offenders to task. One of these incidents involved an encounter with a pugilist of more than local notoriety. It was in August, 1876, that Mr. Boss arrested John O'Brien, who was engaged in a fight with some circus men. O'Brien turned ferociously on the officer, and but for the arrival of Sergeant (now Detective) John A. Murray, would probably have killed him. O'Brien had the officer down and was reaching for a large stone, with which to beat out his brains, when Mr. Murray interfered. O'Brien was lodged in the station house. In October, 1880, Mr. Boss arrested Hugh Falvey, a denizen of Federal hill, and an imitator, at some distance, of John L. Sullivan. Falvey's admirers shouted to him "not to go." Hugh thereupon resisted. In the struggle officer Boss was dragged to the ground, on top, however, and was kicked in the back by the pugilist's sympathizers. Mr. Boss succeeded in arresting one of his assailants. The others were subsequently arrested, and all of them convicted of assault on an officer. Mr. Boss looks just as capable of holding his own against ruffianism as ever he was, besides having the valuable experience of many years' service on the police. His recent assignment to the Central Station is evidence that his superiors have full confidence in his ability and his fidelity.

Although the smallest district in the city, the Central is the most important in point of wealth and amount of business. Its outlines are as follows: Commencing at the foot of Power street, at Providence river, through Power to Benefit, to Star, to North Main, to Smith, to Holden, to foot of Bradford street at West



JOSEPH R. BOSS,
Sergeant of the Second District.

Exchange, to Aborn street, to Bourn, to Shepherd, to Carpenter, to Lemon, to Fountain, to Franklin, to High, to Chestnut, to Friendship, to Orange, to the Providence river. The district has an area of 0.50 square miles, and contains seventeen miles of travelled streets.

NOTE—Sergeant Albert F. Mowry is of the First District. (See page 270.)



CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN EGAN'S EARLY PATRIOTISM.—ENLISTING AT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—PROMOTED TO SERGEANT WHILE IN HIS TEENS.—APPOINTED ON THE POLICE FORCE.—SENT WITH FIVE OTHER PICKED OFFICERS TO WORCESTER.—ASSIGNED TO FEDERAL HILL, HE PROVES HIS METAL.—PROMOTED TO ROUNDSMAN, THEN TO SERGEANT AND CAPTAIN.—HE MAKES THE THIRD A MODEL DISTRICT.—SOME IMPORTANT ARRESTS.—A GYMNASIUM EQUIPPED.—CAPTAIN EGAN INSTRUMENTAL IN ORIGINATING THE POLICE BALL.—COMPLIMENTED BY ATTORNEY-GENERAL ROGERS.—LIEUTENANT EDWARD O'NEIL.—AN HONORABLE ARMY RECORD.—SEVERELY WOUNDED AT FAIR OAKS.—NUMEROUS IMPORTANT ARRESTS.—THE FREAKS OF CHARLEY SMITH.—A SADDENING SPECTACLE.—SERGEANT ALBERT F. MOWRY.—NOTABLE ARREST BY OFFICER E. J. SMITH.—THE SECOND STATION DESCRIBED.

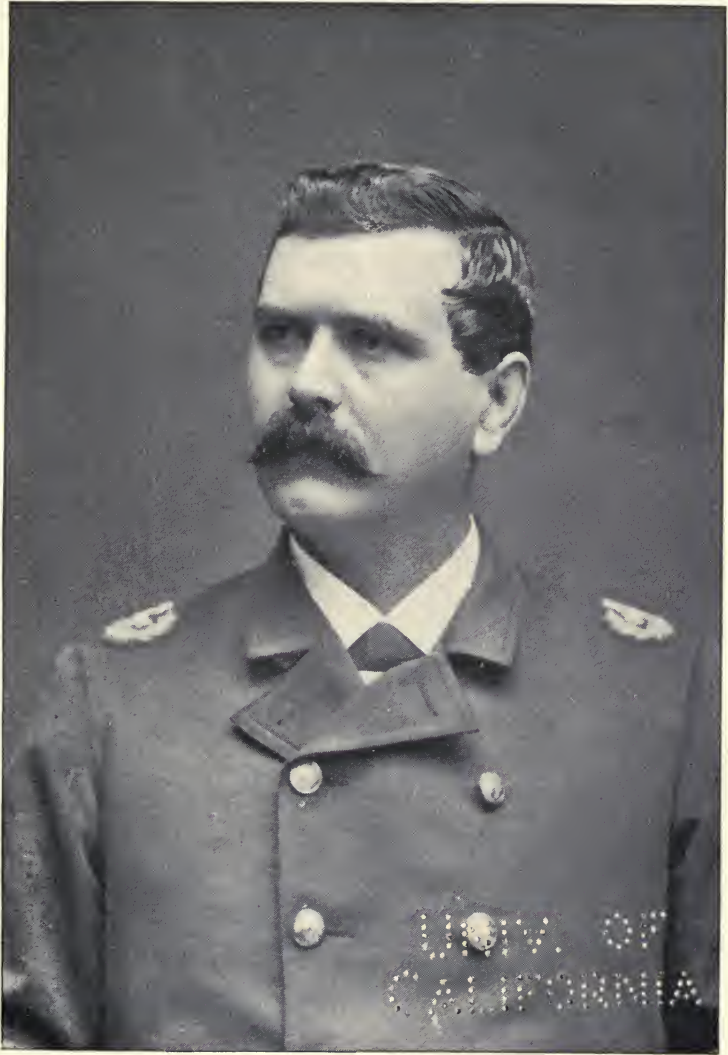
CAPTAIN PATRICK EGAN is the commander of the Second Station. He is a handsome and stalwart specimen of the American of Irish ancestry, and proved his patriotism at an age when most of the boys of to-day are ambitiously striving for the prizes of the grammar school. But no doubt the boys of to-day—or a good many of them—would be just as patriotic should occasion again summon the republic to a struggle for honor or for existence. Captain Egan is a native of Providence, and when the civil war began he was but fifteen years old. The enthusiasm which prompted the wealthy to leave their East Side mansions, and the artisan to bid farewell, perhaps forever, to his humble cottage, was shared by the future Captain of Police. Like many another Rhode Islander in his teens, he enlisted, and if he did not tell his exact age to the recruiting officer, the recording angel was doubtless too busy about that time to make a note of that particular departure from grace. Young Egan joined the Third Rhode Island Volunteers, August 22, 1861. In September the regi-

ment was ordered to Fort Hamilton, New York, where they were drilled as heavy artillery, with the exception of Company C, of which Captain Egan was a member. This company was drilled as a light battery, and afterwards known as Brayton's Rhode Island Battery. In November the company sailed from Fortress Monroe to Port Royal. The history of Brayton's Light Battery we have not space to relate in these pages. The battery shared in the famous and sanguinary night attack on Fort Sumter, and took an honorable part in the principal engagements in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Captain Egan discharged his duties so faithfully that, notwithstanding his youth, he was promoted to sergeant, and, while sergeant, his horse was shot from under him in the battle of Olustee, Florida, February 20, 1864. In March of the same year Brayton's Battery was ordered to Virginia, and served, first under General Butler, in his attack on Fort Darling, and afterward in many memorable events of the siege of Petersburg. Captain Egan was honorably discharged in September, 1864. He returned to Providence, and became connected with the Lamp Department, remaining with the department three years and six months. Mayor Doyle knew Captain Egan, and thought he was the very man he wanted for a policeman, and, at the request of the Mayor, Mr. Egan consented to join the force, then thoroughly re-organized. Mr. Egan began his service with the police November 9, 1868. He was assigned to duty at the Central Station. His first associate on the patrol was the present Chief, Benjamin H. Child.

Captain Egan was afterward transferred to the Fifth District, and from thence to the Fourth. In July, 1870, the captain was selected, with five other picked officers, to go to Worcester, Mass., and do detective duty. The National Regatta on Lake Quinsigamond was the occasion of a gathering of criminals and doubtful characters from all parts of the Union, and the local force was insufficient to deal with them. The Providence officers did their business so thoroughly during a stay of three days that they were honored with the hearty thanks and commendation of the Mayor of Worcester. Mr. Egan, on his return from this journey, was assigned to day duty on Federal Hill. This locality, including,

as it does, many respectable residents, has been cursed in the past with a rough element whose deeds have given it an unfavorable notoriety. Chief John M. Knowles thought Mr. Egan too young an officer to deal with the desperadoes of that part of the city. But Mayor Doyle had a different opinion. He had faith in the pluck, nerve, and grit of patrolman Egan. For four years Captain Egan patrolled Federal Hill. He had many encounters with the rougher sort, but in none did he come off second best. His hardest struggle was with the notorious "Pete" Hackett, who has spent much of his life behind prison gratings.

Captain Egan subdued his man, but received injuries which necessitated confinement to the house for a number of days. Captain Egan's services did not escape the attention of the citizens he protected. On April 29, 1873, he was called into the office of Paine & Sackett's Mill, on Eagle street, and, in presence of a large gathering of reputable citizens, he was presented with a handsome gold watch, chain, and charm, appropriately inscribed, and a morocco pocket-book, containing fifty dollars in money. The inscription read: "Presented to officer P. Egan, by his friends of the Seventh Ward, April 29th, 1873." Mr. Egan was promoted to roundsman June 6, 1874, and assigned to the Sixth Station, in Olneyville. January 7, 1875, he was appointed Sergeant in full charge of the Sixth Station. Captain Egan filled that position until December 5, 1875, when he was transferred to the Third District as acting captain. On April 13, 1876, he was nominated by the late Mayor Doyle Captain of the Third District, and the Board of Aldermen, by a unanimous vote, confirmed the appointment. The oath of office was administered by his Honor the Mayor, who addressed Captain Egan as follows: "I wish to say to you, that the manner in which you have performed your duties during the time you have held your position has been satisfactory to your superior officers and also to myself, and I am very happy that the Board of Aldermen have consented to your appointment, which I believe has been well earned. I trust you will continue the faithful performance of your duty in the position for which you are so well fitted." All the captains were present and offered their congratulations.



PATRICK EGAN,
Captain of the Second District.

Captain Egan remained Captain of the Third District for twelve years, to the entire satisfaction of the better class of citizens, and the terror of evil doers. The district at this time contained a number of disreputable houses, notorious among which were the Furnace House, House of Blazes, the "Opera House," a number of resorts in Chicken-foot alley, and the now model Brook street District, then known as Corky Hill from one end to the other. Thanks to persistent efforts and strict attention to duty, Captain Egan had the satisfaction of having the Third acknowledged to be a model district of the city. The district includes much of the wealth and culture of Providence. Among its prominent features are Brown University, the Providence Athenæum, Rhode Island Historical Society's Cabinet, and the State Normal School. Among its residents have been numbered many great men of the past, and those now living include Governor Royal C. Taft, the President and Professors of Brown University, and many of the descendants of old and wealthy families, including the famous house of Brown & Ives, with whose names the history of Providence is inseparably connected. On the harbor front of the district are the landing places of the Fall River, Providence and New York, Providence and Philadelphia, Providence and Baltimore, and other steamship lines, and the terminus of the southern division of the Old Colony Railroad. This important district was thoroughly policed under Captain Egan, and the lawless element curbed with a sternness as wholesome as it was necessary.

Captain Egan has made many important arrests. May 3, 1877, he went to Cedar Grove and arrested Richard Dailey and Patrick Felley, suspected of stealing a pocket-book. Their description tallied so accurately with that of parties wanted in New York for robbing a Cuban paymaster, who was knocked down and plundered of twelve hundred dollars, that the New York authorities were communicated with, and the men proving to be the parties wanted were turned over to the New York police. Both men were flashily dressed, carried a considerable amount of money, and were armed. Another important arrest, in connection with Detective Parker, was that of George (*alias* Pete) Sher-

wood and Henry Williams, both colored, and French Charley (white), who stole cotton valued at \$800 from the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad freight house, and wool valued at \$200 from the Providence & Worcester Railroad. Sherwood and Williams were sent to State Prison, and French Charley left his bondsman to settle. The Captain also arrested on South Main street the notorious thief, Charley Colwell, for breaking and entering in Pawtucket. Colwell had in his possession a lot of painters' supplies stolen by him. On March 30, 1886, Captain Egan arrested Edward Flynn and Henry Smith, who were passing counterfeit silver dollars. They were taken in a saloon on South Main street by Captain Egan and officer Joshua A. Nickerson. They had a large quantity of the spurious dollars in their possession. They tried hard to escape, but were jailed, and, upon conviction, sentenced to three years and six months in State Prison. Thomas Curran, a horse thief, was arrested by Captain Egan, February 20, 1887. He had a horse and buggy in his possession which he had stolen from Dr. O'Keefe, on Sutton street. On searching the prisoner at the Station the Captain found a slip from a newspaper which gave an account of one Thomas Curran, who was arrested in Cheyenne City, Wyoming, after a desperate struggle, in which he was riddled with pistol bullets by his captors. On trial Curran was convicted and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. When asked about this clipping by Chief Child, Curran denied he was the man. The Chief did not believe the denial, and ordered the man to be stripped, when the tell-tale marks of bullets were plainly visible on Curran's body; four or five other scars were also found. Curran had committed several depredations in the northern part of this State.

The Third Station, thanks to the efforts of Captain Egan and the officers of his former command, cordially reinforced by the generosity of citizens, has an excellently equipped gymnasium, and a creditable library of about twelve hundred volumes. Captain Egan was President of the Providence Police Association from January 1, 1885, to January, 1888. During that period the relief fund was increased from \$12,000 to \$21,000. The Captain was also instrumental in originating the Police Ball, which netted

the Association, during the Captain's term, the sum of \$11,000. To the great disappointment of the members of the Association, the Captain declined a re-election, but he continues to prove his deep interest in its welfare and progress.

In the general changes made in the Police Department, about the beginning of February, Captain Egan was transferred from the Third to the Second District. The announcement of the change was received with sincere regret by the citizens with whom he had so long been associated, and a large number of the leading residents determined to give substantial proof of their regard and esteem. On May 21, 1888, many distinguished residents assembled at the Captain's home on Transit street, and presented him with a life-size oil portrait of himself in full uniform. General Horatio Rogers, now Attorney-General of the State, spoke as follows :

“Captain Egan:—This assemblage of residents, or those doing business in the old Third District, has gathered here to pay you honor. A common purpose has brought us together, and we represent many and varied interests and pursuits. Here is a professor from the University that crowns the hill. Here are high dignitaries of State and public functionaries of the City. Here is the representative of the largest line of steamers that plies to our port. Here are leaders in great industrial enterprises that have helped build up our community. Here, too, headed by the Chief and his Deputy, are some of your associates upon the Police force—a department of our municipal government that ministers alike to the pride and the protection of our citizens. We have come together here to attest our appreciation of your character, the deep sense of obligation we owe you for duty faithfully performed in the long years you have had the official care and protection of our precinct, and the unfeigned regret we entertain at your transfer to another sphere of action removed from our immediate midst. Some of us who served with you in the Third Rhode Island remember how you, a mere boy, full of ardor and enthusiasm, responded to the stern call of your country in her hour of peril, and that the same high purpose and keen sense of duty actuated you then that has ever characterized

you since. We learned to trust you then, and that trust has grown and expanded with our acquaintance. Your fellow-citizens in this district have felt implicit confidence in your ability to protect them and their property from evil doers; and your quiet, unassuming, but confident manner, and your respectful deference to our wives and daughters, has planted in the minds of the ladies the same confidence in and respect for your ability that has marked the sterner sex. The wisdom of removing from a district an official who has made such an impression for good as you have done, who has given such entire satisfaction to all the law-abiding citizens therein, is not quite clear, for the old adage is as true as it is trite, that one had better let well enough alone. With such feelings towards you in their breasts, some of your friends have caused to be prepared a testimonial of their appreciation and regard more enduring than mere encomiastic words; and in their behalf I ask your acceptance of this portrait of yourself. Its artistic merit and intrinsic value speak for themselves, and require no mention of mine. Its true value to you, however, lies in the hearts of the donors, as it is not the value of the gift, but the motives which actuate it, that invest a testimonial with its real significance. Such was the appreciation of the living original by these friends, that their minds ran to perpetuating the form and features just as they knew them; and you can look upon this picture with pride, for, apart from the manly beauty here portrayed, it can never fail to be to you an enduring expression of appreciation and regard. The wife of your bosom, too, will view it with double pleasure, for the lineaments she loves so well can never fail to look out at her from this material frame with a kind of halo begotten of the honor and appreciation that the presence of this portraiture must ever attest. The little ones, likewise, who fondly call you father, can never behold this testimonial with feelings other than of pride, for it will speak to them of the estimation in which the author of their being was held by his fellow-men.

“The best wishes of your friends of the old Third District will always follow you wherever your steps may tend, and I trust that appreciation as warm and hearty as that you have won among us will ever crown your efforts in the discharge of duty.”

Captain Egan, not having been informed of the proposed presentation, was taken unawares, but acknowledged with much emotion this appreciation of the flattering estimate of his efforts in the discharge of duty, and feelingly expressed his thanks for the valuable testimonial presented.

General Rogers then said: "Captain, I but voiced the *general* sentiment in this district; I now propose to call upon some distinguished gentlemen present to speak for themselves."

General Rogers then successively called on Professor Alonzo Williams, of Brown University; Hon. E. D. McGuinness, Secretary of State; Colonel E. H. Rockwell, Agent of the Providence, Norfolk and Baltimore Steamship Line; Alderman Robert E. Smith, whose extensive coal and wood yard was located in the Third District; City Councilman Arthur H. Watson, Chief of Police Benjamin H. Child, Deputy Chief of Police John T. Brown, and several others, who all expressed their high appreciation of Captain Egan's faithful and efficient service.

Assistant to Captain Egan at the Second Station is Lieutenant Edward O'Neil, whose history, unlike that of the Captain, is intimately connected with the extensive district in which he ranks next to the commander. Born at Providence, R. I., March 30, 1843, on Fulton street, where the City Hall now stands, Lieutenant O'Neil enlisted in the Second Rhode Island Regiment Volunteer Infantry, to serve for three years, June 6, 1861. He was slightly wounded at Slaterville, by a piece of shell in the calf of the left leg, May 9, 1862. He was also badly wounded at Fair Oaks, Va.; June 25, 1862, by a minie ball, which lodged in his right thigh. He was removed from the field of battle to the camp, about three miles in the rear of the battle-field, and the following morning was placed in an ambulance and taken to Savage Station. There he was put in a box car, with a number of other wounded soldiers, and taken to the "White House," General Lee's farm on the Pamunky river, and thence removed on board of the Steamer Louisiana to Washington, D. C. The Church of the Ascension on H street had been converted into a hospital, and there Mr. O'Neil was placed. Owing to the extremely warm weather and close confinement in the cabin of the

steamer, his wound having received no attention except the placing an old towel around the limb, his condition was very serious. Putrefaction had begun, accompanied by high fever, and for three weeks Mr. O'Neil was delirious. Three months later, being somewhat improved, he was removed to a hospital at Baltimore, Md. There he was discharged on account of wounds, December 20, 1862, and two weeks later started for his Rhode Island home a cripple. When, after a long time, he recovered the use of his leg, he sought and obtained employment at the Burnside Rifle Works, now the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. In a few years he became assistant foreman, and later foreman in full charge of the blacksmith department. Lieutenant O'Neil joined the police force November 17, 1874. He began as night patrolman at Station Five; August 25, 1875, he was promoted to day patrolman of Station Two; April 21, 1877, appointed as roundsman of Station Three; August 7, 1879, promoted as Lieutenant of Station Two; January 11, 1885, he was transferred to Station Four; and January 9, 1887, he was transferred back to Station Two, where he remains.

Lieutenant O'Neil has made a number of noted arrests. February 21, 1875, he took Warren Scott, a colored man, in Summer street, after a hard struggle, in which the Lieutenant was knocked down twice. Officer Hathaway came to his assistance, and Scott was locked up at the old Fifth Station. Scott, with two white men, had been stripping teams left by the owners standing on the street, of buffalo robes and blankets. The thieves had a load of stolen goods. Two accomplices of Scott, who escaped, were caught the following day, by detectives Swan and Parker, and all the robes and blankets recovered. A peculiar case was that of Bridget Hickey, arrested for the larceny of a valuable shawl from Maria Foy. The Hickey woman was not suspected, but appeared very anxious to have another party arrested. Lieutenant O'Neil was satisfied, by her actions, that she knew more than any one else about the theft. After her arrest she confessed, and took the shawl from under her clothes, where she had it wrapped around her body. She was sent to jail for six months.

In February, 1877, John O'Brien was arrested by Officer



EDWARD O'NEIL,
Lieutenant of the Second District.

O'Neil for larceny of clothing from a house on Hedley street. About this time there had been a number of houses entered, and clothing stolen from back-entries and attic rooms. About 10 o'clock one forenoon, while officer O'Neil was at the corner of Randall and Charles street, O'Brien passed up Randall street with an empty bag under his arm. The officer followed him and saw him enter several yards, and come out without anything. At last he went into a house on Hedley street and in a short time he came out with his bag full to the top. When O'Brien got on the street he began to shout "money for rags." The officer seized him and on looking into his bag found a quantity of boots, shoes and clothing. There was no more back-entry and attic thieving for some time. O'Brien said he came from Boston, Mass.

Henry Jones, the notorious colored thief, was taken, after a struggle, in August of the same year, for larceny of a watch. He was fined here, and turned over to the Norwich police for larceny there. This same Jones assaulted officer Blanchard with a blackjack on Broad street and ran away, but was captured in a short time by the police of Station Four. The next important arrest was that of Edward Thomas, colored, for breaking and entering the grocery shop of Robert Mann on Chalkstone avenue, and also the store of William Goldthwaite, on Smith street. Lieutenant O'Neil captured him the night after the Mann robbery, with all money and articles he had stolen. He got one year in jail, and is now serving a sentence of eighteen months for cutting the throat of Henry Newport on Cranston street. August 17, 1887, Lieutenant O'Neil was notified that Thomas had cut a man, and, taking officers Nathan M. Russell and Charles E. Smith, the Lieutenant went to Clayton street, in Squaw Hollow, and when, about an hour later, Thomas stole into the Hollow, he was captured. On July 12, 1880, Lieutenant O'Neil, assisted by Sergeant J. P. Scott, arrested John Newbert, a horse-thief, better known as "Boston Jack," for breaking and entering a dwelling-house. Jack threatened to kill any officer who should dare to enter his house to arrest him, and it was with much difficulty that the police gained admittance

into the place, everything being securely fastened. An entrance was forced, Jack was captured, and made no resistance. He got one year in jail.

Assisted by Sergeant J. P. Scott, Lieutenant O'Neil, on August 6, 1881, arrested Terence Hannaway and James Finn, for breaking into the grocery store of Charles M. Baker, on Branch avenue. Entrance was gained to this store by smashing a square of glass in the cellar window, and the parties in breaking it cut their hands, leaving blood-marks on the window. Hannaway was suspected, and the following morning officer O'Neil went to Hannaway's house and knocked on the door for admittance. Terence was fast asleep in the attic. The Lieutenant looked at his right hand and found a fresh cut. Then he awoke Terence, who confessed and restored the stolen property. Giles Huntley was nicely caught, December 2, 1881, for the theft of choice fowls from Hiram B. Aylsworth. Accompanied with officer Madden, Lieutenant O'Neil went to the house of Huntley, at Eagle Park, about 9 P. M., and found a lot of fowl in his cellar. Huntley was not at home, but was expected in a short time. Lieutenant O'Neil left officer Madden at the house and went on the road to meet Huntley. The latter did not know the officer, and when the Lieutenant expressed a desire to buy some hens, at once conducted him to his cellar. Huntley got off with ninety days. Patrick Cahill, who broke into the shop of Samuel C. Smith, on Smith street, and Saunders' blacksmith shop, on Charles street, was tracked and captured, December 4, 1881, through a trail of blood from his hand, cut in committing the crime. The trail led along street and railway and over fences to Cahill's room, where the latter was asleep. Having tracked him, Lieutenant O'Neil called officers A. W. Nickerson and G. W. Boss, and together they went up-stairs and awoke Cahill. He fought hard, but was soon brought to terms and taken to the Station. The stolen goods were recovered. He got six months in jail. Michael Conley and Robert Moore, *alias* Rocky Moore, were arrested December 29, 1881, for robbing the clothes-line of Mrs. Abby Fisk, on Back street, and C. E. Dunham, on North Main street. Lieutenant O'Neil was notified at 9 P. M., by Mrs.

Fisk, that her line was robbed. After scouting around about three hours, the Lieutenant looked into a basement tenement on Gaspee street. Through a crack in the curtain he saw a lot of clothes piled up in a corner. He sent for Lieutenant Dary, at the Central Station, it being in that district. They knocked for admittance, and Conley opened the door, thinking one of his companions wanted to get in. The stolen goods were there.

The Wanskuck Company's store, on Branch avenue, was broken into February 11, 1883. Lieutenant O'Neil was notified of the robbery about 8 o'clock in the morning by the clerk of the store. He went out to the store, taking officer Madden with him. It had been snowing nearly all night, and there was about twelve inches of snow on the ground. In passing through Eagle Park the Lieutenant discovered foot prints of two persons coming from the direction of the store. After examining the premises, the Lieutenant took up the trail in the snow, following the tracks to a house on Ceres street. He went into the house, the door not being locked, and found a table with canned meats, sauce, preserves, pies and cakes, and three men and two women just taking their places at the table. When they saw the officers they were about to sit down, but did not. A large quantity of stolen provisions was found in the house. The robbers were convicted.

Lieutenant O'Neil has been in some perilous places, but one of the worst was on May 8, 1883. He was standing on the corner of North Main and Star streets, and heard a pistol shot in Patrick Prior's saloon, across the street from where he stood. As the Lieutenant ran into the saloon, a man named Jack O'Neil fired two shots from a pistol. Then, as the officer dashed for him, Jack O'Neil grappled with another man named Slavin, who also had a pistol and had fired one shot. The Lieutenant got possession of both of their pistols. Just then Jack O'Neil's wife came in with a fire shovel and a bull-dog. She aimed a blow at Slavin and missed him, striking the Lieutenant severely on the top of the head. At the same time the dog caught the Lieutenant by the leg. Officer A. W. Nickerson came to the rescue, and together they marched the antagonists to the Central Station. Slavin was afterward killed in the town of Johnston by his son, and that

reminds the editor of a quick piece of reportorial work done on that occasion. As the writer was passing through Olneyville square, one afternoon, about half past one, Dr. Eddy cried out: "Do you want an item—a man has just been killed up the road." A constable had gone after the man-slayer, and just then the prisoner, Slavin's son, was hurried from a car to the Johnston lock-up, close by. He had shot his father dead but half an hour before. The reporter hurried to the cell-rooms, interviewed the prisoner, got his story, jumped on a car, and twenty-five minutes later—about an hour after the commission of the crime away out in Johnston, was just beginning to write in the *Journal* office. When the reporter said he had a murder, just reported about one one o'clock, Mr. Barney, of the *Journal*, could scarcely credit it. "You mean one o'clock this morning," he rejoined. No, one o'clock this afternoon," was the answer, as the reporter scribbled away for that afternoon's *Bulletin*. It was substantially "a scoop." Young Slavin, who had George J. West for counsel, was acquitted. The father reaped the whirlwind that he had sown.

Everybody at the North End remembers Charley Smith, whose freaks, a few years ago, caused such terror in that vicinity. That he was dangerously insane for a time there can be no doubt. His house was a fort, and he the garrison, armed to the teeth. That he was secured without bodily injury to himself is highly creditable to the police engaged in his capture, while it was also both fortunate and creditable that he was prevented from harming others. Lieutenant O'Neil had a prominent share in the hazardous work of taking Mr. Smith into custody. On one occasion, when Officers Sherman and Madden tried to take him in his barn, a bullet through Officer Sherman's hat gave notice of the peril of dealing with a madman. Lieutenant O'Neil thus relates how Smith was secured:

"On the night of July 2d I received orders to arrest Smith. I went out to Toolville about 10 P. M., and procuring a ladder after everything was still for the night, I went to the barn and found a window open leading into the hay-loft. Went in and got down stairs in the barn and looked the barn over. His team

was there and the gun, loaded with a dozen extra cartridges, in the bottom of the team. I then opened the large slide door which was fastened on the inside, and went outside leaving the door unfastened. I sent to the Station for help; Officers J. R. and G. W. Boss, J. Mathewson and W. N. Sherman came. I took them into the barn and waited patiently for Smith to come, knowing the barn would be the first place he would make for. About 5 A. M. Smith came to the door, and peeked out of his house, which was across the yard from the barn, and seeing no one he started on the run for the barn, unlocked the small door, and in an instant he was in the arms of the officers. I examined his coat pocket, found a Colt's revolver and an open knife, which I took and then marched him off to the Second Station. He was sent to the Butler Hospital for the Insane, where he remained until 1886, when he escaped and left the State. He remained away for a few months and returned to his home, where he is now, behaving rationally and peaceably."

On March 8, 1884, Lieutenant O'Neil arrested James McKenna for breaking in the store of Fergus McOsker, in Cross street. The Lieutenant was assisted by Sergeant Scott and Officer A. F. Grant. They tracked McKenna by his foot-prints in the snow. He got one year in jail. He was a bad man, having served for various offences, and once for two years as a deserter from the U. S. Army. September 13, 1885, Lieutenant O'Neil arrested Frank McGough, Arthur Hawkins, and David Crowell for breaking into Hugh O'Donnell's grocery store, 163 High street. The case involved some nice detective work. Hawkins and Crowell were sentenced to one year in jail. Assisted by officers G. L. Lewis and P. F. Healey, Lieutenant O'Neil arrested the notorious Peter Hackett, November 10, 1886, for breaking and entering the dwelling-house of James Murphy, on Dean street. Hackett went to jail for eighteen months, with his associate, Skitch Donnelly.

A police officer has a chance to see the seamy side of life, and Lieutenant O'Neil has witnessed some sad scenes in his day. He thus relates one of them :

"In the fall of 1881 a family named Walton, consisting of

husband, wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, lived in a basement tenement in Railroad Place off Smith street. The little girl, who was about seven years of age, got on a low gear on Smith street, unknown to the driver, to have a ride. She fell off, one of the wheels passing over her little breast, crushing it in and killing her almost instantly. The poor child was picked up and spoke but three words, "God bless me!" and expired. She was taken to her home; I went to the house. The child's body lay on an old mattress, which was all there was in the house to put the body on. I went out to procure some sheets and clothing to lay the child out. At the convent on Davis street I made known my errand, and the good Sisters of Mercy furnished me with everything wanted. I took the things to the house, and delivered them to the parents of the child, and after giving them some money to buy something to eat, I left the house, and in about three hours returned to the house again, and found the father and mother both helplessly drunk, and the child's body as I had left it. I aroused some of the neighbors, and with their assistance the child was washed and properly laid out, and buried by the city. This is one of the hundreds of cases brought to the notice of the police of a large city, of which people revelling in wealth and luxury little dream."

Sergeant Albert F. Mowry was appointed a patrolman in 1882. He is a native of Burrillville, having been born there in 1859. As a member of the police he has done faithful and efficient work, and his promotion to sergeant on July 15, 1888, was regarded as well deserved. He was assigned to the First District.

A noteworthy arrest in the Second District was made by officer Edward J. Smith, shortly after midnight on the 25th of April, this year. Patrolman Smith espied a man acting strangely in close vicinity to the residence of Mrs. Sarah A. Mann, No. 96 Chalkstone avenue. He suspected that the fellow was trying to break into the house. Presently the officer saw the suspicious individual open a window and climb in. Patrolman Russell coming in sight just then was summoned by Mr. Smith, and the two guarded the premises until the "relief" came out at 1 o'clock. When the relief appeared, several officers surrounded the house,



ALBERT F. MOWRY,
Sergeant of the First District.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

while patrolman Smith and Russell knocked on the door and aroused Mrs. Mann, who gladly let them in. They told her of the presence of the burglar. Neither Mrs. Mann nor her son Albert had been awakened by the prowler. The officers soon discovered him secreted in the dining-room up-stairs. He was collared without a show of resistance. When searched at the Second Police Station, a valuable gold watch, which he had pilfered from Mr. Mann's vest, was found in his possession. He gave the name of Bernard McAvenia, and his age as 27 years. He was a "Dogtown" ruffian. There was a dog in the house when McAvenia entered it, but the wily robber kept it quiet by feeding it with blood pudding, which he carried in his pocket for that purpose. McAvenia was arraigned in the District Court for burglary; he pleaded not guilty, and was bound over to the Court of Common Pleas without bail. He pleaded *nolo contendere* in the higher court, and received a sentence of five years in the State Prison, on the morning of March 4, 1887.

The Second District covers an area of 5.81 square miles, and contains seventy-eight miles of streets. Its outlines are as follows: Commencing at city line on Smith street at River avenue, through River avenue to Chalkstone avenue, east on Chalkstone avenue to the brook, following the brook to the Wonasquatucket river, the river to Holden street, to Smith, to North Main, to Star, to Benefit street, to Jencks, to Barnes, to Hope, to Lloyd avenue, to Arlington avenue, to President avenue, to the Seekonk river, the river north to city line, the city line to Smith street. The station is at the junction of Chalkstone avenue and Ashburton street. It is a large, imposing brick structure, three stories high, and approached by a long flight of granite steps. It was built in 1876. The front of the building is ornamented with granite window caps, and casings with bands of the same material between the first and second story windows relieve the monotony of the brick work. Within the structure is a wide corridor, running directly to the guard room, wherein is the station armory, and here it is that drills are regularly held. From the guard room opens a well furnished kitchen and pantry, and a spare room used for drying

wet clothing. The captain's private office is to the right of the corridor, near the outer entrance, and to the left is the business office; on the left also is the station library, and directly opposite is the stairway leading to the cell-room below, and the chambers above. The cell-room is in the basement, and contains twenty cells, arranged in parallel rows, with ten cells in each row. Admittance to the cell-room is gained by a door leading directly from the street and also by the stairway from above. From the cell-room a door opens to the well-appointed stables, where five horses are kept.

On the second floor are the Captain's, Lieutenant's and Sergeant's rooms, ten sleeping rooms for the night patrolmen, a large bath room and water closet, the reading room and smoking room. Each bed-room contains a single bed and is fitted up with the comforts of a private home. On the third floor you enter at once into the spacious hall, furnished by the kindness of citizens of the district, with the equipment of a first-class gymnasium; complete sets of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, rowing machines, chest weights, parallel bars, chest bars, horizontal bars, trapeze, swinging rings and other apparatus well calculated to develop the muscular strength of the officer. On this floor are also five more sleeping apartments, with single beds, furnished like those on the floor below, also a small bath room. The ventilation of the entire building is of the best, great care and expense having been given to the sanitary appointments. It is heated with steam throughout, and well lighted by numerous windows.

NOTE.—For sketch of Sergeant Joseph R. BOGS, see page 247.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN COSTINE'S SERVICE UNDER GENERAL CUSTER.—WITH SHERIDAN AS COLOR-BEARER IN THE VALLEY.—PRESENTED WITH A SWORD BY HIS COMRADES.—HE JOINS THE POLICE FORCE.—MERITED PROMOTIONS.—ARREST AND CONFESSION OF A WIFE-KILLER.—THE YOUTH WITH THE COVERED BASKET.—EXCELLENT SERVICE IN THE FIFTH DISTRICT.—TRANSFERRED TO THE THIRD.—LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. DARY.—HE FOILS A PLOT TO SEIZE THE CITY'S LANDS.—AIDING IN THE ARREST OF DUNMUNWAY.—A LATTER DAY SAINT BECOMES DISORGANIZED.—SERGEANT WILLIAM H. LAWRENCE.—A RECORD OF FAITHFUL PERFORMANCE OF DUTY.—THE THIRD STATION AND PRECINCT.

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH COSTINE, is forty-five years of age "a thoroughly competent officer in every respect, a man of keen perceptions, kindly and generous disposition, and, withal, a general knowledge of men and things, which makes him a companion fit to rank with the best." So said the *Providence Journal*. The Captain has a highly creditable war record, although the scene of his earlier services was far from the centre of action, and, therefore, holds a rather obscure place in the story of the mighty struggle of the century. As a member of Company H, Third United States Cavalry, he was at Fort Craig, New Mexico, when the Confederates struck a blow at that territory in 1862, and tried to extend Mason and Dixon's line from Virginia and the Potomac to the broad Pacific. In April, 1862, Captain Costine served at Apache Canon. It was a sharp conflict, although the number of troops was but few, and the discomfited rebels retreated to Peralto, where they were again beaten, and then to Santa Fé. The Union troops followed and drove them out, and New Mexico was saved to the national cause. The victorious command marched, in August of the same year, to Fort

Leavenworth, Kansas, a dreary journey across what was then known on the maps as the "Great American Desert," but which has since blossomed into flourishing States. Thence they proceeded to St. Louis, and then to Memphis, Tennessee, arriving at the latter city after its capture by the Union forces. Captain Costine, promoted to Sergeant, was then detached from the regiment on special duty, and accompanied the expedition to Vicksburg. In September, 1863, Captain Costine was sent on recruiting service, and remained on that service until August, 1864, when he again joined the Fifth Cavalry, and was with Sheridan in the memorable campaign in the valley, being color-bearer of the regular brigade. Captain Costine witnessed the conclusion of the great national tragedy at Appomattox, and was honorably discharged in 1865, being then an Orderly Sergeant. He was once wounded by a bullet in the front part of the leg, but not seriously.

It should be mentioned here, that during his service with the great commander, recently deceased, Captain Costine was present at the battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek.

After his return to Providence, Captain Costine organized what is now known as Company F, of the Second Regiment of Rhode Island militia. He remained Captain of the company until 1873, when he was elected Colonel of the regiment. After his election as Colonel, his former company presented him with a handsome scabbard, belt and sash; also, an elegant steel engraving of "Sherman's March to the Sea," in an elaborate frame. Captain Costine was twice elected Colonel, resigning in 1874. Captain Costine joined the police force April 28, 1875. He was appointed Sergeant at the First Station July 15, 1876, was promoted to Lieutenant August 7, 1879, and made Captain of the Fifth Station January 20, 1881. Mr. Costine was appointed drill-master of the force July 26, 1877, by the then Chief of Police, John M. Knowles, and since that time has officiated as Adjutant on the annual parades.

Captain Costine has made a number of important arrests. One of the most important was of a man whose name it is not necessary to give, as he is now endeavoring to make an honest



JEREMIAH COSTINE,
Captain of the Third District.

living. The Captain was notified that a woman was dead in Tallman's lane. The physician had pronounced the death to be from natural causes. Some circumstances which came to the knowledge of the Captain aroused his suspicions. He arrested the husband, who confessed the killing, and Dr. Palmer's autopsy confirmed the confession. As it was not a deliberate crime, a plea of manslaughter was accepted. While night patrolman on Westminster street, the Captain overtook and captured a thief who had broken into a shop near the corner of Dorrance. The fellow tried to frighten Mr. Costine with a revolver, but the plucky officer kept up the chase, and the fugitive ran into the arms of officer Barry. A singular case was that of a youth named Sweetland, who made a habit of going into houses with a covered basket and stealing clothing. In this way he entered some twenty residences in the Fourth and Fifth Districts. He frequently changed his attire, so as to make identification difficult. His excuses, when accosted, showed ingenuity. A woman met him coming out of her house with a basket of shirts. In reply to her inquiry he said he had come from a laundry with clothing to deliver to somebody; at the same time giving a name the woman did not recognize. The truth was, as she found out too late, the fellow had her husband's shirts in the basket. The Captain met a youth on Public street, whom he suspected to be the thief. The Captain took the youth to the station-house, found stolen goods in his basket, and a cartload of plunder at his residence. Sweetland got two years.

These are but two of numerous instances of Captain Costine's efficiency. The people of the Fifth District had good reason to congratulate themselves on such a protector of their peace and their property, and his departure was the occasion of deep and general regret. His command, among whom he had always maintained popularity as well as discipline, gave testimony of their esteem in the handsome portrait which now adorns the Captain's room in the Third Station. In the prime of life, with the well-earned goodwill both of citizens and police, and an experience that is as valuable as it is meritorious, Captain Costine

ought to have a future as serviceable, as his past has been honorable.

George H. Dary, Lieutenant at the Third Station on Wickenden street, is one of the best-known and best-esteemed officers in the department. He was born in Taunton, Mass., May 6, 1838, and came to this city when he was twenty years of age. He learned the cooper's trade at the Roger Williams Flouring Mills, and his employers, appreciating his strict attention to business and his good judgment in handling men, promoted him to foreman. In 1874 Mr. Dary was appointed a member of the Police Department. Two years service demonstrated his capacity for higher duties than patrolman, and on July 18, 1876, he was promoted to roundsman, and assigned to duty at the Central Station. On August 7, 1879, he was made a Sergeant, and on January 20, 1881, was elevated to his present grade, that of Lieutenant. For many years Lieutenant Dary was on duty at the Central Station in a position which eminently requires calm judgment and prompt action. The night officers at other stations were calling constantly for information, advice, or instruction, and Lieutenant Dary was never found wanting. Nor was he ever lacking in the supervisory vigilance required to protect from depredation the vast and valuable interests of the District. The best evidence that the Lieutenant and his patrolmen did their duty well is, that there were so few robberies during his service at the Central. Lieutenant Dary does his work in a quiet, unassuming way, but he does it thoroughly.

Among the earlier cases in which he was engaged, and which brought him prominently before our citizens, was the arrest of a dangerous horse thief, George Boss, afterward sentenced to State Prison for confessed incendiarism. Boss stole a horse and buggy near Woonsocket and drove to this city. The theft was reported to Officer Pollard, of Lincoln. He followed the man to Providence and applied to the police authorities for assistance in looking up the culprit. After making a careful search the police came to the conclusion that Boss was not within the confines of the city. Though the night was dark and stormy, Lieutenant



GEORGE H. DARY,
Lieutenant of the Third District.

Dary did not give up the chase. They drove out with Mr. Pollard a mile beyond the city limits, in the direction of Pawtucket. Hearing the noise of an approaching team they drew to one side of the road and watched. Dark as it was Lieutenant Dary and Officer Pollard were able to identify the occupant of the open carriage, and in a twinkling the horse was stopped and Boss was handcuffed.

Early in 1877 the Taunton Copper Works lost large quantities of copper. They learned that some of it had been disposed of in Fall River, but the authorities there were unable to capture the thief. A description of the party was sent to the Chief of Police of this city, and Lieutenant Dary, who was a roundsman at that time, was put on the case. It was not an easy one to unravel, but he did it very effectively. Having obtained a clue to the effect that a man named John Gallagher was the thief, he shadowed Gallagher until convinced that he was on the right track and then he arrested the man in a saloon on Otis street. Gallagher confessed that he had been implicated in the robbery and was taken to the City of Spindles, tried and duly convicted. Lieutenant Dary's promptness in emergency was signally displayed on the occasion of the attempt of the New York and New England Railroad Company to seize a part of the city lands. At half-past one o'clock, on the morning of July 28, 1881, the Lieutenant was notified that fifty men were tearing down the fence and laying a track in the city yard. There was no time for consultation with city officers. The Lieutenant called all the men at his disposal, marched them to the city yard, stopped the work of the land-stealers, and then notified the Chief of Police. That he pursued the proper course, was shown by the action subsequently taken by Mayor Doyle and the City Council, as well as the general voice of the public.

On the night of September 11 of the same year, Lieutenant Dary promptly came to the aid of officer Duty Greene, in the arrest of Dunmunway, one of the most dangerous and desperate criminals that ever visited Rhode Island. Dunmunway broke into Paige & Co.'s store, at the corner of College and South Main streets, and would probably have succeeded in breaking open the

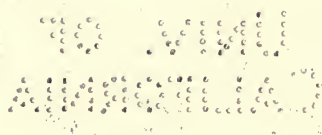
safe and rifling it, had not officer Greene discovered him. Lieutenant Dary was notified. He was promptly on hand. The door was opened, and Dunmunway and his partner in crime fled toward the roof. The Lieutenant, followed by the officers, pursued them closely, and in spite of Dunmunway's threat to kill the first man who approached him, he was arrested, and afterward convicted and sentenced. These instances show why Lieutenant Dary is recognized by his superiors as a man who never shrinks from the front of danger. By vigilance, at the Central Station, Lieutenant Dary saved the lives of many would-be suicides.

Sergeant William H. Lawrence is a fine-looking, strong, healthy man, possessed of sound intelligence and excellent discrimination, of gentlemanly deportment, genial and fond of a joke, but never allowing anything to interfere with the strict performance of his duty. He was born at Medford, Mass., in 1850, and received a common school education. Mr. Lawrence became a member of the police force on October 14, 1875, and was assigned to night patrol duty in the Fifth District, and later was transferred to the same duty at the Central. Early in March, 1883, Officer Lawrence discovered that material used for caning chairs, was being stolen in large quantities and disposed of to a chair repairer named James Smith, on Dean street. He learned that the thief was a lad named Joseph Hanson, 16 years of age, and that the firm of William E. Barrett & Co. were the victims. The officer notified the firm, and on examination of their large stock it was discovered that several hundred dollars' worth was missing. At the same time it was ascertained that the thieves effected an entrance through the cellar door leading from the street. Hanson was arrested soon after this by Officer Lawrence, just as he was leaving the cellar, having fourteen bundles of stuff in his possession. Another lad, named Edward Gormley, was implicated. Both lads were sentenced to the Reform School during their minority.

Soon after his transfer from the night to the day force Officer Lawrence was patrolling his beat on Westminster street, when a crowd attracted his attention, and, investigating the cause, he learned that a horse thief had attempted to drive away with a



WILLIAM H. LAWRENCE,
Sergeant of the Third District.



horse and wagon. As the officer approached the thief ran, pursued by the policeman and the usual crowd. The fugitive darted into an alley on Mathewson street, scaled a high fence, and escaped—for a little while. Patrolman Lawrence returned to Westminster street, and after going up that thoroughfare a short distance, found his man in a liquor saloon and arrested him. About the first of February, 1887, Officer Lawrence was notified that a party of young fellows had attempted to sell four tubs of lard at the store of Mrs. Armstrong, on Chalkstone avenue, but as their actions aroused her suspicions she told them to call again, and then at once notified the officer. A sharp look-out was kept, and a few days later Officer Lawrence arrested one of the gang, named James Daylor, on Broad street, and locked him up. Daylor is one of the smartest sneak thieves in New England, and although but about 22 years of age, has already served a number of sentences for jobs done in this city and Boston.

November 4, 1887, Officer Lawrence was promoted from day patrolman to night sergeant, and stationed at the Fifth District, and a few months ago was transferred to service at the Third Station. Sergeant Lawrence's record of arrests includes the following important cases: May 20, 1878.—Arrested Thomas Higgins on Dyer street, for breaking and entering wholesale produce store of George Hawes & Sons, 23 Dyer street. Higgins was captured in the store while in the act of robbing the money drawer.

February 2, 1879.—Arrested a colored man, 28 years of age, named Robert Thelbert in the Central Congregational Church, while in the act of rifling contribution envelopes of their contents. When searched he had twenty-four of these envelopes in his possession, containing \$46.35.

February 21, 1883.—Arrested a colored man named James Tyler, on Westminster street, for entering the house of James Allen on High street, and robbing it of various articles.

March 20, 1883.—Arrested Santilla De Andrea, an Italian, 17 years of age, on Orange street, for an assault with a dangerous weapon upon Edward Gormley, a bootblack.

October 20, 1884.—Arrested William F. McGinley, for break-

ing and entering the undertaking establishment of Thomas McMurrrough, on Fenner street, and robbing the till. Sergeant Lawrence has also made numerous arrests for larceny and shop-lifting.

Although the district, under Captains Egan and Costine, has shown marked improvement, yet occasionally an officer meets with an experience that reminds of rougher days. Officer Herbert C. Blood has had some harsh reminders of this kind. While he was attempting to make an arrest on Wickenden street, August 26, last year, one James Dahler seized the officer's club, and beat him over the head with it. Dahler was sentenced to two years in prison. Three years previously the same officer had his shoulder broken in making an arrest; but he got his man.

The Third Station is part of a handsome building at Wickenden and Traverse streets. It is of two stories, of brick, and surmounted by a mansard roof, the end nearest Traverse street being used as a fire engine house, while the other part is devoted to the uses of the police. The outside of the building is neatly ornamented by arched doorways and window caps of white granite and brownstone blocks, laid alternately. The roof of the building is covered with slate and is studded by four double gable windows. Unlike the other stations, the visitor as he enters the Third, is admitted immediately into the guard-room. The business office and the pistol cabinet are in this room, and from this central apartment radiate all the official rooms of the station. To the left is the Lieutenant's office, the dining-room, and the stairway leading to the upper floors; to the rear is the kitchen and the cell-room, the latter containing ten cells. The Captain's room, the library and the telephone room open to the right of the entrance. The library at this station is the largest in the department, containing between eleven and twelve hundred bound volumes, besides several hundred pamphlets. The library is extensively used and is a beneficial auxiliary to the station. The telephone room is a small square room containing all the instruments for telephonic communication, and with the exception of the apparatus at the Central Station, is one of the most complete in the city. Electric bells communicate from the guard room to every room in

the building, and are a great source of convenience in summoning an officer from the upper portion of the house to the lower floor in case of necessity.

The second story is occupied entirely as sleeping apartments, with the exception of one room, which has been furnished at the expense of the officers in an elegant manner, and is used as a parlor. This room is handsomely carpeted and has a nice black walnut center table, while easy chairs are numerous. On the walls are several nicely framed steel engravings. The Captain's room, also the Lieutenant's and Sergeant's rooms, and three single chambers for the patrolmen, are on this floor; also a large bathroom. On the third floor are eight chambers similar to those of the second floor. The gymnasium is a well-appointed establishment and is considerably used. Among the especial features of the gymnasium is the shooting gallery, in the use of which several of the officers have become very proficient.

The district covers an area of 1.34 square miles, and contains 33 miles of streets. The outlines of the district are as follows: Commencing at the foot of President avenue at Seekonk river, by Seekonk river to Bradford avenue, through Bradford avenue to Arlington avenue, to Lloyd avenue, to Hope street, to Barnes street, to Jencks street, to Benefit street, to Power street, to Providence river, by Providence river to Seekonk river, by Seekonk river to President avenue.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE LATE SERGEANT SIMEON SHERMAN.—THE LATE CAPTAIN WARNER.—DESCRIPTION OF THE FOURTH STATION.—CAPTAIN JOSEPH MARSTON.—SENT TO THE RELIEF OF BOSTON IN FLAMES.—EFFICIENT SERVICE IN THE BUTLER HOSPITAL.—THE INSANE CONFEDERATE OF “BRISTOL BILL.”—CAPTAIN MARSTON AT THE CENTRAL STATION.—IMPORTANT DUTIES DEVOLVING ON THE COMMANDER OF THAT PRECINCT.—IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANNER OF ARRESTS.—LIEUTENANT MAGILL.—FAITHFUL AND FEARLESS SERVICE IN THE OLNEYVILLE DISTRICT.—A LONG STRUGGLE TO PUT DOWN RUFFIANISM.—SERGEANT FRANK A. MATTHEWS.—BRAVELY RESISTING THE RESCUE OF A PRISONER.—OFFICER JAMES L. SHERMAN.

THE first sergeant of the Fourth District was Simeon Sherman, appointed watchman by the Board of Aldermen, November 2, 1846, and afterward second captain of the watch. August 12, 1864, Mr. Sherman was appointed Sergeant of the Fourth District, under the new rules of the Board, making the day and night force of equal authority. After a time he resigned, and was subsequently appointed by Mayor Doyle day officer at the station, which position he held until his death, April 10, 1872. The Station for the Fourth District was originally situated over the engine-house on Summer street, where it remained for two years. Then the room was needed for other purposes, and the watch-house was removed to Briggs' shop, on High street, for a few months, until accommodations were completed in the engine-house on Knight street, at the present location. The late Captain James Henry Warner, who presided for many years over this district, merits at least passing mention in connection with it. To his energies the improvements effected in the station, previous to the fire of 1875, were largely due, and as a faithful, conscientious, painstaking officer his name will ever be remem-



JOSEPH MARSTON,
Captain of the Fourth District.



bered in the department. Captain, then Sergeant, Warner, had some interesting experiences in the earlier years of his charge over the Knight Street Station. The police force was not yet thoroughly organized, and discipline was lax. This Mr. Warner corrected, not by harshness, but by good example and vigilance. He communicated to the men the spirit which actuated himself, and ably seconded Mayor Doyle in his efforts to make the department what it is—a police machine as complete and intelligent as any in the country.

The partial destruction of the station by fire in 1875 was not an unmixed evil, giving opportunity, as it did, for reconstruction on a pattern more in accord with modern improvement. The Fourth Station cannot be compared to the model Fifth, but it is a comfortable and presentable abode for the city guardians, as well as providing for the secure and commodious detention of prisoners. It is a three-story, flat-roof building, of brick, with rough granite trimmings. This building was erected in 1875. The main door opens directly into the spacious guard-room, wherein are two large black-walnut cases with glass doors. One case is the receptacle for the officers' uniform, belts and clubs and pistols, and the other is fitted up as lockers for the clothing of the day force. The Captain's office opens from the guard-room on the right, while on the left is the Lieutenant's office. To the rear of the Captain's room is the station library, with its large collection of bound volumes. The kitchen and drying-room also open from this apartment. Directly opposite the main entrance to the building is the door leading to the cell-room, wherein are ten cells. From the cell-room a door opens into the stable, where two horses are always kept. On the second floor are situated the Captain's, Lieutenant's, and Sergeant's rooms, three apartments with two beds each, and ten with only one bed, the smoking room, four spare bed-rooms, bath and toilet apartments, the linen and record closets, etc. The third floor is fitted up entirely as a drill-room and gymnasium, and is used regularly by the officers. An attractive flower garden affords both pleasure and recreation to the inmates of the station. The janitor of the station is Mr. James E. Johnson, who served in the late war as a member of

28th U. S. (colored) Infantry, and has cared for the Knight Street Station eighteen years.

When Providence hastened to the relief of Boston in flames, Mayor Doyle could find no man better fitted to command the company of police sent to the aid of the burning city than Captain (then Sergeant) Joseph Marston. Day and night the Providence policemen guarded with faithful vigilance the valuable salvage rescued from the furnace that had devoured the heart of the first city of New England, and the formal and grateful thanks of the chief executive of Boston but voiced the deep and heartfelt sentiment of her citizens. Mr. Marston did his duty well. It was not the first time that he had done it well, under trying circumstances, and it has not been the last. Born in Waterville, Maine, August 7, 1840, Captain Marston is yet in the vigor of life, and ought to have many years of efficient service before him. He came to this city in 1857, and was engaged as an attendant at the Butler Hospital for the Insane, under the late Dr. Ray. In this institution Mr. Marston remained for about seven years, and his experience there proved valuable in his subsequent service at the Central Station, where insane persons are frequently brought, pending an examination as to their condition. Mr. Marston acted as instructor in the Reform School for seven months, when he was appointed night patrolman under Mayor Knight, his beat being the lower portions of South Main and South Water streets, in the Third District. Subsequently Mr. Marston was transferred to the day force, and patrolled the Great Bridge and Market Square for two years. Then he was appointed Sergeant of the Third District, in which position he remained for three years, or until January, 1869, when he entered upon his duties as Sergeant of the First, or Central Station. Under the ordinance of January 4, 1875, Mayor Doyle promoted Sergeant Marston to be Captain of Police at the Central Station, where Captain Marston remained until June 7, 1887, when he was transferred to the Fourth Station.

The Captaincy at the Central is an office of peculiar weight and responsibility, and that Captain Marston performed the duties to the satisfaction of his superior officers, his long period of service

there is the potent evidence. Long before his appointment on the police force, he had been called upon, as an attendant in the Butler Hospital, to assist the officers in taking insane persons into custody, and, youth as he was, he displayed tact and courage in circumstances that eminently demanded both these qualities. With officer Swan he was assigned to convey to the Butler Hospital a certain gold-refiner, whose insanity, following upon a menacing letter received from the notorious William H. Warburton, *alias* "Bristol Bill," was one of the sensational incidents of Providence criminal history. As a member of the police Mr. Marston displayed the same courage, tact, and judgment which had made him valuable in our leading institution for the insane, and he has always been noted alike for humanity and firmness in the treatment of prisoners. That Providence has been remarkably free from those fatal errors which so frequently arouse public indignation and horror in other cities, when sickness is mistaken for drunkenness, and the helpless who might be saved, are hustled into cells to die, is largely owing to the caution, care, and humanity exercised by Captain Marston and the officers of his command. All prisoners taken by the city police, and many arrested under other processes, pass through the Central Station, and the utmost care is requisite to see that no injustice is unwittingly done, and to protect the reckless or senseless against themselves. In this, and other respects relating to the duties of a police commander, Captain Marston has never been found unworthy.

Of necessity Captain Marston, as head of the Central Station, has had some connection with many criminal cases of importance, having all culprits under his temporary charge, from the time of their detention in the Central until their discharge or commitment by order of the court. As accused persons are presumed to be innocent until proven to be guilty, Captain Marston always acted upon the injunction of the Constitution that "no act of severity which is not necessary to secure an accused person shall be permitted," and he invariably reproofed any officer for needless harshness toward a prisoner. He had the gratification, during his term at the First Station, of witnessing a marked improvement in the manner of arrests. The club, so far as its public use is

concerned, is almost obsolete in Providence. It was not so in the earlier days of the police. "Under the old watch," said Captain Marston, "the roughs of the town thought it fun to 'bait' the police, and found considerable amusement in challenging them to combat. The watchmen did their best, and sometimes the rough paid the penalty of life or limb for his temerity; sometimes, as in the case of Pullen, the officer got a fatal blow. When the police were first organized the lawless element thought they could browbeat them, and often resisted arrest when the officers attempted to perform their duty. This necessitated violence on the part of the officers, and the roughs had to succumb. Gradually, as the ruffian element learned that they had to submit, and that the police were a body of men who could not be played with, resistance to arrest became less frequent, and to-day it seldom occurs. The law-breaker knows that if one man is not enough to deal with him, others will be summoned, and that escape even would do him no good, as he would be relentlessly followed up.

"Another reason that clubbing is comparatively rare now," said Captain Marston, "is that the physique of the force is improving. The police are, as a general thing, sound in body as well as intelligent, and a strong man does not need to use a weapon under circumstances when a weak man might feel called upon to do so." Captain Marston is an earnest advocate of any improvement that would add to the efficiency of the force.

Captain Marston has for an aide Lieutenant P. J. Magill, whose name is as familiar to the public as commander of the Sixth Station, as that of Captain Marston in connection with the First. An important as well as a troublesome district, it was in the outskirts of the Sixth that organized outlawry may be said to have had its final fastness in Providence. In its remote thoroughfares ruffianism still held up its head, and often found, after some desperate crime, a ready and sympathetic refuge, and the policeman who dared to defy the ruffians and assert the supremacy of law may be said to have taken his life in his hands. Happily for an efficient execution of justice, the authorities of the neighboring town of Johnston, with Town Sergeant William Carroll as their representative officer, have shown a determined



P. J. MAGILL,
Lieutenant of the Fourth District.

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purpose to coöperate with the city police in the suppression of crime, and the criminal seeking an asylum from prosecution in the city does not find a haven of rest on the other side of the line. Lieutenant Magill, during his nine years of service at the Olneyville Station—as the Sixth Station is known—made himself feared by the lawless as he was respected by the law-abiding residents of that section. He broke up the “gangs;” but not until after many a hard struggle, of which some of his former command bear the tell-tale scars to-day, and in which he himself bore an honorable and courageous personal part. He compelled ruffianism either to hide its head, or dragged it to the cell, and supplied the evidence to send it to the jail or the prison. With his efficient corp of officers, he helped to make the charming suburb of Mount Pleasant a secure abiding-place for respectable residents of our city seeking fresh air and convenient homes, and he saw every year neat and attractive dwellings springing up by the score, and inhabited by happy families, as safe in their homes as in any Eastside or central thoroughfare. That this is largely due to a faithful and unflinching police administration any one acquainted with the section and its history must admit; and Lieutenant Magill, for nearly a decade preceding February last was a conspicuous figure in that history.

Coming to Providence when nine years of age, with his parents, who also became residents of this city, Mr. Magill grew up a thorough Providence boy. In the year 1868, he joined the police force, was appointed Sergeant at the Fourth Station, March 29, 1878, Lieutenant-Commanding at the Sixth, August 7, 1879, and transferred to the Fourth in the general changes of February, last year. As his history is mainly connected with the Sixth, to that station we must chiefly refer. Unlike the criminal record of the business centre of the city, where wealth is concentrated, and crime, when committed, takes a memorable form, as in extensive forgeries and robberies of banks and large business houses, the story of the Sixth District is that of a long, persistent, and ultimately triumphant contest for the suppression of offenders vulgarly known as “toughs;” usually young men, the children of worthy parents, and prone to defy the law rather

for the excitement of such a course than from the deliberate and fully-formed motive which inspires the professional criminal. Yet such ruffianism is perhaps even more dangerous and menacing to society than the venerated villany of the professional forger or burglar. The latter violates the law in secret; outwardly he conforms to it. He defers in appearance to the requirements of the social system upon which, in concealment, he preys. Detected, and seeing that escape is impossible, he yields, as a rule, without any attempt at resistance. The ruffian element, on the other hand, is in open rebellion against society and its ordinances. It takes delight in the inspiration of terror, in not alone violating the law, but bearding the officers of the law. Where ruffianism is in the ascendant there can be no social order, no security for homes, or for business; for the "gang" is the nucleus of the mob, and the mob is to the riot what the tar-barrel is to the bonfire. First and foremost, therefore, it is the duty of the police to put down open lawlessness, to subdue the "gangs," and to vindicate the supremacy of law. This duty has been well performed, as before stated, in the District over which Lieutenant Magill presided. But it is a duty the performance of which brings but little fame. The subjection of a ruffian, while a service as commendable as it is often perilous, is not handed down as a celebrated case in criminal annals, like the capture of a Brockway or a Dunmunway. And when local ruffians take to thieving, or even breaking and entering, their crimes, both as to method and the amount of plunder, are seldom worthy of a permanent chronicle. When violence is aggravated into murder, then, of course, the event becomes fixed in public memory; but there is rarely much call for detective ingenuity in bringing out the circumstances of bar-room encounters and street affrays, even when they prove to be fatal. While, therefore, Lieutenant Magill's police record is one of continuous and meritorious enforcement of law under circumstances that imperatively demanded vigor and promptitude in action, yet the till-tapping, street-ruffianism, and other sorts of crime with which he had chiefly to deal, afford but slight material for the historian. In carrying out his duty, the Lieutenant has never hesitated to face pistol, bludgeon, or axe,



FRANK A. MATTHEWS,
Sergeant of the Fourth District.

and the same may be said of the officers of his command. The result of his service speaks for itself. A precinct once noted for its lawlessness has become a garden spot, and the lawless element which infested it is broken, scattered, and powerless for harm.

Sergeant Frank A. Matthews is next to the youngest Sergeant on the Providence Police Force. He was born in Vermont, in the year 1856. He received a good common school education. The Sergeant took an early move to the West, and after living in Ypsilanti, Michigan, a few years, he came East again and settled in Providence. Here he joined the Fire Department as a driver of Hose No. 4. He was appointed a patrolman on the police force November 18, 1880, and promoted to a Sergeantcy August 5, 1887, and assigned to Station No. 1. Mr. Matthews was afterwards transferred to Station No. 4. Sergeant Matthews has had several severe encounters with persons bent on rescuing prisoners, on one occasion, in the summer of 1882, being painfully hurt by an assailant. He held to his prisoner, however, and lodged him in the station-house. In June of the same year Mr. Matthews was severely injured on Eddy street by a party of rescuers, being pounded and kicked in the ribs. He kept his man, however, throughout, though the encounter caused him prolonged suffering. The Sergeant has also been successful in detecting crime, a fact which did not escape the notice of his superior officers, who recognized his merits with well-earned promotion.

Among the officers of the Providence police few have a more notable history than James L. Sherman, who, besides having a clean record as a police officer, was with Rhode Island's favorite commander in the rebellion. At the outbreak of the rebellion he resided in Foxboro, Mass., a student in the English Classical School at that place. He was one of the first to respond to the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men, and enlisted as a private in Company F, Fourth Massachusetts State Militia, April 16, 1861. After serving three months at Fortress Monroe, Newport News, and Hampton, Virginia, he was discharged July 22, 1861. He acted as Adjutant's Clerk during his service. Mr. Sherman re-enlisted for three years August 20, 1861, as a private in

Company K, Twenty-third Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. He was promoted to Corporal September 20, 1861, to Sergeant May 1, 1862, Sergeant-Major August 1, 1862, Second Lieutenant November 8, 1862, First Lieutenant May 3, 1863, and to Adjutant June 7, 1863. He was discharged honorably in October 13, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service. During his three years he was with General Burnside in his expedition to North Carolina, and also in the Departments of North Carolina, Virginia, and the Department of the South, he was with the Army of the James and the Army of the Potomac. He participated in the following battles: Big Bethel, Va., Roanoke Island, Newbern, Kingston, Wilcox Bridge, Winston, Smithfield, Peckham's Farm, Arrowfield's Church, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor and Petersburg. Mr. Sherman was wounded at Arrowfield's Church and Cold Harbor. Returning from the war he enlisted as private in the First Light Infantry of this city, was soon promoted to Second Sergeant, and commissioned Second Lieutenant September 19, 1872. He resigned in May, 1873. Mr. Sherman joined Prescott Post, G. A. R. in August, 1867, was a charter member of Slocum Post, No. 10, G. A. R., in which Post he has served as Quartermaster, Adjutant, Junior and Senior Vice-Commander. He also served as the assistant Adjutant General of the Department of Rhode Island G. A. R., and was a member of the first Council of Administration under the late General A. E. Burnside. He is also a charter member of Corinthian Lodge, No. 27, A. F. A. Masons, and a member of Providence Royal Arch Chapter. The names of other officers on the roster of the Fourth, are to be found in connection with prominent incidents related in this work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIFTH THE MODEL POLICE-STATION OF NEW ENGLAND.—CAPTAIN BENJAMIN F. PAYNE.—ENCOUNTER WITH A MAD-DENED YOUNG GIANT.—CAPTAIN PAYNE'S REASONS FOR ADVOCATING PHYSICAL EXERCISE.—A GYMNASIUM ESTABLISHED AT THE SECOND STATION.—THE ATTEMPTED ROBBERY OF THE GENEVA MILLS IN 1882.—MR. ULMANN'S BOLD CAPTURE OF THE ROBBER.—CAPTAIN PAYNE DETECTS HIS DISGUISE.—LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. LEAVITT.—ARRESTING A DESPERADO.—A POPULAR AND EFFICIENT OFFICER.—SERGEANT BENJAMIN T. WHITE.—A COLORED PLUNDERER'S QUEER METHOD OF ROBBERY.

THE Fifth is the model police station of New England, if not of the United States. It is situated at the corner of Plain and Borden streets, and is a building of which the tax-payers of Providence have good reason to be proud. The ordinance for the construction of this station was passed September 12, 1885, and work upon it was commenced before the close of the month. The entire work was done under the supervision of the Police Committee, Alderman Gilbert F. Robbins, Councilman Hofman S. Dorchester, Councilman William B. Avery, Councilman Edwin Winsor, Councilman Alfred S. Potter, and the late Obadiah Slade, then Superintendent of Public Buildings. Councilman Potter was the chairman of the committee, and H. B. Ingraham the architect. The building, which is of Springfield brick with granite trimmings, is of modern architecture, and exceedingly plain, the only ornamentation being the modest cresting which surmounts the hip roof. It stands upon a lot 85 x 141 feet, the station proper occupying 69.6 x 49 feet, and the cell-room 39 x 28.6 feet. The entire cost of buildings and lot amounted to \$32,896.22.

The station is entered from its front on Plain street, through

heavy double-panelled doors opening into the spacious hallway which leads into the guard-room. On the right of the entrance is the captain's office, a room 15 x 15 feet. This room, as are all the others in the building, is finished in white wood, stained cherry. It is amply lighted by windows protected by inside shutters. Its furnishings, including an elegant roller-top desk, are also of cherry. The floor is covered by a tapestry carpet of a modest pattern. In the rear is a private room, also for the captain's use, furnished in a similar manner. On the opposite side of the hall is the business office. This apartment, in which the clerical work of the station is done, is provided with electric bells and speaking tubes connecting with the hallways on the second and third floors, the guard-room, cell-room, and fire-alarm gong. In a secluded alcove are the telephones connecting the Fifth with the other city stations.

Of easy access, through an adjoining hall, is the lavatory. This room is supplied with hot and cold water and sanitary closets. From this hall entrance is also gained to a spacious library, the book-case of which is well stored with standard literature. A considerable portion of the volumes are the contributions of citizens residing in the district, and the officers themselves have added several expensive works. This room is also provided with set bowl with hot and cold water. The guard-room is an apartment 25 x 30 feet, amply lighted by five windows. It is provided with the usual case for the reception and safe keeping of the revolvers, clubs and belts of the patrolmen, roll-board of officers' names, and map of the several beats travelled by the officers of this precinct. In this room the thirty-four active officers quartered here are assembled for roll-call. From it admission is gained to a kitchen, 15 x 15 feet, from which opens a conveniently arranged pantry. The kitchen is provided with a range and table, while the pantry is stocked with adequate crockery and cooking utensils for use in serving midnight meals. From the guard-room access is also gained to two apartments for the temporary detention of persons, especially women whom it is not desired to place in the ordinary cells. Access to the second story is obtained by two stairways, one leading from the hallway in the



BENJAMIN F. PAYNE,
Captain of the Fifth District.

Figure 1 is a 2D scatter plot representing the spatial distribution of 1000 simulated data points. The horizontal axis (x-axis) and vertical axis (y-axis) both range from 0 to 100, with major tick marks every 20 units. The data points are represented by small black dots. They are distributed across the entire plot area, but there is a noticeable concentration or higher density of points in the upper right quadrant, specifically between x=60-80 and y=60-80. Other points are more sparsely distributed in the lower left and middle regions.

centre of the building, the other from the rear of the guard-room. The former, or main stairway, is ample in width and of easy ascent, and at its head are the bath-rooms and sanitary closets, fitted with all the latest improvements. The front room on the right, 21 x 10 feet, is used as a smoking apartment, where the officers are permitted to indulge in innocent games. Across from this is the lieutenant's room, connected by a speaking-tube with the business office. To the rear are the sleeping apartments of the officers. These rooms, of which on the second and third floors there are thirty, vary in size from 21 x 10 to 16.4 x 10 feet. The walls and ceilings of every room throughout the building are hard-finished. Each sleeping-room has a window, and is provided, except those occupied by the sergeants, with two beds. The rear apartment on the second floor is used by the officers as a wardrobe. The third floor is also provided with sanitary conveniences. On this floor, front, is the captain's sleeping apartment, a large airy room, handsomely carpeted and furnished in cherry.

The cell-room is entirely isolated from the main building by a passage-way, entrance to which is gained from Borden street. Here the Black Maria each morning receives its freight of prisoners direct from the cell-room door. The fourteen cells with which this room is provided, are located in the centre, and in all respects make a radical departure from old-fashioned methods. Brick cells require a great deal of room and are not sanitary; brick being an absorbent of moisture and filth, and mortar joints being a convenient harbor for vermin. This decided the committee to adopt steel cells. These cells, which are 4 x 7 feet, are perfectly smooth in the interior; they are impervious to moisture, filth or vermin; they are indestructible, and from peculiar construction, noiseless. The steel partitions between the cells are hollow and filled with sand. The ventilation of the cell room is a carefully wrought out scheme, so planned that the foul air from the cells cannot enter the corridor. Each prisoner is furnished with a certain amount of air, the basis of calculation being the same as in use for hospitals. Each cell is provided with toilet accommodations and all flushing, which is automatic and set to any speci-

fied time, is beyond the prisoners interference. Three of the cells are isolated from the main room and are used for the incarceration of women and children. The cells which have been occupied through the previous night are thoroughly washed in the morning, a line of hose being brought into requisition for this purpose. The upper floor of the cell building, access to which is gained from the second story of the station proper by a bridge, is used as a drill hall. Necessary heat is derived from a steam heater, located in the basement of the main building. Gas is used in illuminating the structure. The entire establishment is a model of neatness, and Captain Benjamin F. Payne is never happier than when calling the attention of visitors to its many conveniences.

Captain Benjamin F. Payne was born in Suffolk County, New York, forty years ago, and received a common school education. During the late civil war he did honorable service as a non-commissioned officer in Company E, of the Forty-second Massachusetts Infantry. He became a member of the police force of this city on March 28, 1868, and has been on continuous duty till the present time. He was assigned to duty at the First Station as night patrolman, and in 1873 was appointed a roundsman at the same station. While patrolman, Officer Payne made numerous arrests, and he has the reputation of never having lost a prisoner that he attempted to arrest. January 7, 1875, he was appointed night Sergeant, holding that office until July 28, 1879, when he was promoted to Lieutenant. One night while night Sergeant, Officer Payne was sitting in the station alone, when he heard a loud noise in the cell-room, and as this was prior to the days of detailing men on "telegraph" as it was called, the Sergeant went into the room and discovered a man in one of the cells who had been arrested for drunkenness. This man was a prize fighter named Henry Murphy, a very strong rugged young fellow, and formidable to handle. He had succeeded in tearing off a large piece of planking from the bench with which each cell is furnished, and with this he was pounding the bars of his cell door. Sergeant Payne requested him to pass the stick out, which request was complied with and the Sergeant returned to the office.

He had hardly seated himself, when a noise was again heard emanating from the cell-room. Another visit disclosed the prisoner banging away at the iron bars, this time, however, with a tin-cup. Upon his refusal to surrender the cup when requested, Sergeant Payne threw the bolt of the cell door open, with the intention of entering the cell and removing the cup. No sooner, however, was the door opened than Murphy sprang suddenly upon Mr. Payne and a conflict of a most severe and desperate character ensued. As soon as Sergeant Payne grappled with Murphy, he realized that he was in the hands of a man insane from drink as well as a giant in strength. The officer fighting for his life, and a rum-crazed prize fighter tearing at his opponent's throat, was an experience Mr. Payne, at least, will remember. Up and down the cell room the two men fought, now rolling over and over each other, and now held tight in each other's embrace. The contest continued for several minutes. At length Mr. Payne succeeded in drawing his spring billy, and dealing his opponent a powerful blow on the head, which disabled him. The blow appeared to bring Murphy to his senses, for he at once pleaded with the Sergeant not to strike again, and he promised to behave, whereupon Mr. Payne let him up and secured him in his cell.

At the end of one year's service as a Lieutenant, Mr. Payne was promoted to the captaincy of the Second District, and there remained until February 6, 1888, when he was transferred to the Fifth Station. While in command of the Second Station the Captain, recognizing the worth and advantages of a gymnasium at the station for the use of the officers, called upon several of the citizens of his district, and soon had raised about \$200, which was devoted to fitting up and equipping a gymnasium in the Drill Hall of that station. Captain Payne is an earnest advocate of physical exercise for policemen. "Time after time," he said, "I have seen a policeman come into the station after a hard struggle with his prisoner, so completely exhausted that he was scarcely able to speak, while the prisoner, probably a vicious young giant, showed scarcely any signs of weariness. On one occasion I saw an officer vainly attempting to scale a board fence, the gate to which was latched on the inside. A young man standing near by said:

“‘Shall I get over and open the gate, Captain?’

“‘Go ahead!’ I replied, though rather chagrined at the idea of one of my men being outdone by a citizen.

“The young man gave a leap, and, catching the top of the fence, climbed over in a moment; then he opened the door and let us in. Nobody was hurt by the accident, luckily, but that incident kept before my mind, and bothered me. That young man, had he been a thief or a murderer with half a minute’s start ahead of those policemen, could have escaped from them all without the slightest trouble. And how many criminals have escaped capture because they have been too fleet or powerful for the pursuing policeman will never be known.”

Thoughts like these prompted Captain Payne to favor the establishment of a gymnasium, which should also include the features of a social club. In carrying out this object he was most ably seconded by the officers of the district. When the gymnasium was first established, being furnished by the Narragansett Machine Company, which likewise supplied the gymnasiums in Baltimore, the men began to make gratifying progress in athletic skill. Captain Payne is confident that interest in the subject will increase as time progresses.

As commander of the Second District Captain Payne enforced and maintained order, often under difficult circumstances, and with an inadequate force. Throughout labor troubles, which were not infrequent in a district largely composed of factory villages, he succeeded in so managing as to preserve the rights of the citizen, and require obedience to law, without resorting to harsh or provoking measures. He repressed the lawless element sternly, but forbore to drive the thoughtless into lawlessness. It is a peculiar district, and in dealing with some of the characters that infest it, even a good officer may query whether a word should precede a blow. But Captain Payne was fortunate in having men who never gave a blow without the need for it, and results commonly showed that their judgment was correct.

Captain Payne has had a part in a number of prominent arrests. One noted case in which he showed detective shrewdness was the attempted robbery at the Geneva Mills in 1882. Stephen B.

Rathbun had been employed as a clerk in the office of the mills. Money was constantly missed from the safe, and Rathbun was suspected. There was no proof of his guilt, but it was thought best to get rid of him. In the beginning of August, 1882, a villainous-looking individual applied for employment at the mill as a weaver. His appearance was so decidedly against him that he was promptly rejected. About 10.30 o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, August 12, 1882, the same person appeared at the office, and said that he wished to see the overseer of the weaver-room. The clerk started in search of the overseer, and the visitor, whose actions showed considerable familiarity with the premises, at once entered where the clerk had been.

It was pay-day, and Mr. Albert A. Sack, the treasurer, and Mr. Morris S. Ulmann, the secretary of the Geneva Mills, were making up the pay envelopes. Before them, on a table, lay \$4,829 in money, of which \$3,982 was a package of bills. The stranger entered the rear office. He was evidently surprised at seeing anybody there. He hesitated a moment. Then, in a loud voice he said: "I demand to see the superintendent!" Before Messrs. Sack and Ulmann could recover from their surprise, the intruder seized the package of bills and ran. Mr. Ulmann at once pursued, discharging his pistol twice at the fugitive, but without hitting him. The driver of a beer-wagon, who tried to stop the robber, was deterred by the muzzle of a revolver. In rushing through a gate, the fugitive hurt his side by contact with a post. Before he could get over a fence Mr. Ulmann seized him. He was taken to the Geneva Mill, and placed under guard.

When Captain Payne arrived he at once saw that the robber was disguised. He lifted off the cap, then a wig,—and Rathbun was disclosed. He had rubbed black grease into his close-cropped whiskers, and in the woods, near the residence of the late Ex-Chief Justice Bradley, was found a suit of clothes, which would evidently have taken the place of the disguise, had the robber escaped. All the money was recovered. Rathbun was sentenced to a term in State Prison.

On Wednesday, November 9, 1881, a milk-white mare and

carriage were stolen from Charles Young, of Danielsonville, Connecticut. Two days later a man giving the name of Walter H. Curliss, went to a colored man named Charles Brown, residing at 25 Hewes street, in this city, and offered to trade horses. Brown accepted a milk-white mare in exchange for his own horse, giving \$100 besides. Curliss explained that he belonged in Taunton, and was selling out a farm. A day or two later Brown heard men talking in an uptown stable about the theft at Danielsonville, and recognized in the description the horse for which he had traded. He informed Captain Payne of his bargain. The Captain notified Mr. Young, and proceeded to search out the thief. He ascertained that a man named Harmon had been seen in possession of the horse traded by Curliss. In company with the redoubtable Town Sergeant William Carroll, of Johnston, who has no superior in any town as a public prosecutor and police official, Captain Payne drove about fifty miles on the roads of Johnston and vicinity in search of Harmon. It was found that Harmon had an uncle in Pawtucket. From relatives there it was learned that Harmon lived at No. 285 Friendship street, Providence. There Captain Payne took the horsethief by surprise and arrested him. The *Providence Journal* said of the case: "Considerable credit is due to Captain Payne for the shrewd and successful manner in which he has worked the case, and placed a dangerous man behind the bars. Horsethieving has been carried on very extensively in Connecticut during the past summer, and it is thought that more than one case of this nature can be traced to Harmon's door. Policeman Joseph Bradbury assisted Captain Payne materially in ferreting out the criminal."

On Sunday evening, June 12, 1887, Henry Thornton was stabbed on Smithfield avenue by Joseph Schayer. The *Providence Journal* of June 14th said: "The capture of two young men implicated in the affair by Captain Payne, of the Second Station, and his men, was a remarkable piece of quick and intelligent work, and reflects great credit upon the officers concerned in the arrest. Captain Payne was notified by Lieutenant O'Neil about twelve o'clock, and immediately upon his arrival the work



WILLIAM H. LEAVITT,
Lieutenant of the Fifth District.

of investigation was begun. Only a slight clue was obtained at the outset, and that was that the assailants were either Germans or French-Canadians. Captain Payne at once sent word to the station for a detachment of his men, and kept the night relief on duty in the vicinity. He then sent his officers in all directions to call at houses where Germans and Frenchmen were in the habit of stopping, with instructions to request admittance and communication with the inmates. In this way a thorough and systematic search was instituted. In one instance the officers were refused admittance, and the house was surrounded until such time as the occupants would open the door. Finally Captain Payne reached the house of Julius Stromwayer, just over the city line on Smithfield avenue. The Captain made his way to the room of Joseph Schayer. The assailant had been described as a dark-complexioned man with a dark mustache. Schayer had a light complexion and smooth face. Captain Payne was at first disposed to retire, but a happy thought struck him, and he said: "Schayer, what about that trouble you had over in Smithfield avenue last night?" The Captain was astonished to hear the reply, given without hesitation, 'We were on the avenue singing German songs, and two fellows came up to us and called us out of our names.' Captain Payne then asked: 'Where is the knife you used?' Schayer at once pointed out the weapon, which was in the pocket of his coat." Thornton hovered between life and death for some time, but finally recovered. The evidence given in court showed that Schayer had acted in self-defence, and that his previous character was of the best.

Lieutenant William H. Leavitt was born in Standish, Maine, in 1839, and came to Rhode Island when about twenty-one years of age. Mr. Leavitt joined the Providence police force in 1874, and was assigned to night patrol duty at the Fourth Police Station. In 1878 he was promoted to roundsman, and assigned to the Third Station, and to sergeant in 1880, when he was appointed to the Fifth Station. Shortly after the election of Chief Child, in 1881, Mr. Leavitt was appointed Lieutenant, on duty at the Fifth Station, where he remains. All of Mr. Leavitt's promotions have been earned by steady performance of duty.

During his entire term of service he has never given occasion even for reprimand, and he justly holds the confidence and esteem of his superiors and subordinates. He has made his full share of important arrests, on one occasion tracing to the Adams House a man who had attempted a murder, and arresting him as he lay sleeping in bed, pistol in hand, and the weapon pointed to the door. The desperado had fallen asleep in this attitude, but would doubtless have used the pistol if awake. During about nine years service under Captain Costine the best relations existed between Mr. Leavitt and his commander, as between Captain Payne and the Lieutenant to-day. Mr. Leavitt is of wiry build, well seasoned to police work, and evidently good yet for many years of valuable service. He is an earnest admirer of the Fifth, as the model police station of the country, and thinks that the health of the officers has been improved, and that of prisoners protected, by the provision for separating the cell-rooms from the station, and for the thorough cleansing and ventilation of the cells.

Sergeant Benjamin T. White, of the Fifth Station, was born in Bristol, R. I., in 1837. He was a member of the Fire Department in 1855, and is a member now of the Firemen's Veteran Association. He did duty when Howard Block was in flames and burned all night, and he went to the cotton fire at Fox Point on a Friday night, returning on Sunday night. The Sergeant has the appearance of a hearty, rugged veteran, seasoned rather than dismantled by a half century of buffeting through the world. He was appointed on the police force July 22, 1870, promoted to roundsman July 18, 1876, and to Sergeant December 15, 1880. Serving in the Second District, when it was still far from a settled and orderly condition, it was his fortune to make a good number of important arrests. A singular case was that of Isaac Potter, whom Mr. White arrested for breaking and entering on Clayton street. Potter raised the window of a house, pushed in a pole with a grappling iron attached to it, and hooked things out, the pole emerging with a pair of pantaloons and a woman's dress at the end of it. Mr. White arrested Potter. The question was raised whether the act constituted burglary, and Potter was ultimately



BENJAMIN T. WHITE,
Sergeant of the Fifth District.

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punished for a lighter offence. In November, 1881, Mr. White had a desperate fight with a crowd of roughs at the corner of Ives and India streets. The officer's clothes were nearly torn from his person, but he held on to his man and landed him safely in the lock-up at Station No. 3. In August, 1871, while passing down Furnace street, in the evening, he heard the cry of "Watch! Murder!" He ran to the spot and just as he reached there, out came a colored man, head first, through the window-sash and all. Upon going inside the house he found a party of ruffians there making it decidedly lively for the inmates. They made a rush for the door upon seeing the officer, but he captured one. Horace Lewis, Sergeant of Station 3, coming up at this time, arrested another of the gang, but not before he was knocked down once or twice by them. One morning early Mr. White was ordered to proceed to India street and arrest a woman on a warrant, charging her with being a lewd and lascivious person. Hearing the officer ascending the stairs she disrobed and jumped into bed, and all the officer's persuasion could not induce her to get up and don her wearing apparel. Seeing that the woman did not mean to dress herself he sent for an express wagon, and when it arrived he again besought her to arise and dress, he being in an adjoining apartment, but she only taunted him by daring him to lay a finger on her. Suddenly Mr. White gave a spring, and grabbing the bed-clothes, quickly rolled the astonished woman up in them, and telling the expressman, now on the spot, to take her wearing apparel, he carried her bodily down the stairs and deposited her in the bottom of the express wagon. There she quietly remained until arrival at the Station.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SIXTH STATION A TEMPORARY HABITATION.—CAPTAIN REUBEN R. BAKER.—FROM CABIN-BOY TO CAPTAIN WHILE YET A YOUTH.—APPOINTED ON THE POLICE FORCE.—ARREST OF THE WOULD-BE MURDERER OF A DAUGHTER.—A FORTUNATE RESCUE IN THE DARK.—INTERESTING INCIDENT OF THE CAPTAIN'S EXPERIENCE.—THE SUSPECTED DIGGERS FOR HIDDEN WEALTH.—SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT SCOTT.—CAPTURE OF A COUNTERFEITER.—SERGEANT GEORGE CRANE, JR.—PERILOUS ENCOUNTERS WITH REFRACTORY PRISONERS.—THE ASSAULT ON PATROLMAN GROVER.—SERGEANT WILLIAM B. ROWE.

ALTHOUGH an extensive district, with twenty-eight miles of streets, and an area of 2.75 square miles, the Sixth Station is merely a temporary habitation, unworthy of the city, and unfit for the accommodation of the police. The wooden building on Capron street, ceded to the city when the late Tenth Ward was annexed, has been somewhat improved by being raised one story, but it is not a station-house in any proper sense of that compound word. It has, however, a captain second to none in popularity, or, so far as he has been able to demonstrate in his term of service, in merit. Captain Reuben R. Baker, too, started by following the sea. It is noteworthy how many good-hearted, whole-souled members of the force began their life as mariners. Is there something about the wide ocean that broadens men's minds, and smoothes away the little, jagged prejudices of life, as the mighty waves smooth the surface of the breasting rocks?

Captain Reuben R. Baker was born in Dennis, Mass., in 1845, went to sea as a boy, and graduated from cabin to captain. He was appointed on the police force February 1, 1875, and for meritorious conduct was promoted to roundsman in 1877; promoted to sergeant, September 13, 1877; to lieutenant, August 7, 1879, and to a captaincy, February 2, 1888. Captain Baker has

made a number of important arrests since his first appointment, several of which are well worth repeating. October 29, 1880, he, with officer William N. Sherman, heard cries of distress about 3 o'clock in the morning, which cries seemed to come from the west side of the river. Mr. Baker was then stationed at the Third Station. Breaking a window in the ferry-house, at the foot of James street, they procured oars, boarded one of the ferry boats, and crossed the river in the direction of the cries, which could still be heard, but very indistinctly. Upon reaching the opposite side they discerned a man clinging to a hawser that led from a schooner to the wharf. He was barely able to keep his head above water when the officers arrived. He was pulled into the boat, and locked up at the Third Station, in an intoxicated condition.

About midnight, Saturday, November 12, 1881, John E. Moran was fatally stabbed, by a man named James Sheehan, in the rear of a saloon on the corner of Ives and Power streets. Word was sent to Station Three, and Captain Baker immediately started out in pursuit of the manslayer. He found Sheehan at his home on Preston street about 1.30 o'clock. He took him before Moran, who fully identified him. He was then sent to the Third Station in charge of two officers. Moran died the next day at the Rhode Island Hospital. Sheehan was an old man, and when his case came up for trial he was allowed to put in a plea of guilty of manslaughter.

On the night of December 6, 1881, Severn Custis, colored, shot Jacob Williams, also colored, at the corner of Brook and Wickenden streets. Lieutenant Baker, with officer Joseph Arnold, arrested Custis, soon after, in his house on Sheldon street. The pistol could not be found just then, and after taking the prisoner to the station, Lieutenant Baker went back and searched for the weapon. He found it under some clothes in a tub in a back room. Williams, who recovered, still carries the bullet. Custis died in State Prison.

Saturday evening, August 18, 1883, Edward Garvin was stabbed in the back, and his face was cut open, in his yard at No. 3 Trenton street, by Thomas Gallagher. Dr. Kenney

dressed the wounds, and thought they might prove fatal. Gallagher, after the stabbing, disappeared; but, with his usual pertinacity the Captain followed up all clues reported to him of the criminal's whereabouts. He ascertained, by careful inquiry, that Gallagher was secreted in a house on the outskirts of East Providence, R. I. Monday, August 20, 1883, Captain Baker, accompanied by officer George A. Reeves, proceeded to the house about daylight, and arrested the man. Moran recovered from his wounds, and Gallagher was convicted of an assault with a dangerous weapon, and sentenced to the State Prison.

Wednesday, June 25, 1884, Dennis J. Sullivan met his 16-year-old daughter, Annie L. Sullivan, in the entry of his house, and attempted to kill her. He succeeded in partly cutting her throat, making a very dangerous wound. She escaped from his clutches with her life. Her cries for help called the police to the spot, but before their arrival the infuriated man had got out of sight. Captain Baker succeeded in arresting him about 10.45 o'clock the same night the deed was committed, in a house in the rear of the lower part of South Main street. Annie recovered, and her father was sentenced to the State Prison. September 14, 1884, about 2 o'clock in the morning, officer Skinner A. Collier reported to Captain Baker that he had heard some one crying for help on the opposite side of the river. The cries seemed, he said, to come from below the Point Street Bridge. The Captain, accompanied by the officer, proceeded to the dock, and listened for a repetition of the cries; but all was silent except the water rippling around the piles. Captain Baker pried open a box on a float, where oars were kept. Selecting a pair the two officers boarded a boat at the bridge, and rowed about half a mile down the river, and then crossed to the west side. Just below the Gas Company's wharf Captain Baker ceased rowing, shouted, and awaited a reply. A rustling noise among the piles attracted their attention. Rowing to the spot they saw a man with his arms clasped around one of the piles. He was so exhausted that he could not make any outcry, and the tide had flowed around him so that his head was barely out of the water. He was promptly rescued from his perilous position, and taken to the station, where he received the necessary attention.



REUBEN R. BAKER,
Captain of the Sixth District.

Captain Baker related to the writer the following interesting story : " In August, 1882, while spending a short furlough in a town called West Harwich, in Massachusetts, one evening some of the citizens discovered what they thought was evidence of a great crime having been committed. A colored woman, accompanied by two young white men, landed at the railroad depot in North Harwich, with a very large trunk, of unusual length, which was checked from Providence, R. I. When they left the station they did not take the trunk, but went in a direction towards the most secluded portion of the town. In the early evening they came with a wagon and took the trunk and drove around in several different directions on back roads, and finally, near midnight, landed on what is called an island near Herring river ; that is, a dry spot of wooded land surrounded by a meadow or low marsh. There they were seen busily engaged at work, with lighted lanterns, until long after midnight. The fact soon became circulated among the people, and stories and theories were numerous. The good folks were all very much excited, as they felt sure some crime was being committed or secreted among them. Some reported they saw a large box big enough to hold a casket sunk in the river near the island. The next day some fished the river, but found no box, and others procured teams and drove to the island, where they found the earth had been dug up in a number of places, in some places to the depth of eight or ten feet. The soft earth was shoveled over, but no trace of anything could be found concealed beneath it. Certain of the citizens appealed to me to take action in the matter, but as there was no reliable evidence of any crime being committed, and so many stories in circulation, I did not care to do so. I considered the transaction to be too open and bungling to be the work of any criminal. The next evening the trunk was left at the depot and checked for Providence, R. I., and three tickets bought by one of the young men. I was called on that evening and asked to arrest the strangers before they got away from the town, but I referred my visitors to the town officers, and told them it was their place to act and not mine. As the parties came from Providence, and were going to return there, I thought I would see

them, so as to know them again if anything should come of their doings, especially if connected with something committed in Providence. The next morning I arose early and drove to the depot. Before the party arrived I examined the trunk and the weight, and all the particulars were explained to me by interested parties. I placed a private mark on the trunk so that I could know it if I saw it again. When the party arrived at the depot I noted a very particular description of them, so I would surely know either of them again should I chance to meet them, and so that I could give an accurate description if necessary. I entered into conversation with one of them about the weather, but as he seemed disinclined to talk I did not press the conversation. The colored woman spoke to a lady in the depot. The lady addressed belonged in Providence and I was somewhat acquainted with her, so I felt quite sure I could locate the colored woman if I wanted to when I arrived home.

“Meantime a friend, very much interested in the affair, secretly gained access to the trunk, and opened it the night before it left the depot for Providence, to see what it contained. He only revealed his secret to me. It contained a shovel, a spade, two lanterns, pair rubber boots, overcoat, small box, some other small articles of clothing, and some peculiarly-shaped oak twigs covered with moss and tied together with a white string. After they had left on the train that A. M., I was called on by one of the selectmen of the town to know if I could not have the party arrested when they arrived in Providence. I informed him that I could if they were charged with any crime. If they had evidence to that effect, and he or any one else in authority would go to Providence to appear against them, or would send any officer with a warrant, I would telegraph and have them detained until the officer arrived with the warrant, if he would start that day. The selectman acknowledged he had no charge he could bring against them. After I returned to Providence I did not find time to investigate the affair for a few days, and before I had fairly started to investigate, I was called on at my house by two State officers from Massachusetts, who had been sent to look the matter up. I told them my views and what I had then learned,

and they were convinced, as well as myself, that the incident had no connection with crime, but that the parties were following up some dream or fortune-teller's whim. I told them I would inquire thoroughly, and would inform them of the result. They left me their address and returned home. The next day I visited the colored woman that I had already located. I was told she was sick. I assured her maid that my business was of great importance, and she came into the parlor. While I was waiting for her in her parlor I saw on the table the oak twigs tied together with a white string, that had been in the trunk. At first she did not seem inclined to give me any information, but after I informed her that I was an officer, and also told her the trip she had taken, about the trunk and its contents, and picked up the oak twigs that were on the table, and told her where they came from, and that they were brought in the trunk; also what train she left on, whom the tickets were bought by, that the young man kept her ticket until they arrived at Attleboro', when he gave her her ticket and left the car she was in, and was not seen to speak to her again; she seemed very much surprised and said: 'You know all about it.' She then sat down and told me the whole story. She said she was a medium and told fortunes while in a trance. A young lady, a sister to the two young men, had been to her several times, and while in a trance telling the young lady's fortune, she had told her of a large amount of money being buried on the island that I have spoken of. The sister told her brothers about it, and they had also been to see her. She had assured them that there was a large quantity of money there, and they could get it if they went to the right spot and dug it up at the right time. They prepared to go, and in order to make it sure they took her with them, so she could go into a trance and locate the exact spot where it was buried. I asked her if she located the spot. She said she did, and was satisfied the money was there, buried in large quantities. I asked why they did not get it. She said they did not commence to dig just on the hour of midnight, and did not dig quite deep enough. I frequently met the two young men before I went to see the colored lady, and knew just where to find them. I soon after obtained all the details of

their preparations before starting on the trip, how and when they started, and also when they arrived back to Providence, how the trunk was taken from the depot, and where the tools and utensils were taken to."

Captain Baker has an experienced and competent assistant in Lieutenant Scott, who has served at the Central, the Fourth, the Second, and Fifth Stations. The Lieutenant was born in West Bath, Maine, in 1834. Like other Maine boys he loved the sea and followed it until appointed on the Providence police, May 21, 1873. He was promoted to Sergeant December 14, 1879, and to Lieutenant July 15, 1888. In the fall of 1877, in the month of November, he had a desperate fight with three Frenchmen, on Gaspee street. Mr. Scott was very roughly handled by them. They escaped arrest and fled to Canada. Mr. Scott was confined to his house a long time on account of the injuries received. In the month of December, 1878, on the 13th, four men were arrested in the Boston and Providence depot for passing counterfeit money. The arrest was made by Detectives Swan and Waldron. One of the fellows escaped from their custody and ran across Exchange place. A citizen made a motion to detain him, but the fellow drew a pistol and threatened to shoot, and the citizen, thinking discretion the better part of valor, gave him all the sidewalk. The counterfeiter's answered to the names of Frank Raymond, H. J. Raymond, John Quinn, and Robert Clark. Clark was the one that escaped. Mr. Scott was patrolman at the time, and about 12.30 o'clock on the morning of December, 14, being the next morning after the escape of Clark, he discovered a man on South Main street, apparently drunk, staggering along. Officer Scott crossed over and interviewed him. The man gave evasive replies to questions asked him by Mr. Scott, and this led the officer to arrest him. The man went along peacefully enough until near the foot of College street, when he turned upon the officer and swore that he would not go another step. A struggle began, and they both fell in the street, with the prisoner on top. In this position the fellow drew a revolver and, firing, shot the officer through the thigh. Then followed a terrific wrestle for victory. Mr. Scott made it so lively for the prisoner that he



JAMES P. SCOTT,
Lieutenant of the Sixth District.

could not get a chance to fire again while rolling in the street. The officer finally turned his assailant, and broke away from him and regained his feet. The fellow also sprang up with so much agility that it was plain to the officer that he had been only pretending drunkenness. Mr. Scott struck him with his club as the man endeavored to close in, whereupon the man aimed a pistol and pulled the trigger, but fortunately the cap only snapped. The officer then used his club so vigorously on the head of the refractory prisoner that the latter was forced to succumb. Other officers, hearing the firing, ran to the spot, and the prisoner was taken to the Central Station, bathed in blood from the wounds inflicted by the plucky officer's billet. Upon arriving at the Station the man was searched, and it then became apparent to all present that he was the counterfeiter that had escaped from the detectives earlier in the night. One hundred and fifty spurious dollars were found upon him. The others, when searched at the time of their arrest, had nothing in the shape of spurious coin that could convict them of being passers of counterfeit money. Clark got two years in the Rhode Island State Prison, as also did his partners in crime. Clark, however, received eighteen months additional sentence for an assault on an officer.

Sergeant George Crane, Jr., was born in New York City in the year 1852. He attended the public schools, and was for some years in the express business. He was appointed on the Police Force December 15, 1879, and assigned to Station 3. Mr. Crane was promoted to day duty November 14, 1880, and to Sergeant November 5, 1883, and assigned to Station 6. He was transferred to Station 3, from there to Station 4, and from Station 4 to the Sixth Police Station again. The Sergeant performed good service at each of the stations. Like most of the officers with long experience at the Sixth Station, Sergeant Crane has had a number of perilous encounters with refractory prisoners and their friends. He is likely to remember Christmas day, 1880, when, after a lively struggle, he proved himself more than a match for one, John Smith, who had deliberately assaulted him, in order to enable a prisoner to escape. The Sergeant captured Smith, and also re-captured the prisoner. A pitched

battle, in autumn of the same year, with one of the roughest denizens of that section, has also left an impress on Mr. Crane's mind, associated with kicks, bruises and bites received on that occasion. The Sergeant had about subdued his man, when two other roughs interfered, knocked the officer down, kicked and beat him almost into helplessness, dismantled his uniform, and tore off his chevrons. With a supreme effort the Sergeant regained his feet, and seized his prisoner by the throat. One of the ruffians seized a stone, and struck the officer on the head, but failed to stun him. Officer Benjamin Chace came to the rescue, and the prisoner was taken in, and got ninety days for assault upon an officer. Sergeant Crane, with Detective Parker, traced Henry Nolan, accused of stealing a gold watch, to Worcester, in May, 1883. Nolan got one year in State prison. Sergeant Crane has made a number of arrests for larceny and breaking and entering. He also assisted, August 25, 1888, in the arrest of two men suspected of the murder of Waterman Irons.

The latest serious case of assault on an officer in the Sixth District, was on September 1st, of last year, and as the story illustrates the methods of suburban ruffianism, it may be worth relating: "Shortly after midnight, on a Sunday morning, patrolman Anson M. Grover found Patrick Conroy drunk and behaving in a disorderly manner on Grove street. He took him under arrest, and proceeded with some difficulty for a short distance, when a number of Conroy's friends interfered and began throwing stones at the policeman with the intention of disabling him and thus freeing the prisoner. Two of the stones struck the policeman on the breast, making slight wounds. He released his prisoner and started in pursuit of the stone-throwers, on the way discharging his pistol three times, aiming directly at them. No one was disabled, however, and all escaped, making their way into a house on Barre street, occupied by a widow named Dunlavey. Grover now called patrolman Sullivan, who notified Lieutenant Magill and also Sergeant White at the Sixth Station. At 1.30 the Lieutenant, accompanied by a party of policemen, visited the Dunlavey residence and searched the premises, but no



WILLIAM H. ROWE,
Sergeant of the Sixth District.

trace of the ruffians could be found, as they had evidently escaped by the way of a back window. A watch was kept while the Lieutenant returned to the station for a warrant for Patrick Conroy on the charge of drunkenness. Accompanied by patrolmen Cook, Foye, and Rowe, he went to a house on Barre street, occupied by Conroy's brother, and demanded admission. This was refused, and the officers were threatened with bodily harm if they attempted to enter, Conroy claiming they had no warrant to enter his house. Some women inside apparently realized the state of affairs, and unlocked the door. As the policemen entered they were met at the threshold by Conroy, who held an uplified axe, with which he endeavored to strike patrolman Cook. Rowe and Cook disarmed the man after a severe tussle. Then patrolmen Foye and Rowe made their way up-stairs and secured Patrick. Both were taken to the station. Patrick Conroy, in running away from patrolman Grover at the beginning of the trouble, was a target for one of the three shots fired. The bullet entered his cheek on the left side, and penetrated through and out on the right side beyond the nose, making a clean, though not dangerous wound.

As already remarked, such instances are becoming infrequent, but they show what policemen have to meet in compelling the refractory element to recognize the supremacy of the law, and obey the ordinances of the municipality.

On October 29, 1888, the Mayor appointed William H. Rowe to be a sergeant of police to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Sergeant George Crane, Jr.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME INCIDENTS OF POLICE EXPERIENCE.—THE BEST OFFICER IS HE WHO PREVENTS CRIME.—A POLICEMAN'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A MADMAN.—THE MURDER OF JOHN C. ROVELTO.—THE BLOW THAT NEARLY KILLED OFFICER GEORGE W. BOWEN.—O'HARE KILLED BY PATROLMAN TYLER IN SELF-DEFENCE.—OFFICER TRACY'S CAPTURE OF HIGHWAY ROBBER JOHN CONNOLLY.—MOUNTED OFFICER BRADBURY AND HIS HANDSOME "BESS."—A LONG CHASE AFTER FUGITIVE THIEVES.—PATROLMAN MADDEN AND THE NORTH END RUFFIANS.—OFFICER WILLIAM GARDINER.—WHEN NAHUM WILLARD WAS ON THE OLD WATCH.—VETERAN OFFICERS CHARLES B. BAIRD, JOSEPH B. CURTIS, DANIEL T. COLWELL, VARNUM FULLER, HIRAM HART AND JAMES H. WILBUR.—CAPTAIN SANDERS AND THE OLD WATCH.—EX-CAPTAIN NEWHALL.—OTHER RETIRED OFFICERS.

It does not follow that because a policeman has never made an important arrest, or been engaged in a memorable encounter with ruffian violence, that he is either unworthy, or has failed in his duty. While the officer who grasps the opportunity deserves to be honored and commended, yet, if the opportunity does not offer, his intrinsic merit and real value are the same. The soldier who walks his monotonous round in the dull security of an interior fort, may be as brave, patriotic and deserving as he who faces the fiery hail at the battle front, and wins lasting glory at the expense of danger, perhaps by the loss of life. So with the patrolman. One may trudge his beat for years, ever on the alert, ever ready to detect and confront the enemies of the society it is his duty to protect; but it happens, maybe, that outlaws avoid his locality; perhaps his very vigilance deters them, and prevents him from earning distinction. And it is to an officer's credit that criminals shun his beat; that his days or nights are blanks so

far as the violation of law is concerned; for it should never be forgotten that a policeman's first duty is to prevent crime, if possible, then, if committed, to detect and bring to justice the criminal. Nevertheless a history of the police which should pass over in silence, conspicuous instances of meritorious service would be failing in the first mark of a veracious and trustworthy record. Many of the more brilliant exploits of the police are treated of in other chapters, in connection with the details of famous criminal cases; but there are other and striking instances of the dangers incident to a policeman's career, which ought not to go unchronicled.

One of the most desperate encounters on record between a police officer and a criminal, or rather a madman, was that of patrolman James Ash, of the Third Precinct, when he strove to save John C. Rovelto from the crazy, and, as it proved, the fatal violence of Edward Turner. The terrible event occurred in the early morning of the twenty-fourth of March, 1887.

Henry Jackson and his wife resided on the north side of Meeting street; with them boarded Mr. Jackson's nephew, Edward Turner. Mr. Jackson was an invalid, confined to his bed by heart disease and dropsy. Members of the Lincoln Association, of which Rovelto was a member, took turns in watching with their brother. On Thursday evening, March 23d, it became the turn of Mr. Rovelto to watch with him. He reached the house at 9.30 o'clock, and Mrs. Jackson withdrew to one of the sleeping-rooms. At 2 o'clock in the morning one of the windows in the Jackson tenement was thrown up, and a woman's voice screamed, "Murder! Help! Watch!" Patrolman James Ash was at that moment walking on Thayer street, and he heard the cry for help. Hurrying to the house he made his way to the Jackson tenement, where he found Turner, with nothing on but his under-clothing, frantically pounding the head of Rovelto on the threshold of the door of the sick man's chamber. Ash immediately grappled with the infuriated negro. Then followed a fearful struggle. Turner fought like a demon. He struck the officer in the face repeatedly; he clawed and tore him with the fury of desperation; but, despite all his furious efforts, he could not release himself from

the hold of the plucky policeman. Pieces of furniture that came within reach the madman used as weapons, and a cut-glass vase, which stood on a sideboard at one end of the kitchen, he broke on the officer's head. Slowly the men fought and struggled toward the entry door; and, when once there, officer Ash could handle his man to better advantage, because there was nothing that Turner could make use of as a weapon. In the hallway Ash applied the twisters, but in the struggle Turner broke them, and again the fight continued as desperately as before. At last two or three neighbors came to the officer's assistance, and the negro, foaming at the mouth with baffled rage, was overpowered and taken to the Third Police Station. While the battle was going on between Ash and the madman Rovelto expired. The victim was a well-known and highly respected colored janitor, by birth a Malay, and the deed entirely motiveless on the part of the homicide.

Mr. Ash, however, was fortunate, compared with patrolman George W. Bowen, of the Sixth Station. A few years ago Mr. Bowen was a type of manly physique. His handsome features beamed with good nature and conscious energy, and the force had no finer mounted policeman. To-day, though able to do good service, he is sadly marred. The only wonder is that he is alive at all. On the twentieth of April, 1884, Officer Bowen attempted to arrest a young man named Peter McKenna, who was misbehaving on Atwell's avenue. McKenna, a powerful young man of twenty-two, resisted forcibly. Mounted policeman Foye came to his partner's assistance. A mob gathered around the officers and the struggling prisoner, and cheered on McKenna in his efforts for liberation. Just as the policemen were putting the handcuffs on the prisoner, a large stone, hurled apparently from the centre of the street, struck Mr. Bowen fairly in the right eye, the blow sounding like the stroke of a hammer. The officer released his grasp, and staggered back against a fence. At this moment Sergeant Crane appeared on the scene, and the mob promptly dispersed. McKenna was taken to the station-house, and Officer Bowen was conveyed to the Rhode Island Hospital by Chief Child and patrolman Allen. His mind wandered, and for a long

time he lay between life and death. At length the officer recovered, but to his dying day his face will bear the mark of the stone. To Detective Swan and Officer Isaac Fairbrother was due the capture of the ruffian who threw the missile with such cruel result. On the Tuesday following, a man answering the reported description of the assailant, attempted to take a train for Connecticut. He was arrested on a guess, and the guess proved correct. Flood confessed the crime, was indicted, and sentenced to two years in State Prison.

Patrolman Thomas D. Tyler, when assaulted on Atwell's avenue, August 20, 1883, resisted so effectively that he killed the prisoner who had joined in the attack upon him. The officer, who was patrolling the avenue, directed a disorderly crowd to move on, advising one of them, James O'Hare, whom he knew by sight, to go home. O'Hare refusing, and uttering offensive language, Mr. Tyler undertook to arrest him. A crowd of roughs gathered to the rescue, and kicks and blows were showered upon the patrolman. Mr. Tyler, bruised and almost beaten to the ground, thinking his assailants meant to kill him, drew his revolver and fired. The crowd scattered just as Captain Cory, with four men, arrived at the scene. O'Hare had escaped into the house of a relative, but he carried with him the fatal bullet. As for patrolman Tyler, the marks of kicks and bruises told plainly the provocation which had compelled the use of a deadly weapon. O'Hare died, and the coroner's jury found that the officer had acted in self-defence.

A policeman who has had many encounters with the ruffians of Providence, in which the latter have invariably been worsted, is officer Jack Tracy, as he is familiarly known. Bluff, frank and fearless, Mr. Tracy also possesses a good deal of detective shrewdness, and he has made some arrests that required not only courage but wit. The most noteworthy of these was nearly twenty years ago, when Mr. Tracy took John Connolly, the leader in a cowardly and flagrant highway robbery in the very heart of Providence. About 9 o'clock, on the evening of April 12, 1869, as Mr. Bartlett Tierney was turning into Fulton street from Exchange place, on his way to his home in South Provi-

dence, he was accosted by three men, one of whom asked him the time of night; Mr. Tierney obligingly drew his watch from his vest pocket, and while he was noting the time by the dim light of a street lantern, one of the party, John Connolly, struck the old man a violent blow in the face, that prostrated him. Then all three of the ruffians pounced upon him, robbed him of his watch and one hundred and fifty dollars, and escaped with their booty. All this was done so quickly and so quietly that the police were not alarmed, and their first knowledge of the affair was an hour afterwards, when Mr. Tierney, bruised and bleeding, entered the Central Station. Detective Swan was immediately assigned to the case. Connolly's accomplices were two noted thieves, named Owen McCarron and John Glancy. Owen McCarron was the first of the ruffians arrested. He was bound over to the Court of Common Pleas. Nearly two months elapsed before a correct clue to Connolly's whereabouts could be obtained. Detective Swan learned through a trustworthy source, that Connolly was at work in the Phoenix Print Works, Phoenix, R. I., under the assumed name of John O'Neil. With Detective John M. Knowles, Officer Tracy and several other policemen, Mr. Swan went to Phoenix. The Phoenix Print Works are situated in a valley. Mr. Swan so posted his pickets on the brow of the hill that they could command a view of either side of the factory, in the event of Connolly taking the alarm, and jumping from one of the windows. Connolly knew Mr. Swan by sight, but the detective did not know him, so to Mr. Tracy was allotted the task of entering the mill and arresting the man. For the purpose of identification, Mr. Swan was accompanied by a man personally acquainted with Connolly. This man was hidden behind a stone wall. The rear part of a shed rested on this wall, and a hole was made in the wall through which the man, in hiding, could look and see all that was going on under the shed. When all was in readiness, Mr. Tracy went to the office of the Print Works and stated his business to a member of the firm. The latter sent the clerk with Mr. Tracy to point out the person in the work-shop. This the clerk did through a little peep-hole, from an adjoining room, near to where "O'Neil" was employed.

Mr. Tracy entered the shop nonchalantly, and strolled slowly along, stopping to view the working of the machinery. He finally halted near the man pointed out to him, and who evidently was the person Mr. Swan wanted. Mr. Tracy carried a pair of hand-cuffs in his right coat-pocket, open and ready for instant use. He inquired of the fellow, while edging closer to him, about the working of the machine. Then, as Connolly—for him it proved to be—was in the act of explaining, the officer seized the handcuffs from his pocket, and quickly snapped them on the wrists of the astonished criminal. Mr. Tracy marched his prisoner from the shop without much trouble, although the latter protested it was an outrage and that they had got the wrong man, and that he, Tracy, would find it out to his sorrow. The captive was halted under the shed, where all the officers had gathered, upon observing Tracy coming forth from the Works with the prisoner. Mr. Swan turned, slyly, toward the hole in the wall, and he saw the watcher nod his head, indicating that they had arrested the right man. The watcher did not want Connolly to know that he had informed on him, as he feared the desperado. Connolly was tried, found guilty of highway robbery, and sentenced to the State Prison for twelve years. McCarron got five years, and Glancy was never heard of again in Providence.

Mounted Officer Joseph Bradbury has a rare ally in his handsome and docile "Bess," who bears him on his rounds, and displays an almost human intelligence in the pursuit of offenders. Joe's devotion to his faithful horse is only surpassed by his devotion to duty, and the name of the animal recalls a memorable occasion in which several Providence officers, as well as Mr. Bradbury's horse, proved their mettle and staying power. On January 28, 1884, Detective Parker attempted to arrest three men, on Washington street, named Henry Randall, Frank Eddy, and David M. Eddy, sneak thieves, who were endeavoring to dispose of a horse, wagon, and several robes, stolen at Attleboro, Mass. Detective Parker kept up a running fight with the fellows, who were trying to escape by lashing their horses into a gallop. Several times the detective, while trying to climb into the

wagon, was struck in the face by the butt end of a whip-stock, in the hands of one of the desperadoes. They got away, and Mr. Parker, procuring a team as soon as possible, began pursuit. Mr. Bradbury, hearing the fact, immediately joined in the hue and cry. The thieves in the meantime had a good start. Bess dashed along nobly, and Bradbury at length sighted the fugitives. They had by this time got as far as Lime Rock, ten miles away. Sighting the officer in pursuit, they lashed their weary beast into a run again. But Bess and her gallant rider lessened the distance between them at every leap. Seeing that escape was impossible, two of the thieves jumped out of the vehicle and clambered over a stone wall. Bess and her rider overtook the wagon, and Mr. Parker, with Detective Swan and Lieutenant Edward O'Neil, coming up at this juncture, gave their attention to the vehicle, while Bradbury turned his horse in the direction of the fleeing pair. Bess cleared the wall, and before the two men could reach the shelter of the trees toward which they were running, Bradbury thundered by them, and, immediately wheeling Bess to block their further progress, commanded them to throw up their hands and surrender. The fellows saw that refusal would react upon themselves, gave in, and were marched on ahead of Bess to the wagon. They were convicted of assault on an officer, and received a sentence to State Prison. After their sentence had expired here they were turned over to the Massachusetts authorities, convicted of larceny, and served another term for that offense. When, after the destructive fire of February 15th last, officer Bradbury, after a night's hard service, fell unconscious on his post, the faithful mare was found standing over him, watching, as if to guard him from harm.

No patrolman has encountered more blows at the hands of North End ruffians than Michael Madden, who, for upwards of eleven years, has patrolled in that district. Tall and brawny in frame, Mr. Madden never shrinks from facing the lawless element, and although sometimes severely used, he has never cried, "Enough!" On one occasion a rough character pounded Mr. Madden's head with a stone, the officer retaliating with his club, until both were helpless, and the police ambulance carried away.

both policeman and prisoner. Several weeks elapsed before Mr. Madden was again able for patrol duty. On the 23d of April, 1879, officer Madden arrested Margaret Shaw, who killed her husband, John Shaw, by chopping his head nearly off with an axe. She died in State Prison, under a life sentence.

There is no better-known patrolman than Officer William Gardiner. Born June 18, 1842, at South Glastonbury, Connecticut. Mr. Gardiner, four months later, after the death of his father, was removed to Rhode Island, among both his paternal and maternal relatives, and has ever since resided here. He was educated in the public schools of Manville, Central Falls and Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and at the age of thirteen graduated from Wilkinson's Academy, Seekonk, Massachusetts, in the year 1855. October 29, 1861, Mr. Gardiner enlisted as a private in F Troop, First New England Cavalry, the name of which was changed afterwards to the First Rhode Island Cavalry. He was promoted to corporal, sergeant, and first sergeant, and participated with his regiment in the following campaigns: Shield's, Pope's, McClellan's, Burnside's Hooker's Meade's, Sheridan's and Grant's, covering a service of forty-six months. Mr. Gardiner served in the following general engagements: Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Groveton, August 28, '62; Second Bull Run, August 30, '62; Chantilly, September 1, '62; Antietam, September 17, '62; Fredericksburg, December, 13, '62; Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863; Brandy Station, June 9, '63; Middleburg, June 17, '63. In this engagement he was captured, taken to Richmond by the enemy, and shut up in Libby, and Belle Isle Prisons. After forty-six days imprisonment he was paroled and sent to Annapolis, Maryland, and exchanged the following August, reporting for duty during the engagement of September 14, at Rapidan Station, Virginia; during the remainder of 1863, and up to September 1864, Mr. Gardiner was in several minor cavalry engagements. September 19, '64, under Sheridan, he shared in the thorough and complete victory at Winchester, and October 9, at Fisher's Hill. On October 19, Mr. Gardiner was at Cedar Creek, "with Sheridan twenty miles away," at the opening of the battle. Altogether, during his army service, Mr. Gardiner was in twenty-

six engagements. Since the war he has been chosen to every office from a position upon the Executive Committee, to that of Vice President, Secretary and President in his Regimental Veteran Association. For five years he has filled, to the satisfaction of his comrades, the office of secretary. He is a member of the Soldier's and Sailor's Historical Society, of Rhode Island, and of Slocum Post, No. 10, Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R., and Aide-de-camp upon the Department Commander's Staff. Mr. Gardiner joined the Police Department, April, 1875, and for four years patrolled in the Third District. In 1879, he was transferred to the First District, where he has since remained. He has served the Police Association as Director, Vice President for three years, and as President, two years. His present beat is on the Great Bridge, where he is a model, alike of courtesy and of vigilance.

Among the veterans of the force still on duty, whose years of good service merit honorable mention, is Nahum Willard, whose police service dates back to the old watch, long before the war. Nahum has done valuable work since the organization of the police; but no achievement of his elicited more commendation, or effected more public benefit, than the breaking up of a robber gang that infested the city about thirty years ago. In the years 1856 and 1857 large quantities of goods were stolen from the Rhode Island Bleachery. One night watchman Willard noticed a reputed thief named Carroll staggering along under the weight of a large bundle. Carroll discovered the officer at the same time, and dodged into the shadow of the Steam Mill boarding-house. Willard ran and collared the fellow, who showed fight, but was soon overpowered by the stalwart policeman. Carroll was taken to the Fifth Station, on Richmond street. He denied having had anything in his possession when seen by the officer; but on going to the place where the arrest was made, Nahum found three or four cuts of cotton cloth. Owing to remarks let drop by Carroll, search was made for other plunder, and in a hayfield adjoining the Sailors' Home cotton goods to a considerable value were found secreted beneath haystacks. Carroll was convicted and sent to jail for three years. In the fall of 1857 a

number of stores in lower South Providence were broken into and robbed. Officer Thomas T. Waite and Mr. Willard, both of the watch at that time, were detailed to hunt the thieves. The two watchmen came to the conclusion that the headquarters of the criminal gang were in the Sailors' Hospital, on the present site of the Rhode Island Hospital; also, that the robbers were led by Frank Howard, a notorious lawbreaker. The officers kept a vigilant watch for several nights, but, despite their vigilance, several stores were entered and robbed. One night William Y. Ashton's store was broken into, and one hundred pairs of ladies' and children's shoes, a case of boots, and other goods were stolen. Waite and Willard traced the thieves to a barn on Lockwood street, about 3 o'clock in the morning. A detail from the Fifth Police Station surrounded the place and arrested five of the robbers, who were sleeping in the barn at the time. Frank Howard, chief of the depredators, was captured with the rest. They were all bound over to the Court of Common Pleas. While awaiting trial, Howard succeeded in making his escape by scaling the prison wall; the others were sentenced to State Prison. A vast amount of goods, stolen by the gang at different times, was found secreted in Hugh Holland's house, on Plain street, between feather beds, and in a Mrs. Dolan's house, on the same street. In the winter of 1862 Captain Gross called Mr. Willard into his office and told him that thieves were stealing from the Sprague Stone House, near Point street, whole bales of goods disappearing in one night. For several weeks officers Willard and Joe Davis watched in the vicinity of the Stone House. Finally their vigils were rewarded. One night, while concealed at the corner of Ship and Richmond streets, they observed a horse and wagon approaching. The vehicle contained three men, and was being driven slowly along Richmond street. When it arrived opposite the officers' place of concealment, the latter sprang out and ordered the fellows to hold up. Instead of complying with the request, the strangers whipped up the horse. Willard and his companion gave chase, and followed the fugitives up Broad street, where, in turning a sharp corner, the wagon was upset. When the watchmen arrived on the spot, one of the thieves had escaped: the

other two were pinned down by the bales of goods falling on them. They were extricated and placed under arrest. The one that escaped was subsequently arrested. Three bales of print goods, valued at \$1,500, were recovered. The trio were each sentenced to three years in prison.

Other veteran officers, well versed in the old-time traditions, are Charles B. Baird, appointed on the force in 1866, and for seventeen years on the important beat which includes the wharf of the Continental Steamboat Company; Joseph B. Curtis, a veteran of the Rhode Island Second Regiment, in which he won the stripes of a sergeant; appointed in 1865, and who for many years has patrolled lower Canal street and vicinity, and guarded the numerous and busy merchants from depredation; Daniel T. Colwell, of the Second, appointed in 1866; Varnum Fuller, of twenty years' faithful standing; Hiram Hart, for thirty years a guardian of the city, and a brother of the last City Marshal of Providence; and ex-sergeant James H. Wilbur, who did good work for nearly nineteen years. For almost a generation these men have been a part of our city's history. Some of them are still in the vigor of life; in others the stiffening knee and bleaching locks testify that old age is approaching, and that the day may not be far distant when the final roll-call will be heard. It surely becomes a liberal and just municipality that they who have given youth to its service shall not endure the pangs of want when nature's course will deprive them of the ability to serve any longer.

And this brings us to the superannuated. Captain James Wilbur Sanders was born May 4, 1817, at No. 70 South street, in this city. His father was on the town watch about seventy-five years ago, and his "All's well!" assured security to the midnight slumber of many who long ago lapsed into final sleep. Mr. Sanders acted as a substitute for Captain Allen, and was on the watch more or less until 1840, when he was appointed permanently. In November, 1853, when the city was divided into five police districts, Mr. Sanders was appointed Sergeant of the First District. In June, 1864, he was appointed Sergeant at the Fifth Station, on Richmond street. He was promoted to Captain

January 7, 1885, and retired on thirty-three dollars a month, August 1, 1879. Over seventy years of age, Captain Sanders still shows the excellent constitution which stood him in good stead in the days of the old watch. He made a number of noteworthy arrests in his day. The principal of these was the capture of three burglars, Greenwood, Richard, and "Sixteen-string Jack," who robbed the Winsted (Conn.) Bank of several thousand dollars, and were preparing, when taken, to make attempts on Providence banks, having already called at several to get bills changed, and obtained impressions in wax of the locks. Captain Sanders was never afraid to do his duty, and when a giant Welshman stunned him for a moment with a four-foot stick of cord-wood, he rose and grappled with his assailant until other watchmen came to the rescue.

Benjamin A. Newhall, formerly a captain of police, was born in Berkeley, May 13, 1823. He came to this city when sixteen years old, and, after working as a carpenter for a few years, was appointed on the watch, being twenty-four years old when first appointed. He served under all the mayors except Mayor Bridgeham, and, after many years of duty as night patrolman, was appointed Sergeant. As related elsewhere, Mr. Newhall was with watchman Pullen on the night when that officer was murdered. Mr. Newhall was promoted to a captaincy January 7, 1875, and retired on \$33 a month, April 5, 1888.

Theodore Rutherford is another veteran; born in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1824. He was appointed on the watch, June 11, 1855, and on the present force, October 17, 1864. Retired April 5, 1888, on thirty-three dollars a month. Josiah Bennett, born in Foster, Rhode Island, in 1819; served on the old watch May 20, 1862, and since on the police. Retired, April 5, 1888, on thirty-three dollars a month. William J. Booth, a native of Bristol, Rhode Island, born in 1824, and appointed patrolman August 15, 1865. Lorenzo D. Prosser, born in Paris, New York, in 1835, appointed on the force July 11, 1866, and Joseph W. Pratt, born in Hebron, New Hampshire, in 1821; appointed on the force, September 2, 1868, are all retired on thirty-three dollars a month.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PROVIDENCE POLICE ASSOCIATION.—THE GOOD WORK IT HAS DONE.—MAYOR DOYLE AND THE ASSOCIATION.—THE ASSOCIATION CHARTERED AND ORGANIZED.—GRADUAL INCREASE IN THE AMOUNT OF BENEFITS.—NO CARPING TECHNICALITY IN THE EXTENSION OF AID.—THE LIBERALITY OF PRIVATE CITIZENS.—PAST OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.—THE PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT, TREASURER, SECRETARY AND DIRECTORS FOR 1888.

It will be seen that the sum dispensed by the city to retired members of the police force is far from being adequate to the proper support of such members and of their families. Here it is that the Providence Police Association steps in, and by substantially doubling the income of retired officers, who are also members of the Association, enables the veterans to live in comparative comfort. The good done by this Association since its foundation cannot be calculated merely in dollars and cents. It has brought cheer to many a stricken home, and shed consolation on the last hours of many a dying officer, by its assurance that those near and dear to him would not be abandoned to penury. The late Mayor Doyle was an earnest advocate of the purposes of the Association, and a watchful guardian of its interests; and he took public occasion to speak clearly and forcibly as to the claims of the police upon the consideration of the community, whose faithful servants they are, and whose interests they protect, at the risk of life and limb, in a sense which applies to no other vocation, save those of the soldier and of the fireman.

A charter was granted to the Association by the General Assembly on March 9, 1870. It provided that "The following members of the police force of the City of Providence, namely: Benjamin A. Newhall, Joseph Marston, Benjamin H. Child, Seth L. Horton, John T. Brown, William H. Cory, Joseph W.



RICHARD A. CLARK,
President of the Providence Police Association.

Pratt, together with such others only as now are, or may hereafter under the ordinances of said city be nominated and confirmed as members of the police force of the said city, and who shall comply with the rules and By-Laws of said association, and pay such dues and assessments as may be imposed by said Association, are hereby created a body politic and corporate by the name of 'The Providence Police Association.' for the purpose of rendering aid and assistance as may be provided for by the By-Laws of said Association, to persons who are authorized to become members of this corporation, and who may have been injured or disabled in the line of their duty, or who, by reason of sickness or other misfortune, or of the death of a wife, shall be in need of aid and assistance, and also to such other person or persons, being the widow, children, assigns, or devisees of any such member, as the By-Laws of said association may permit; and by that name shall be capable to take, hold, and convey real and personal estate, to an amount not exceeding fifty thousand dollars, which said real and personal estate shall be exempt from taxation, and shall be entitled to all the privileges, and subject to all the liabilities set forth in Chapter 152 of the Public Statutes, and all Acts in amendment thereof or in addition thereto, so far as the same are applicable to a charitable or benevolent association."

On July 12, 1871, the Association was organized by the election of President, William H. Cory; Vice-President, Richmond J. Stone; Secretary, William H. Ayer; Treasurer, John M. Knowles. Since the adoption of the charter, amendments have been made as follows: In 1879, an Act was passed by which the property of the Association to the value of \$50,000 was exempted from taxation. In January, 1880, an amendment was made allowing the organization to continue its benefits to members who may be honorably retired from the police force after five years' continuous service. Following this, in 1883, a desirable change was made regarding the disposition and assignment of benefits.

The Association extended its generosity as it grew in ability. For instance the widow of the late Chief Gross, who died in August, 1871, received \$150.00; in April, 1872, the widow of Simeon Sherman received \$248.00; then the amount of death

payments gradually rose to \$400.00, in 1876, remaining at that figure until 1881, when \$500.00 was paid to the widow of William B. Cranston. From that period until May, 1887, \$700.00 was the regular death allowance. May 16, 1887, it was voted that "one thousand dollars be paid to the widow, child or children, parent or parents, brother or brothers, sister or sisters of such member instead of seven hundred dollars as heretofore." At the same time an amendment to the by-laws was adopted, requiring members to pay upon entrance the sum of fifteen dollars to the secretary.

A specified sum has always been paid on the death of the wife of a member. This has been increased from time to time. From the organization of the Association to January 14, 1878, the sum was fixed at \$100.00. It was further increased to \$150.00, and February 17, 1880, to \$200.00, the sum now allowed. January 10, 1887, an amendment was made to the by-laws, whereby an officer is required to serve two years or more before receiving the last-named sum. The sick benefits of the Association, viz.: One dollar per day after sickness of one week, while regular compensation is continued by the city, and two dollars per day when such pay is withdrawn, remain as originally fixed by the Association. An additional cause of expense to the Association is the reduction of the limit to which pay has been allowed by the city, from fifteen to seven days, which in every case of sickness continuing for fifteen days draws eight dollars more from the Association funds. In dispensing its benefits the Association has never drawn a close and narrow line, and many instances might be cited where aid has been extended that might, on strict construction, have been withheld.

Besides actual members of the police force, the Association admits to its benefits honorary members, who after five years' continuous service retire from the police force honorably. Such desiring to continue their membership, can do so by notifying the Secretary in writing within ten days from date of resignation. Honorably retired members pay eight dollars per annum, and if sick, draw five dollars per week; funeral benefits, \$1,000.00. No better insurance exists than this.



HARTLEY W. BROWN,
Vice-President of the Providence Police Association.

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The liberality of private citizens has seconded the efforts of the police. The first donation to the fund of the Association was through the generosity of Messrs. Barker, Whittaker & Co., hardware dealers of this city, for services rendered by the police at a fire where their goods were exposed. A little later on, George M. Richmond, Esq., of this city, acknowledged the efficient services of police officers in protecting and recovering his property from the Woonasquatucket river during a severe freshet in 1867. For services rendered at the time he forwarded to General Nelson Viall, then Chief of Police, a check representing a handsome sum to be used for the benefit of the police. The fund was further augmented by Marshall Woods, Esq., who, appreciating the services of Benjamin A. Newhall in recovering valuable property stolen from his premises, proposed to reward that officer by presenting him a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, but upon learning that under the then existing circumstances the officer could not receive a reward for such services rendered, presented the amount to the Association. From time to time various other donations were made, and in July, 1877, the Association received, under the will of Peleg W. Gardiner, sixteen shares of the capital stock of the National Bank of North America, the income to be expended for the benefit of the widows and orphans of any deceased police officer who has died since January 1, 1876, and of the widows and orphans of any such officer who may hereafter die while in the service, and also for the benefit of any such officer who may hereafter, while in such service, and being honorably employed therein, become incapacitated by age, injury, or otherwise, from further continuing in such service, latitude being allowed as to methods of payment and re-investment. The annual concerts and balls given by the Association have also proved highly successful, financially and otherwise. The report for January, 1888, showed a balance to new account of \$21,078.11. The expenses during the current year have, however, been very large, owing to death, sickness, and other causes.

Following is a list of the past officers of the Association :

President, William H. Cory, 1871 to 1874, inclusive ; Andrew

McKenzie, 1875 to 1879, inclusive; Benjamin H. Child, 1880; Augustus J. Winship, 1881, 1882; William Gardiner, 1883, 1884; Patrick Egan, 1885, 1886, 1887. Vice-President, Richmond J. Stone, 1871; Edward F. O'Connor, 1872; William T. Robinson, 1873, 1874; William L. Roberts, 1875; William H. Ayer, 1876; James O. Swan, 1877, 1878, 1879; William Gardiner, 1880, 1881, 1882; William Bradbury, 1883; Frank M. Miller, 1884; Hartley W. Brown, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888. Secretary, William H. Ayer, 1871, 1872; Richmond J. Stone, 1873, 1874; Warren J. Nickerson, 1875; Seth L. Horton, 1876 to 1886, inclusive; Stephen F. Blanding, 1887. Treasurer, John M. Knowles, 1871, 1872; James O. Swan, 1873, 1874, 1875; George P. Whitney, 1876 (nine months); Richard A. Clark, 1876 (three months); James P. Scott, 1877 to 1884, inclusive; Frederick A. Rankin, 1885, 1886, 1887.

Officer Richard A. Clark was elected President at the annual meeting in January, as wise a choice as could have been made. Mr. Clark is one of the best-known officers on the force, and entrusted by his superiors with one of the principal beats in the city. He has always taken an earnest and intelligent interest in the affairs of the Association, and is well able to appreciate and qualified to protect the interests of his fellow-officers in the Association. Mr. Hartley W. Brown was re-elected to the office of Vice-President, which he has filled worthily for several years. Mr. Stephen F. Blanding was re-elected Secretary, and Mr. Frederick A. Rankin, Treasurer.

The Directors for the several stations are: Silas L. W. Merrill, Station One; Frank M. Miller, Station Two; John F. Muldoon, Station Three; Wm. A. Munro, Station Four; William Bradbury, Station Five; Joseph A. Wyman, Station Six; George H. Norcross, City Hall. Entertainment Committee: Albert E. A. Nickerson, Joseph B. Curtis, William A. Kent, Edward J. Smith, Job S. Yeaw, Wm. M. Wyman, Elwin E. Hewitt, John B. Livsey, Joseph Prout, Hart B. Pierce, Wm. H. Rowe, P. Parker. Committee on North Burial Lot: Augustus J. Winship, Benjamin H. Child, Joseph B. Curtis. Committee on Peleg W. Gardiner Fund: William H. Cory, Hiram Hart, Chas. B. Baird.



WILLIAM A. MUNRO. GEORGE H. NORCROSS. SILAS L. W. MERRILL.
 FRANCIS M. MILLER. JOSEPH A. WYMAN. JOHN F. MULDOON. WILLIAM BRADDURY.
 DIRECTORS PROVIDENCE POLICE ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXII.

WILLIAM GODDARD THE FIRST REPORTER OF POLICE EVENTS.—

A BOSTON EXECUTION IN 1745.—WHIPPING AT A CART'S TAIL IN PROVIDENCE.—RELATIONS BETWEEN REPORTERS AND THE POLICE.—REMINISCENCES IN A SERIOUS AND A COMICAL VEIN.—HOW TWO "UNDERTAKERS' ASSISTANTS" GOT THE NEWS.—A FAITHLESS REPORTER BITTEN.

WILLIAM GODDARD, the publisher of the *Providence Gazette* and *Country Journal*, may be said to have been the first Providence police reporter. One of the ablest journalists of a day when journalism was in its infancy, he showed a remarkable enterprise in presenting the current news of local concern and from distant parts. In comment he was frank and outspoken, and terse and pointed in his relation of facts. His are not the first Rhode Island reports of criminal events. The town and colonial records contain several such accounts, in the brief and plain language of the time, and there is a grim description or allusion to an execution near Boston, in a letter written by a Rhode Island schoolmaster in 1745, and to be found among the manuscripts in the Rhode Island Historical Society. The schoolmaster quaintly relates that the Boston ministers preached to the culprits—a man and a woman—on three or four occasions, the text being of a decidedly grim and sulphurous character, when the condemned, being no doubt ready to die, were put to death, the woman by burning, the man by hanging. As the chronicler drank punch with a friend on the evening of the event, his nerves were evidently not greatly shattered.

The first police report of a criminal proceeding appears in the *Providence Gazette*, of March 31, 1764, when it is stated that "During the sitting of the Superior Court in this town, a few days past, one, Robert Bevelin, a young man about eighteen years of age, was convicted of altering the lawful money bills of

this colony, from a small to a larger denomination, and of uttering the same, for which he received the sentence enjoined by the laws of this colony. But, not inclining to risque its execution in which his Ears, etc., would come in Question, he found means last night to break from close confinement in His Majesty's Goal in this place, and made his escape." The same issue of the *Gazette* contains the following advertisement:

Providence, March 31, 1764.

WHEREAS, Robert Bevelin, a prisoner in His Majesty's Goal in Providence, under the sentence of imprisonment, and of being cropt and branded, hath by the assistance of some evil minded persons procured Means to break Goal on the Night of the 30th of March, instant. Said Bevelin is a youngster of about eighteen years of age, of a slim Make, has a light complexion, wears his own hair, and has served part of an Apprenticeship in the Taylor's business. He had on, when he Escaped, a light coloured, strait-bodied coat, black cloth breeches and waist coat. Whoever apprehends said Felon, and conveys him to any of His Majesty's Goals in this Colony or elsewhere, so that he may be brought to justice, shall have TEN DOLLARS reward, and all reasonable charges paid by me.

ALLEN BROWN,

Sheriff.

Under date of September 27, 1766, the *Gazette* reports that "On Friday, the 26th instant, at the Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, held in this town, one Joseph Hart, who was, during this session of the Court, tried for burglary, as mentioned in our last, being found guilty by the petit jury of feloniously stealing sundry goods out of the store of Mr. Obadiah Sprague, of North Providence, received sentenced to restore unto the said Obadiah six pounds lawful money, being the two-fold value of the goods stolen; to pay as a fine to, and for the use of His Majesty, ten pounds lawful money; or on the third day of October next, between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock A. M., to be whipped on his naked back, at a cart's tail, at six several

places in the main street of this town, five lashes at each place; to pay all costs of prosecution and conviction; and, on non-payment of the two-fold value of the goods stolen, and costs, to be sold for a term not exceeding three years, and to stand committed till sentence be performed."

We learn in a later issue that "at the Superior Court, held here last week, one Josiah Tabor was convicted of counterfeiting dollars, and passing the same, and was sentenced to stand in the Pillory two different times, to be imprisoned one month, and pay all charges. And yesterday he was advanced to the Pillory, pursuant to his sentence, and received such treatment as rogues in his situation generally meet with."

Such are specimens of early reporting. *The Providence Journal*, from the time of its inception, always gave accounts of interesting criminal events, and in the case of a murder or an execution the report, as to length and precision, would compare respectably with modern productions of the kind. The brisk and gossip style of reporting court proceedings is, however, of recent date in Rhode Island. Before the writer entered the service of the *Journal*, in 1869, the reports of the Court of Magistrates were of the "cut and dried" variety. When the change took place can be readily discerned in the *Journal* and *Bulletin* of that year.

It may be worthy of note that the first report of a prize-fight printed in the *Journal* appeared in 1870. The late Chief of Police, Thomas J. A. Gross, who was present at the fight, on Mystic Island, kindly gave the facts to the reporters of the *Journal* and *Herald*. It was an excellent report, from a pugilistic standpoint, for Mr. Gross had a taste for sport. Mr. Danielson, the talented editor of the *Journal*, decided, after some hesitation, to print the story, and the *Journal* lost no readers thereby.

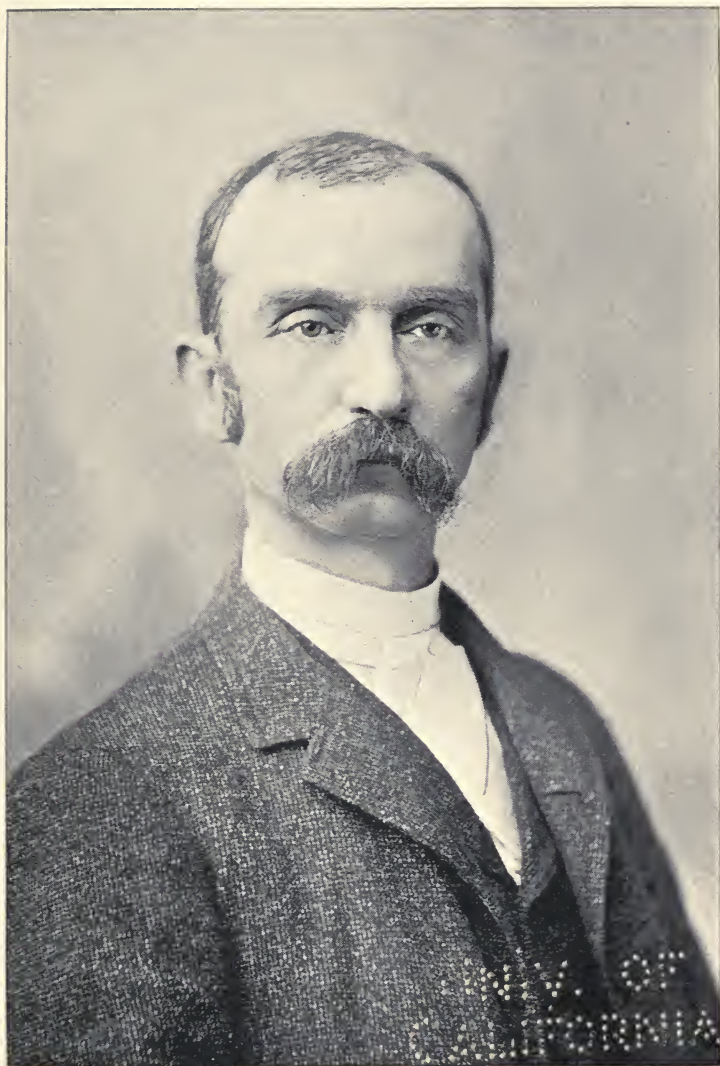
Mr. John C. Dyer, of the *Journal*, has kindly contributed the following, as to the relations between newspaper men and the police:

"The best reporters that Providence has ever seen have entered the business on police local work and owe their success largely

to their friendship with the police. The present distinguished editor of the *Journal*, Alfred M. Williams, did police local work for some years, and is well remembered by the older members of the force. And there are many others who first became known through police reporting in Providence, such men as Fred Gower, of telephone fame, who is supposed to have been lost while crossing the English channel in a balloon, Charley Carroll, now city editor of the *Worcester Telegram*, Mr. Walsh, editor of the *Weekly Visitor*, the Catholic organ of Providence, Ned Jones and Charley Dow, of the firm of Jones and Dow, stock brokers in New York, Manton Luther, one of the editors of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Mart. Day, city editor of the *Providence Journal*, Dan Hayden, assistant editor of the *Pawtucket Times*, and Thomas McElroy, managing editor of the *Providence Telegram*. Every one of these men have chased the nimble item among the police stations, day and night, and all of them were on good terms with the police.

“During the past ten or fifteen years, there have been many changes on the force and proportionately as many among the newspaper men. A dozen years ago on the rosters of the different stations could have been found the names of nearly all the present high officers of the police. The Chief, Deputy, the three detectives, superintendent of hacks, property clerk, several of the captains, were patrolmen in their day, and every one of them was a friend of the newspaper men. Their present official positions were of course mainly due to their own capabilities and energy, but it is not detracting from these in the slightest to say that the journalistic pencil has had some influence in their advancement. I know more than one who dates his promotion from a well-written item that brought his just deserts to the notice of the public.

“Naturally, when men are brought so much together as the local reporters and the police, there must be something to vary the monotony of routine work, and many a joke is given and taken, always in the best of spirit, and with no hard feelings on either side. One of the most inveterate jokers ever on the force was Isaac Fairbrother, who, for a long while, was the special



ALFRED M. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,
Editor of The Providence Journal.

officer at the passenger station. He would rather play a joke on a reporter than eat his dinner, and he was thinking up some new scheme continually. When Oliver Munroe was the police reporter on the *Press* and *Star*, Isaac had tried every way to play a big joke on him, but always failed. Finally the time came, and Oliver was fairly caught. The officer secured an old suit of clothes, which he stuffed with straw, tied a pair of boots on where the feet should be, and put a mask on the head. This dummy he hung in the roof of an old room in the upper part of the station, and then waited for the proper time to come to spring the joke. The last editions of the papers went to press then about four o'clock, and the local men used to make their last visit to the station about three o'clock. Munroe sauntered into the station just in time to be met by the officer, apparently in a great hurry, with: 'If you want an item hurry up stairs—man hung himself—going for the Coroner!' With thoughts of an exclusive, Oliver tore up stairs, three steps at a time, and had his note book and pencil out as he entered the room. The dummy hung away up in the peak of the roof; the room was dark and the deceit was not at once detected.

"Oliver began to jot down notes of the appearance of the room, the way the body hung, etc., while waiting for the Coroner to come. Just then Fairbrother returned, not with the Coroner, but with all the newspaper men he could find, and a dozen or so conductors and officials about the station. For a moment the joke was not apparent until Ike loosened a rope in the corner, and the dummy began slowly to descend, and then a roar from the whole crowd burst forth. Oliver acknowledged that he was sold, but very rightly said that he could be caught that way any time, for he would rather be the victim of a dozen jokes than to lose one piece of news.

"It was not long, however, before Officer Fairbrother was paid back in his own coin. He was an inveterate trader, and would swop anything or everything he had and never got the worse of a bargain. One day he said that he had a nice cow that he wanted to trade for something. One of the boys asked him what he wanted for her. He said he would trade for a second-hand stove-pipe, if

he could get nothing else. This was a chance for the men upon whom Fairbrother had been playing his jokes, and the next Sunday an express wagon full of rusty stove-pipes drove up in front of his house and the driver began to unload it in the yard. He had a dozen or fifteen lengths unloaded before the officer could stop him and then he only paused to hand over a note before going on with the work. The note stated that this was the first of six loads of pipe that would be sent to him in exchange for a cow, the other loads would be sent within the next two or three days, and he could send the cow back with the driver of the last load. By the time Isaac had finished reading the note he was more than mad, and the language he used, while it would not look well in print, left no doubt in the minds of those who heard it, as to what its meaning was. The pipe was all unloaded however, and profanity was of little avail; for the driver said he had only obeyed orders, and if Mr. Fairbrother did not want the pipe he could have it moved away. Finally an offer was made of coin of the realm, and the pipe was loaded up again and returned to the city. For a long time after that it was dangerous to mention stove-pipe to Mr. Fairbrother.

"Before the days of telephones the night local reporters had to visit all of the stations in turn to get the news, and then the friendship of the officers was put to the test. I remember one night Mart Day, of the *Journal*, and myself met a patrolman, now a prominent official of the force, and he gave us a hint of a sudden death that might prove worth looking into. We hurried to the station, but could get no information, except that a woman had died, and even the location was kept from us. Back we hurried to the patrolman, and he located the house, and suggested that he had heard that an undertaker had been sent for, and was to visit the house early in the morning. That was enough for us, and within ten minutes we were at the house in the guise of two undertaker's assistants. We had been sent simply to make preliminary arrangements, we said, and it was not very long before we had all the facts there were in the case. After advising the family to refuse admission to any reporters that might call, we left, promising to be on hand early in the morning. We each

had a good story in the morning, and that patrolman won two firm friends, who, to this day, will go out of their way to do him a favor.

"One day when Charley Hunt, now a member of the Board of Public Works, was warrant officer, he came into the Central Station with a nice new pair of handcuffs, which he displayed with a great deal of pride. He suggested that Mart Day try them on and show the rest of us how they looked. No sooner said than done, and in a moment Mart was safely secured. Naturally those in the room began to pass remarks about the appropriateness of the bracelets, etc., all of which were taken good-naturedly. Getting a little tired of the chaff, Mr. Day looked around for the warrant officer, and the key to the handcuffs, but he was not there. The warrant officer had been called away to State Prison, then just across the Cove, and taken the key with him, not thinking for an instant about the hand-cuffs. A messenger was at once sent for him, and Mr. Day settled down patiently to wait. All was quiet, when suddenly one of the officers came in with two strangers, and walking up in front of Mr. Day, coolly remarked: 'This is Albany Pete, a bank robber, that has been wanted for a long time, and we happened to find him here, in town. He is a desperate man, and we have to keep him in irons until the Chief comes, and we can put him in a cell.' The strangers made some remarks about the prisoner's desperate appearance, and went out. But the rest had caught the idea, and for the next half hour there was a constant round of visitors, and to each party the unfortunate newspaper man was exhibited and described as a murderer, a forger, a sneak thief, pick-pocket, etc., and in each case he was described as very dangerous, and noted in his line. Finally the last straw was laid on; the one who had started the fun came in with two men, and looking at Mr. Day in a pitying way, said: 'That's a sad case; he is insane and very violent at times, and we are waiting for a wagon to take him to Butler Asylum.' 'Poor young man,' said one of the strangers, 'what is his hallucination?' The officer gravely replied: 'He thinks he is a reporter for the *Journal*.' This was too much for the rest of those present, and a roar of laughter fairly

shook the place, while Mr. Day was too mad even to speak. Before any more visitors could be brought in, Charley Hunt returned, and the reporter was released.

"Before the telephones were put in there used to be telegraph machines at the different stations with two dials on top, one having the letters of the alphabet on keys around the edge, while the other was simply for receiving. To send a message, the treadle of the machine had to be worked like a sewing machine, and the keys pressed to spell out the words; and when the answer came the little needle on the small dial moved around from letter to letter. Chief Child was then at the Central Station, and he was the fastest operator on the force. Certain of the newspaper men whom he knew he could trust were allowed to take their news direct from the machine, and when he was feeling good how he would make that needle fly! It was excellent practice for the writers and some of the best long-hand reporters that the city ever had owed their rapidity in a large degree to that schooling. Local news was not made as much of then as it is now; but still it was not uncommon to get material for a column or more from the ticker at night. Some of the messages that used to come over the wires were very funny, and used to enliven the monotony of the work, as well as give a chance for bright paragraphs. One night the Fourth Station was very slow in answering, and finally a message was laboriously spelled out—'Lieutenant is out.' 'Any news?'—ticked back Mr. Child. 'Suppressed a disturbance,' came the answer. Mr. Child was just going to shut off the connection, when one of the reporters remarked—'News is dull; please ask what the disturbance was.' The question was asked, and slowly came back the answer—'m-a-n k-i-l-l-e-d h-i-s w-i-f-e.' There was a whiz, and two holes were left in the air where two reporters had passed through. The time that they made from the Central Station to the Fourth would have menaced the record of Maud S. It proved that a new man sent in the report, and he did not know what to send, and hardly knew how to operate the machine. The murder was a good piece of news.

"In those days, with the night report, came an account of how

many lanterns had been hung to warn the public of breaks in the road or other obstructions to travel. One night the report was being slowly ticked in from one of the stations, and on the end came the startling announcement—‘Hung a lantern on a hole.’ Just how the hanging was accomplished was never explained, but the fact went on record just the same that a Providence policeman had been able to hang something on nothing.

“With the advent of the telephones and the increase in the publication of local news the number of reporters was greater, and the police became more careful in giving out information. There were many reasons for this, and though some of the new men found fault, the old timers knew that no one was to blame, and they had no trouble in getting as much news as formerly. The principal reason for keeping news back was crooked work by one or two men who had an idea that it was smart to get unimportant items that the police wanted to keep quiet. The officer in charge of each station was obliged to make full reports of all work done, and send a duplicate copy to the City Hall. These duplicate copies were on yellow tissue paper, and were always kept on one particular desk. News that was only on these reports appeared in one of the papers, and the Chief began to investigate in a quiet way. Word was given to the officers in the Hall not to say anything, but watch the reporters, and they did it, and did it well, too. The reporter who had been stealing the news suspected that he was watched, and for a week made no effort to see the slips, but finally concluded that he was safe, and one fine morning was caught with the slips in his hands, copying the reports. From that time out the relations between the reporters and the police have been pleasant in every way, but the news has been given out at stated times, and in regular set ways, and the boys have to depend much more upon themselves than formerly. Of course every reporter has some members of the force with whom he is especially familiar, and from whom he can get his news easier than from others.

“One reporter, who made a habit of stealing news in an unmanly way, was badly bitten on an occasion to be related. He was on at night for the *Star*, with John Schofield, of the *Journal*, now

editor of the *Rhode Island Democrat*, and would take all of John's news and never give him any in return. At last Schofield got tired, and arranged to get square. He wrote a fictitious story of a serious stabbing affray in Pawtuxet, giving names, times, &c., and apparently, by accident, left it on the desk in the Central Station while he went up stairs. The *Star* man came in, saw the article on the desk, and, after calmly reading it through, took full notes, and later, when Schofield appeared, innocently asked him if there was anything new going on. The next morning the *Star* had a prominent story about the stabbing affray that never occurred, and it is needless to say that the *Journal* did not have a word of it. Schofield was revenged, and the police made the *Star* man's life a burden to him by their frequent reference to the affair.

"One of the most amusing things that ever happened at the Central Station was in connection with the veteran J. Crawford Potter, or 'Crawf,' as he is better known, one of the two dog officers. John Murray, now a detective, was then day Sergeant at the Central, and the older newspaper men did not have a firmer friend on the force than 'Jack.' He had a keen 'nose for news,' as the term is in newspaper parlance, and when there was not much going on he always had an item for his friends. He dearly loved a joke, and would go to any trouble to play one. One forenoon an antique and disreputable looking dog was brought into the station, with a request that the dog officer kill it. Jack said he would see to it, and put the dog in the cellar to await Mr. Potter's arrival. The next morning the dog was gone, and the presumption was that it had been killed. News was dull that morning, and Jack, to aid one of the boys who was in search of items, was telling him about the dog, when in came a man leading the same dog. He walked up to the railing, and with what was intended to be bitter sarcasm, remarked: 'Will you kindly have this dog killed again?' Jack was equal to the occasion, and without changing his countenance, or showing the semblance of a smile, answered: 'Certainly, sir; must be some cat blood in him as he seems to have two lives.' The owner departed, and Jack had the dog put in the cellar. This

time the poor pariah was killed, and the afternoon papers had humorous accounts of Mr. Potter killing the same dog twice, and queries whether he charged double fees, if he made two returns on the same dog, etc. Mr. Potter demanded apologies from the papers, while Sergeant Murray was on a grin for a week.

"The genuine and trustworthy newspaper man is, as a rule, confided in by the genuine and trustworthy officer. Experienced members of the force do not hesitate to tell newspaper men what they know to be reliable facts in any case, and trust them not to use the story until it is time. Very often a man who knows his business can write an article, especially in a case of robbery, and throw the real criminals off the track, and thus aid the officers in securing them. In fact, to put a volume in a few words, journalists and police officers can do better by working together, and will very often fail when trying to work alone. This is especially true in Providence, and certainly no journalist can meet more considerate and courteous public officials than the officers and members of the Providence Police Force."



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EARLY CODE OF RHODE ISLAND COMPARATIVELY MILD.—AGITATION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE PILLORY AND WHIPPING-POST.—HORRIBLE SPECTACLES IN PROVIDENCE STREETS SIXTY YEARS AGO.—EXECUTION OF MINER AND BROWN.—A CITIZEN OF RHODE ISLAND HANGED, DRAWN AND QUARTERED FOR TREASON IN CANADA.—THE TRIAL OF JOHN GORDON FOR THE MURDER OF AMASA SPRAGUE.—PROBABILITIES AS TO GORDON'S GUILT OR INNOCENCE.—HIS EXECUTION.

AS stated in a previous chapter, the early code of Rhode Island was comparative mild. It grew more severe in the course of time, as the community became less secluded, and strangers, with their vices, invaded the domain of the Founders. But, throughout the existence of colony and State, human life has always been held in sanctity. The pillory, cropping, branding and whipping, however, were in use in Rhode Island long after being discarded by neighboring Commonwealths, and the agitation for some more humane method of dealing with criminals was carried on for many years before the legislature was reconciled to a radical change in the laws. The early punishments were, many of them, of a peculiar character. The man who violated the sanctity of another's family was whipped for the first offence, through two towns; for the second, through every town in the State. As no provision was made for the third offence, it is presumed that, by this time, the offender had reformed or emigrated. A "notorious and accustomed swearer and curser," was admonished by a magistrate for the first offence, and put in the stocks for the second, or fined five shillings. Counterfeiting was punished by the pillory, cropping of both ears, and branding the cheek with the letter "C," besides imprisonment for six years, or a fine not exceeding four thousand dollars.

For many years of the colonial period, beginning with 1718,

the thief was not only compelled to restore four-fold to the owner and four-fold to the colony, besides being whipped, but was sold into slavery for a term not exceeding three years, to pay the costs. The sales were advertised in the newspapers, and a description given, as of a horse or a cow to-day. Up to 1838, also the bigamist could be compelled to sit on the gallows with a rope around his neck, in which position he must have been an interesting spectacle for the wives he had victimized by the noose matrimonial. He was also liable to be whipped and fined. By the digest of 1822, the burning of a house, not arson at common law, was made punishable by fine and imprisonment, the pillory, cropping and branding. These cruel penalties were inflicted with two objects, first, to punish the criminal without the expense of maintaining him for a long period in jail; second, to warn the public against those convicted of heinous crimes, by marking them in a way that could be readily recognized. The question of a jail or State Prison was, therefore, intimately connected with that of corporal punishment, and, as humane ideas gained advancement, the movement in favor of a prison became stronger. In 1797 the General Assembly directed a committee, before that time appointed to build a jail in the county of Providence, to proceed and build not only a new jail, but a State Prison also. The act was repealed in the following year, and a county jail was erected upon the foundations intended for a State Prison. The building stood at the foot of the Court House parade, on the west side of Main street, and about one hundred and fifty feet from it. It soon became neglected, and for many years before its abandonment in 1838, it was a disgrace to the State. Criminals under sentence of death were confined there before execution, and old citizens can remember when Miner and Brown were taken from the jail in a stage-coach, to be hanged for their crimes.

The sentiment in favor of abolishing the whipping post and other methods of torture grew stronger year by year. *The Providence Journal* of January 4, 1827, said, under the head of "Whipping, Cropping, and Branding:"

"In connection with the above (the subject of a new jail for Providence) is the resolution for a revival of the criminal code of

this State, now in the hands of an able committee to report thereon, namely, Messrs. Knight, Tillinghast and Dixon. The laudable object of this reference, on the part of the mover, Mr. Knight, was to substitute some other punishment for the barbarous and wretched system of lacerating and mutilating the person of criminal convicts, which has so long remained a stigma upon the statute book of Rhode Island. The committee, we know, are extremely solicitous to introduce some wholesome reform in this portion of our criminal code, and it is believed there is a feeling in the Legislature which will fully sustain them. To the honor of Rhode Island, she has ever been careful of taking the life of the wretched criminal, but she cannot be longer insensible to the more important preservation of what may remain of his moral sensibilities. Death itself is better than the brand of infamy stamped upon the cheek of the victim of crime—the mutilated ear that proclaims his disgrace to the whole world, or the exposure, in the presence of the heartless mob, to the lashes of the whip inflicted upon the naked back, either of them the most disgusting exhibition that can be presented to a civilized community, the effect of which is to shut out the criminal from all hopes of reform, and to harden the hearts and pervert the moral feelings of those who behold it.

“In nine or ten instances the last year has been seen in one of the most public streets in Providence a man stripped to the waist tied to a post, and an executioner checkering his back with stripes that, in some cases, caused the blood to follow every blow. Shall such things be tolerated in a civilized and Christian community? If so, let us no longer pretend to shudder at the exhibition of the naked black in the market places of the towns of slave-holding states, undergoing the torture of the whip for some trifling disobedience toward his tyrannic master. They view the negro as we do our beasts of burden—but we lacerate and mutilate *men*—men who, although they have incurred the penalty of the law, are nevertheless human beings, and upon whom the gates of mercy and repentance should never be closed by any legislative act.”

But, notwithstanding the horror excited by such scenes as de-

scribed in the *Journal*, it was not until the General Assembly had submitted the question of erecting a State Prison to the freemen, and the proposition had been approved by the overwhelming vote of 4,433 for to 502 against, that the work was undertaken. The State Prison, enlarged in 1843, when the old portion was devoted to the uses of a county jail, was first occupied in the latter part of 1838, and continued in use until the erection of the new State Prison in Cranston. With the completion of a place for the confinement of criminals, the pillory, the lash and the branding-iron were laid aside in Rhode Island.

Compared with England and other States, capital punishment was inflicted for but few crimes in Rhode Island; the code of some States of the Union to-day being, in this respect, as severe as that of Rhode Island, fifty years ago. Executions were very rare in this city. The most notable, previous to that of Gordon, was when Amos Miner, white, and Charles Brown, colored, were hanged, Friday, December 27, 1833, the first for killing John Smith, Town Sergeant of Foster, the second for robbing Col. Richard Smith, who kept a grocery store at Thomas and North Main streets. The execution took place in North Providence, on the side of a deep ravine, now crossed by Smith street, a short distance this side of Elmhurst. There was but little to distinguish the scene from public executions of more recent date, save that Miner, asserting that he had acted only in self-defence, imprecated the vengeance of Almighty God on the State, the authorities and his accusers. He was only interrupted by the cutting of the cord which held the weight. The body of Brown, by his own consent, previously obtained, was given to surgeons for galvanic experiments.

Although not germane, strictly speaking, to the subject-matter of this work, it may be of interest to mention that David M'Lane, a citizen of Rhode Island, was the last person subjected, in the British Dominions, to the barbarous English penalty for treason. M'Lane, whose name indicates Scottish ancestry, came to Providence from the vicinity of Franklin, Mass., and was established in business for a number of years on Main street. Failing in business, and being unable to compromise with certain of his

creditors, he fled from Rhode Island. In 1797, he was arrested at Quebec, Canada, on an accusation of treason, and his trial took place in July of that year. He was accused of conspiracy "to compass the death of the King," and to seize the City of Quebec. The chief witness against him was one John Black, a ship carpenter, who swore that M'Lane had confided to him a plot to arm five hundred men with pikes seven or eight feet long, dose the troops of the garrison with laudanum, and seize the City of Quebec, in behalf of the French government; also, that M'Lane, who went in Canada by the name of Jacob Felt, had exhibited a letter of recommendation from Adet, the French Minister to the United States. Other evidence of a similar nature was given, but not a particle to show that there was any conspiracy, or that the suggestions were other than fancies of an enthusiastic, if not a disordered imagination. Much of the testimony was of conversation held in Vermont, beyond the jurisdiction of Great Britain. But the Chief Justice, Osgood, was determined to convict; the jury was selected wholly from the English inhabitants, and grave apprehensions were felt as to the fidelity of the French, who constituted the vast majority of the population. M'Lane made a personal address, which showed him to be a man of more than average intelligence, if not of well-balanced mind. He stated that the letter from Adet was for use in France, where his wife, who had relatives in Newport, R. I., was entitled to some property, and that his visit to Canada was of a business nature. He was convicted, and sentenced to the barbarous penalty for treason. He went to the scaffold calmly, and the horrible decree was duly carried out, save that the victim was undoubtedly dead before the executioner began the work of mutilation, and that, instead of dividing the body, incisions were made marking where the division ought to be. The Chief Justice was rewarded with an increase of salary, and the government witnesses received large grants of land, known to this day among the Canadians as "The Bloody Townships." M'Lane's faithful daughter, who lived in Franklin, went, in later years, to Canada and brought home her father's bones, which rest near Wrentham, Mass. Garneau, in his "History of Canada," says of the prin-

cipal witness, that "Black received blood money, but it did him no good, as every one he knew shunned him as a traitor. Overcome by public contempt, and his mechanical abilities failing him, he fell into extreme penury, and might be seen, some years afterwards, eaten up with vermin, begging his bread on the streets of Quebec."

In a dingy-looking record book of the Rhode Island State Prison is to be found the brief entry by Sheriff Roger Williams Potter of the last execution ever performed in this State. Since John Gordon, convicted of the murder of Amasa Sprague, no person has died on the gallows in Rhode Island, and that conviction undoubtedly had much to do with moulding public sentiment for the subsequent change in the law. It was a singular case even among celebrated cases. Amasa Sprague, one of the heads of the then great house of Sprague, in control of an immense estate, and exercising, with his brother, a dominant political influence in the commonwealth, was waylaid and stricken down, shot, and brutally beaten to death on a Sabbath afternoon, while pursuing his usual way from his residence to his stock-farm. It was a murder of the agrarian type, such as the cable occasionally heralds as having occurred in the remoter regions of Ireland. It was not for money or plunder—for the money on the dead man's person was untouched—but for revenge. Amasa Sprague had political and personal enemies of similar station with himself, but it was not towards those that suspicion turned. Circumstances pointed to a family, comparatively poor and obscure, in his own town, as holding the guilty secret of the tragedy, and as including in their number at least one of the perpetrators of the deed.

Nicholas S. Gordon, an Irishman, of ignorant training and choleric disposition, had accumulated a little money by the sale of rum and sundries near the Cranston Print Works. With the money he had saved he sent to Ireland and brought over his brothers, William and John Gordon, a sister, and their mother. Amasa Sprague regarded the presence of Gordon's rum shop as demoralizing to his workingmen, or alleged that he did, and he appeared before the Town Council in July, 1843, to oppose the renewal of Gordon's license. This greatly angered Nicholas

Gordon, who gave open utterance at his shop, before customers and in presence of his brothers, to severe threats against Amasa Sprague. These threats were received at the time as mere ebullitions of passing anger, but they were quoted with terrible force at the trial for the murder. It was about the very time when Nicholas Gordon was in this excited and revengeful frame of mind that his brothers, brought from Ireland by his bounty, became his guests, and it was assumed by the prosecution that they imbibed his hostility toward Amasa Sprague, and were willing to be the instruments in avenging the injury done to Nicholas. Amasa Sprague was murdered on Sunday afternoon, December 31, 1843.

The evidence against the Gordons was wholly circumstantial. Nicholas Gordon was not accused of committing the crime. It was clear that he could not have committed it, and the Government admitted his averment of an alibi. He was indicted as accessory before the fact, the only proof, however, to sustain this charge being his ownership of the gun with which the killing was done, his alleged but less strongly established ownership of the coat which the murderer, or one of the murderers wore, and which was thrown into a thicket near the scene, and his known hostility to Sprague. The presumption of the Government was that Nicholas had urged on the crime, and left the execution of it to William and John, intrusting his coat and gun to the latter, and himself resorting to the city, where ample evidence of his presence there could be obtained, should suspicion be directed toward him.

William and John were jointly tried for the murder. The trial excited the deepest interest. The Irish generally held that the Gordons were wrongfully accused. On the other hand, all the influence of ex-Governor and ex-Senator William Sprague, brother of the deceased, the then wide-spread prejudice against foreigners, and especially the Irish, and the public sentiment, which demanded a sacrifice as atonement for the terrible crime, were in the scale against the two poor, helpless, ignorant immigrants on trial for their lives in a strange land. The jury were of old New England stock—not a foreign name in the list—and

one of the ablest members of the Rhode Island bar assisted the Attorney General. To the credit of the legal profession be it said, however, that the prisoners were not without able and honorable, if unremunerated, counsel, and the words of General Carpenter on this subject are well worth quoting:

“I cannot speak for my colleagues, but for myself I have never received, nor had the promise of receiving, one single cent for my labor and services in this cause. If I do receive anything it will be from the gratitude of some persons of whom I am now ignorant. But, gentlemen, so long as I am able to stand in this house it shall not be said that any man on trial for his life on a charge of murder was convicted because there was no member of the Rhode Island bar to be found willing to volunteer his services in defence of the prisoner.”

The three facts clearly established at the trial were that Nicholas S. Gordon had a bitterly hostile feeling toward Amasa Sprague, that Amasa Sprague was murdered with a gun belonging to Nicholas S. Gordon, and that Nicholas himself was not near the scene of the tragedy. There was also, as before stated, strong evidence that the coat thrown away at the same time as the gun, belonged to Nicholas Gordon, and was sometimes worn by John Gordon, and that tracks in the snow led from the place of the murder to the back door of Nicholas Gordon's house, the person who made the tracks having followed a direction that would keep him out of sight of persons pursuing the ordinary path. It was also shown that John Gordon had been seen with a gun on two occasions previous to the murder in the vicinity of where the crime was committed. When accosted he said that he was after partridges and rabbits. The gun he carried then was identified as the gun of Nicholas Gordon, which was used to batter the life out of Amasa Sprague. William Gordon made out so satisfactory an alibi that the Court directed his acquittal. John Gordon was found guilty, and hanged February 14, 1845.

From 1844 to the present day the question of John Gordon's guilt or innocence has been a subject of discussion and difference of opinion. He went to the gallows without a confession, if he had one to make. If guilty, he may have been actuated in this

by a desire to save his brother Nicholas, whose fate was still in the balance. But while he made no confession, Sheriff Potter told the Hon. James C. Collins, who repeated the conversation to the writer, that John Gordon never denied to him that he was a party to the killing of Amasa Sprague. He did say that "he had not shed any of Amasa Sprague's blood," but this was as far as he went. He received in his final hours the ministrations of the Catholic clergy, and walked to the gallows readily. On the scaffold, however, the strain appears to have been too much for him; his knees gave way, he seemed to lose consciousness, and when Sheriff Potter performed the closing act of the tragedy, it is more than probable that Gordon's spirit had already begun its flight to another tribunal, where all mysteries are revealed. In this world, certainly, the circumstances of Amasa Sprague's death have always remained a secret. It is quite possible that John Gordon was innocent. It is altogether probable, however, that the actual killing was perpetrated by a friend and associate of the Gordons, who disappeared about that time from the vicinity, and was alluded to in the indictment as a party unknown, and that John Gordon was present and aided in the crime, while Nicholas and William had guilty knowledge, and in this sense were accessories.

John Gordon's remains were followed to the grave by a procession about one mile in length of sympathizers with his family and believers in his innocence. Nicholas Gordon was twice put on trial as an accessory before the fact, and twice the jury disagreed. He was thereupon discharged. As bearing upon the guilt or innocence of the Gordons, it may perhaps be significant that, while the counsel for John Gordon did their duty nobly in behalf of their client, they were never heard to express in later years an opinion that their client was innocent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AGITATION FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—NO EXECUTIONS AFTER THAT OF GORDON.—WHAT HAS BEEN THE EFFECT OF ABOLITION IN RHODE ISLAND?—FATE OF MURDERERS IN THE RHODE ISLAND STATE PRISON.—DOOM TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT HAS A FATAL INFLUENCE.—SPEEDY DEATH OF A NUMBER SO SENTENCED.—OTHERS MARCH ON TO OLD AGE AND IMBECILITY—INTERVIEW WITH A LIFE PRISONER, ROBERT CROWE.—THE SAME IGNOMINY DOES NOT ATTACH TO RELATIVES.—ABSENCE OF FLOWERS AND FLUMMERY.

THE abolition of capital punishment had been agitated in Rhode Island a number of years before Gordon was executed, but the movement acquired an irresistible stimulus from that event. There was the general apprehension, even among those who thought him guilty, that an innocent man might have perished, while the humanitarian sentiment, always powerful in the State, was prompted to active proselytism in behalf of penal reform. Tom Hazard, "Shepherd Tom" as he was familiarly known to thousands, was an earnest advocate of imprisonment for life as the highest penalty for crime, and after much argument and agitation the General Assembly, in 1852, abolished capital punishment. The fact that from the hanging of Gordon in February, 1845, there had been no execution of a capital sentence, indicates that the new step was in accord with public feeling and prejudice. All sorts of propositions were offered to make a life sentence sufficiently miserable to gratify the vindictive sentiment, which, according to Sir James Fitz James Stevens, is "one of the safeguards against crime." But it was determined to treat the prisoners for life just as other State prisoners, with no more leniency and no less, except that the life prisoner is, of course, deprived of the gratification which the deduction of time for good conduct in-

spires in the breast of him who has to serve an allotted number of years.

Rhode Island has now been without capital punishment for close upon forty years, and without an execution for nearly half a century. What has been and is the effect? First, are murders more common?

Rhode Island has a population exceeding 300,000. There are confined in the Rhode Island State prison ten persons convicted of murder, there being but one degree of that crime under the statute, and the penalty imprisonment for life. One of the prisoners, Robert Crowe, committed murder at sea, and as the vessel happened to put into Providence, he was tried here in the United States Court, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Upon the intercession of Governor Burnside, in deference to the public sentiment against an execution within the limits of a State where capital punishment had been abolished, the President of the United States commuted Crowe's sentence to imprisonment for life in the Rhode Island State prison. As Crowe did not belong in the State, his case should not be considered as a Rhode Island crime, thus leaving nine persons under sentence as murderers. Since the year 1838, the total number of persons committed to the State prison for murder has been thirty-eight. Of course this period takes in the execution of Gordon, but with that exception capital punishment may be said to have been abolished for half a century. In considering the number of so-called murders however, it should be remembered that offences which would be treated as manslaughter in other States are often visited with the highest penalty in Rhode Island.

In Rhode Island, when the crime is murder in the sense of the deliberate taking of human life, the prisoner sentenced almost invariably pays the complete penalty. The doom to life imprisonment seems to have a fatal influence, more or less speedy, upon the convict. Among comparatively recent instances may be cited that of Walter Winsor, a boy of 16, who brutally killed an aged lady named Amelia Potter. He entered the State Prison to all appearances a healthy boy and died two years later, a victim to depression and his own evil habits. Margaret Shaw died in

1885, after six years of prison life. She was an elderly woman, hale and hearty enough when arrested, and certainly received good treatment in prison. Her disease, in its primary stage at least, was mental. Cessari Pacini, an Italian murderer, sentenced in 1876, after enduring prison life for ten years, executed capital punishment on himself by hanging in his cell. Robert L. Casey, sentenced in 1875, died in 1878. Francis Hughes, sentenced in 1873, died in 1880. Lydia Studley, who poisoned her husband, was released, after thirteen years, with one foot in the grave, to die in the arms of her faithful children. A more striking case than any of the others is that of Emily Burton, who pined into eternity a few months after she had been sentenced to imprisonment for life for being accessory to the murder of her father. In no prison in the world, probably, are convicts more humanely treated, and yet the life prisoner withers in his hopeless confinement like a tropical plant in the snow.

Idiocy and imbecility seem to be the doom of those who march on to old age in the jail. This has been shown in the case of Mrs. Studley, Mrs. Phetteplace, and other aged prisoners who were released to die. The only instance in the prison now is that of the United States convict, Robert Crowe. Crowe has been a prisoner since 1867, being at the time of his commitment about 30 years of age. For a number of years he was a most refractory prisoner, and the dark cell was frequently resorted to for his subjection. Gradually his manner changed. His face assumed a vacant expression, and lost its air of defiance. He became almost childish. The officers of the prison saw what the matter was. His mind was weakening. He is now allowed to go about almost at liberty. He has no desire to go away, and it would be inhuman to take him away, for he has no other home.

"This is Robert Crowe," said Clerk Frank Viall to the writer, as a figure prematurely aged entered the hall of the State Prison.

The writer had already been provided, by the courtesy of Mr. Viall, with a piece of tobacco, with which to propitiate Mr. Crowe, who has not forgotten a sailor's liking for the weed, and he duly presented it.

When one sees the face of a person, known to be a criminal,

it is easy to imagine the detection of criminal characteristics, and the counterfeit presentment of the holiest minister in the United States, if shown before a group of young ladies, not acquainted with the original or his portrait, as that of a notorious offender, would probably evoke a chorus of "Oh my's!" and general exclamations of horror and disgust, while in every lineament would be detected some indication of criminal proclivities.

But, as a matter of fact, Crowe has a vicious face. It bears the stamp of cunning malignancy, of a man who might combine a tiger's craft with a tiger's ferocity. With such a face it would be difficult to be good. But the fire has gone from the tigerish eye; the lamp of intellect is dimmed, the tiger is a kitten.

"You have been here a long while, Mr. Crowe," said the writer.

"Yes" (vacantly). "Yes; quite a long time."

"Why did you come here?" (With imbecile sincerity, and a weak, watery stare)—"For nothin' much—nothin' much. A case of \$10 and costs," slowly drawled the prematurely old man.

He had even forgotten the crime of which he was convicted. A merciful veil had been drawn over his memory. In his own mind, at least, he was no longer a murderer. To his mental sight the brand of Cain had been effaced.

"You followed the sea at one time, did you not?" said the writer, trying to revive, if possible, some idea of the past.

"That's when I was a boy. Yes" (as if thinking); "it's a long time. A—very—long—time—ago."

"Would you like to go away from the prison?"

"Oh—yes. I—would—like—to—be—out—of—here."

"Where would you go?"

Crowe seemed to think deeply for some time. Then at last he replied: "I'd—look—for—work, in—Liverpool—or—London."

Even in this imbecile the love of liberty had survived the decay of memory.

"But," added Crowe, suddenly turning to his visitor with what might have been intended as an assumption of dignity, "I am one of the officers of the institution."

"Poor fellow," said Clerk Viall, when he heard of Crowe's remark about wishing to go away. "If he were turned loose a hundred yards from the prison he would wander right back to the gate again."

Robert Crowe's case is an illustration of what imprisonment for life means for those who lack the finer fibre, which wastes rapidly under disgrace and duress. It means a living death—the existence of an animated corpse.

The writer has already alluded to the readiness with which juries convict of the highest degree of crime, whereas as in other States, where capital punishment prevails, the accused person might get off with a few months' imprisonment. One of the chief reasons for the abolition of capital punishment by law in Rhode Island, was that juries had already virtually abolished it by their reluctance to convict. For instance, there can be no manner of doubt that Nicholas Gordon would have been found guilty of being accessory to the murder of Amasa Sprague had the jury not known that, should he be convicted wrongfully, the mistake would be irretrievable. Since the adoption of imprisonment for life there has been no hesitancy to convict upon adequate evidence, no straining the construction of a reasonable doubt. In Providence County, during the thirty years next following the abolition of the death penalty, out of twenty-seven trials for murder there were seventeen convictions. In the same thirty years in New Haven County, Connecticut, the number of trials for murder in the first degree was twenty-three, and the result was three convictions of murder in the first degree, two of the convicts being hanged, and nine convictions of murder in the second degree. In Massachusetts, from 1860 to 1882, both inclusive, there were one hundred and seventy trials by jury for murder in the first degree. Twenty-nine persons were convicted as charged, sixteen of whom were hanged, and one escaped the gallows by suicide. Twenty-six were convicted of murder in the second degree.

One noteworthy feature of the abolition of capital punishment in Rhode Island is that the same stigma does not attach to the relatives of a criminal who is sentenced to imprisonment for life

as to the relatives of men who have been hanged. The cultivated and estimable family of Prof. Webster, executed for the murder of Dr. Parkman, emigrated from their native land to die friendless and forlorn on a foreign shore, on account of the disgrace brought upon them by his execution. Although innocent, they probably suffered fully as much as did the guilty Professor. There are no such harrowing scenes in Rhode Island, and the innocent are spared from being punished for the guilty. The family and connections of persons under life sentence remain in the community, and are not treated as if any iniquity rested upon them. Rhode Island follows in this respect the Divine injunction that the children shall not suffer for the father nor the father for the children, but each shall suffer for his own sin.

Another feature of the execution of justice upon murderers, after the Rhode Island method, is the absence of flowers and flummery. The convicted murderer here is a very commonplace sort of individual. Ladies don't slobber over him, unless they happen to be related to him, and he is not presented with bouquets and his health menaced with dyspeptic delicacies. The cell and the shoe shop don't seem to afford the same scope for gush and caramels as the gallows and the death watch.

Rhode Island is a small and in some respects a peculiar community, and it is possible that methods which flourish here might be less efficient and much more difficult in a commonwealth of larger and more varied population. But in this State the abolition of capital punishment appears to have a satisfactory and beneficial effect, both as to the protection of human life and the proper administration of justice. This is so generally recognized that the idea of a return to capital punishment does not seem to be even entertained in any influential or intelligent quarter, and Rhode Islanders look back to the past age of the gallows very much as other English-speaking communities look back to the rack and the thumbscrew. It is a tradition. More than a generation has passed since its use, and the young men of to-day have to turn to the older citizens for any reminiscences on the subject.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS OF THE PAST.—“BRISTOL BILL.”—A THRILLING AND UNWRITTEN INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.—“I WILL WRITE HIM ANOTHER LETTER.”—DRIVEN MAD BY FEAR OF “BRISTOL BILL.—THE SPRAGUES AND JIM EDGERTON.—HOW EDGERTON CAME TO BE CONVICTED OF PERJURY.—JAMES HAZARD, THE COLORED RECEIVER.—HIS LONG STRUGGLE AGAINST THE LAW.—DR. TAZANT, THE COUNTERFEITER.—A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT OF DETECTIVE SWAN.—THE DETECTIVE CAUGHT IN A COAL-SHUTE.—A PROMPT ARREST OF BURGLARS.

SOME notorious criminals figured in Rhode Island in the old days of the watch, and none were more notorious than William H. Warburton, *alias* “Bristol Bill.” A history of Warburton would fill a good-sized book. His career, on both sides of the Atlantic, entitled him to a prominent niche in the catacomb of infamy, and equalled, in romantic and daring adventure, that of any outlaw in the realm of reality or of fiction. In Rhode Island he perpetrated some of his boldest robberies, and in Rhode Island, he essayed and was given the opportunity to reform—an opportunity of which, however, he but briefly availed himself. Like many another outlaw, he had the deep and faithful devotion of a woman—his lawful wife, and a planner and partner in his crimes. Her remains have long reposed beneath the sod of a Providence cemetery, her guilt and love alike forgotten, her very resting place almost unknown.

To one incident in the life of “Bristol Bill” we propose to allude, because, although the facts were suppressed from publication, they created a deep sensation among the many prominent citizens to whom they became known, and some of whom discovered, to their great astonishment, that they had been unwitting receivers of stolen goods. William H. Hudson was City Marshal, when “Bristol Bill,” released from the Vermont State

Prison, came to Providence, broken down by nine years' incarceration, to recover his health, and, at the same time, to replenish his purse. He found a refuge with James Edgerton, the bank robber. Not long after his arrival "Bristol Bill" determined to rob the Westminster Bank. The same night that he had selected for breaking into the bank was chosen by two of Edgerton's associates for the robbery of a grocer's shop, on High street. The watch happened along just as the plunder from the grocery shop was being rolled along the street. The two petty offenders saw the approach of the patrol and ran, making their escape. "Bristol Bill," with burglar's tools on his person, with which he had intended to open the bank, almost ran into the arms of the watchmen, who at once took him to the station, on the charge of breaking into the shop, never for a moment suspecting the crime he had really planned to commit, and being equally ignorant of the importance of the capture, and the identity of their prisoner.

When asked his name, "Bristol Bill" gave that of "Charles Arthur." A day or two after his arrest and arraignment a mysterious stranger visited the law office of Lycurgus Sayles, Esq., then recently admitted to the bar, and anxious, as all young attorneys are, to distinguish himself. The mysterious stranger put down a twenty-dollar gold piece as a retainer, and told Mr. Sayles to go over to the jail and consult with the man, Charles Arthur, who had just been arrested. "It is all the money I can spare now," said the visitor. "Do your best to get him out of this, and, depend upon it, you will be compensated." "But how is he to know that I am requested to be his attorney by a person acting sincerely in his behalf?" asked Mr. Sayles. The stranger hesitated, and at length replied: "If he hangs back, and does not put confidence in you, go up to him, and, when no one else can hear but him, whisper, 'Bristol Bill!'" Mr. Sayles followed the instructions given. He never for an instant thought he was dealing with the real "Bristol Bill," but that the name was a sort of password that would be recognized. The appearance of the man, however, was striking. He had a keen, observant eye, that watched without seeming to look, a cautious, cat-like tread, and a quiet, deliberate tone of voice. He thought at first that

Mr. Sayles might be a city official sent "to quiz him," and so remarked, but a correct description of the mysterious stranger, and the words "Bristol Bill," at once reassured him.

"Bristol Bill" was a sick man, and his trial was postponed on evidence to this effect. Meantime he was anxious to get out on bail, which was placed at \$1,000. He told Mr. Sayles that many years before, when he lived in Providence, he had been connected in crime with a man who then stood well in Providence society, was apparently in affluent circumstances, and had dealings, as a gold refiner, with the largest jewelry houses. The statement amazed Mr. Sayles, especially when "Bristol Bill" added: "He owes me a balance of \$3,000 on our last settlement, that amount being due to me from the Currier-Trott robbery in Boston." This was one of the most famous robberies that ever occurred in the United States. "I will write him a letter," said "Bristol Bill," "asking him to come and bail me." "Bristol Bill" wrote the letter. It was a mild appeal, in respectful language, and the only allusion to the past was in the signature, a name by which "Bristol Bill" had, he said, been known to the gold-refiner many years before. Bragunn, of "Bragunn's Arcade," was then office-boy for Mr. Sayles. He delivered the letter. The recipient read it, asked who the attorney was, and, upon being told, advised the boy coldly to go back and inform Mr. Sayles that he—the refiner—did not propose to go bail for this one and that one, and he therefore declined.

Mr. Sayles carried the answer to "Bristol Bill." "I will write him another letter," the latter quietly said. He wrote a communication of the most damning character, reciting the various crimes in which he claimed to have been connected with the gold refiner, and this time signed it, "William H. Warburton, *alias* Bristol Bill." Mr. Sayles was almost afraid to send the note. He went out on the street, and, seeing the Hon. Thomas Davis, and another gentleman then well-known, he called them into his office. He read the letter. The astonishment of Mr. Davis, whose firm had often bought gold from the refiner in question, may be imagined by those who know that sterling old man. Two copies of the letter were made, one of which Mr.

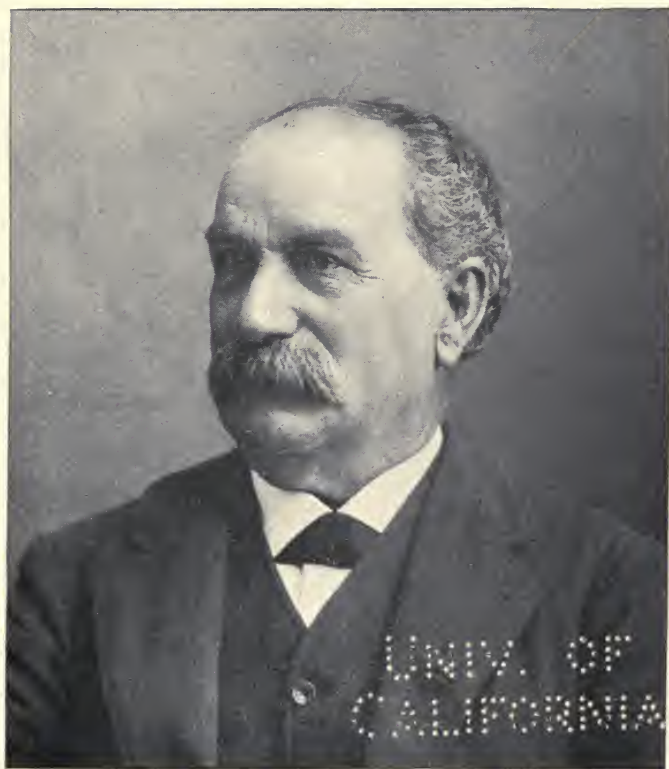
Sayles retained, and young Bragunn was sent with the original to the person addressed.

Much sooner than Mr. Sayles expected the boy came running back, his bulging eyes showing that he had encountered a reception he did not meet with every day. In answer to his employer he said: "Just as soon as the man read the letter, he fell back against the wall, deadly pale. Then in a minute or two he cried, 'Get out of here, you young scamp, and don't come in here again!'"

Three days later the gold refiner walked Westminster street a raving maniac. He was committed to a hospital for the insane, and died without having recovered his reason. "Bristol Bill" was used by the police of Boston, with the leave of the Rhode Island officials, in detecting certain mysterious crimes, which he did successfully, and, on the intercession of the Massachusetts authorities, the charge against him in Rhode Island was dropped. He died, at the ripe old age of eighty, a criminal to the last.

It may be mentioned here that Jim Edgerton came to the end of his criminal career in a singular fashion. He confided to an associate that he was planning to kill and rob Amasa Sprague, the brother of ex-Governor Sprague. Amasa was in the habit of driving from the city, late at night, with considerable sums of money on his person, and Edgerton meant to waylay him. The associate, a weak sort of fellow for the veteran bank-robber to entrust his secrets to, repeated Edgerton's statement. It came to the ears of Amasa Sprague, then a power in Rhode Island, and he resolved that Edgerton should be put where he could do no harm. How to do it, was the question. Edgerton had perjured himself in a replevin suit, but this form of perjury was believed to be so common that it was not likely any prosecution would be instituted. The Spragues, however, had the matter taken up by a private party in Cranston, one of the Sprague lawyers acting as prosecutor. The case was pushed with vigor, and Edgerton was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. This was in 1867. He did not live to serve out the sentence.

Another well-known offender of ante-war times was James



J. CRAWFORD POTTER.

Hazard, a colored man who kept a second-hand clothing-shop on South Main street. Constable J. Crawford Potter was chiefly instrumental in detecting and bringing Hazard to punishment as a receiver of stolen goods, a business which he conducted on a very extensive scale, while at the same time posing as a church member, and a leader among the colored citizens. Constable (then watchman), William H. Pullen, still in hale health, who can remember seeing men whipped in the court-house yard, and who assisted in the execution of Gordon, gave valuable aid in the capture of Hazard. The most remarkable feature of Hazard's case was the determined and tenacious manner in which he was upheld and defended by persons who stood very high in Providence society, even after conclusive and positive proof of his guilt.

The first case of peculiar interest, under the present police organization, was that of "Dr. Tazant." In the autumn of 1865, Detective James O. Swan and Thomas J. A. Gross (afterward Chief of Police, and now deceased), arrested a man in this city for passing counterfeit money. In the prisoner's possession was found a letter mailed from Albany that morning, in which had been contained the fraudulent money he had attempted to pass. The letter was signed "x t x," but the prisoner declined to give any information as to the writer. As to the party arrested, it is sufficient to say that he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to three years in State's Prison. He served his term. In his shop the officers found an envelope directed to "Dr. Tazant, Albany, N. Y." Possessed of no clue save the name upon the envelope, Messrs. Swan and Gross proceeded to Albany to look up "Dr. Tazant." At that time the cities of Albany and Troy were infested by counterfeiters, and noted for the manufacture and circulation of spurious notes. The officers arrived in the evening and introduced themselves to the City Marshal. That official informed them that a man, ostensibly a physician, and representing himself as Dr. Tazant, was living in style on a certain street. He added that the reputation of the pretended doctor was bad, and that he had actually been arrested by United States' officers, three weeks before, on suspicion of

counterfeiting coinage, and his house thoroughly searched, but without success. The City Marshal was entirely willing, however, to second any measures which the Rhode Island officers might choose to adopt, and directed his captain of police to assist them.

Before daylight the next morning Mr. Gross applied at the doctor's office as a patient requiring treatment, and obtained admission. He was closely followed by Mr. Swan and the Albany police captain. As soon as they were all fairly within, they made their business known. The doctor laughed, and said he had no objection whatever to a search of his premises, at the same time picking up a number of small bottles from a table and placing them in a box resembling a lady's work-box. The policemen at once began their search, which lasted from daylight until half-past four in the afternoon. They found \$1,400 of good money, but no vestige of any that was counterfeited. The search had been thorough, but unsuccessful, and they felt almost discouraged. Meantime Dr. Tazant eyed them coolly, but with a sneering expression, as he calmly regaled himself with a choice Havana. Must they give up and return to Providence—thought Messrs. Swan and Gross—only to be bantered on the fruitless result of their journey?

All at once Mr. Swan happened to cast his eyes on the box before mentioned, which stood on the table. He took it up, glancing at the doctor's face as he did so. There was no sneer there now. Mr. Swan removed the bottles and other contents. It appeared like an ordinary box, and he was about to replace the vials, when he detected a bit of paper in the joint between the side and bottom. To raise the box over his head and bring it down upon the table with force enough to break it to pieces was the work of a moment, and there lay revealed about four thousand dollars in counterfeit notes.

The eyes of Dr. Tazant fairly blazed as he sprang forward, and Mr. Swan saw and interpreted the danger-signal. But the detected criminal quickly took counsel of prudence, and said: "Gentlemen, the game is up; but you can't make anything out of this. Now, just take the \$1,400 of good money, and let that

end it." The offer was declined and the doctor held in custody. Among his papers Mr. Swan found one signed by President Fillmore, pardoning Ralph Osborn, the real name of "Dr. Tazant," from the State Prison at Albany, to which he had been sentenced for counterfeiting silver dollars. He was arraigned, charged with making and uttering counterfeit notes, waived examination, and was bailed in the sum of \$5,000. He forfeited his bail and fled. Three months later he was again arrested in Philadelphia, and a hundred thousand dollars in counterfeits found in his possession. He was committed, but the next morning the officers found only an empty cell, and we are unable to follow any further the fortunes of "Dr. Tazant."

About five years later, when William Knowles was Chief of Police, a service was required of Mr. Swan, in which, for the first time in his life, he was completely foiled. A small boy was arrested by a down-town policeman for stealing pennies. When questioned at the Central Station the next morning, the lad confessed the theft to the Chief, and said he would go and point out the place where he had hidden the coin. Mr. Knowles requested Mr. Swan to go with him, and Chief, detective, and small boy started for the scene. The little fellow led the treasure-seekers down South Water street to the coal-yard of Peck & Salisbury, where a halt was ordered. The pennies were secreted "away up there," said the boy, pointing to a distant coal-shute, and, proceeding to the spot indicated, the boy began to climb a post to reach the shute, which was about fourteen feet above the bottom of the coal-bins. The Chief remained on the street, and Mr. Swan, not to be outdone in gymnastics by the youthful prisoner, started up after him. The boy clambered along the top of the shute, saying the pennies were hidden under the further end, when suddenly he jumped down into the bin beneath. Mr. Swan instantly jumped after him, but, a second too late, discovered that he had made a miscalculation and got into "the wrong box;" that is, the nearly empty bin adjoining. The shock of descending fourteen feet without any previous advertisement of a trapeze performance, naturally bewildered the officer, and before he could realize the situation, the little rascal who had led him into the

predicament scrambled through a diminutive opening on the other side of the partition, and was at liberty. Not so his late custodian, however. In the midst of darkness that might be felt, and half-strangled by clouds of coal-dust, which he had dislodged in his descent, Mr. Swan lifted up his voice and loudly yelled for some one to deliver him from the black hole, in which he was being gradually suffocated. Meantime the Chief was patiently pacing the street in front of the coal-yard, waiting for Mr. Swan to return with the boy and the bullion. Chief William Knowles was a meditative man, much given to abstract thought, and his ears were deaf to the appealing song of the Swan, who just at that moment bore an intimate resemblance to the black swan of Australia. After calling in vain, the detective concluded to climb out of the coal-bin. This feat he accomplished, after much tribulation, but no thief would have been tempted to steal the suit of summer clothing he wore that day. The Chief greeted his appearance with: "Where's the boy?" The reply was very concise, very explicit, and, considering the circumstances, not very profane. "Well, we may as well not say anything about this," was the Chief's response.

One of the most expeditious arrests of burglars on record was in the spring of 1869. The residence of Mr. Christopher Lip-pitt, on Hope street, was broken into. Late at night a member of the family heard the burglars at work, and gave an alarm, but they escaped before aid could be brought to secure them, bearing away about five hundred dollars worth of silver plate. Detectives Swan and Knowles (John M. Knowles, afterward Chief of Police, and now Superintendent of the Dexter Asylum) were notified of the affair the next morning, just as they were about to leave the Central Station. They went out together, with no definite plan of operation, and had hardly reached the pavement, when three men were observed to emerge from one of the hosteleries on Canal street, and gaze up and down, as if strangers in the city. Their conduct appeared suspicious to the detectives, just then very anxious to suspect somebody. Messrs. Swan and Knowles followed the strangers up to Otis street, and, stepping quickly up to them, took them in custody, and to the station.

As they reached the door, the prisoners made a spring for liberty. Mr. Swan, by a sudden push, landed two of them, Charles Williams and John Feely, in the entry, but the third, named George Calamity, broke away. Meeting a man in Arsenal lane who tried to intercept him, the fugitive knocked him down, and succeeded in reaching Benefit street, where he was captured by officers Charles and John Oakes, and brought back to the station by Mr. Knowles. The plate was all found upon the prisoners, who were in due course convicted and sent to State Prison. Skeleton keys, key nippers and jimmy proved them to be professional criminals. The stolen plate was returned to Mrs. Lippitt that very morning, and the lady was surprised with several articles which she had not then missed. Burglars have been arrested in the act of robbery, or immediately after the crime, when the police have been warned and on the watch for an expected attempt, but in this instance the detectives, without any clue to work upon, caught the burglars, and recovered the stolen property within ten minutes after they had heard of the robbery.



CHAPTER XXVI.

EX-SERGEANT FREDERICK W. PERRY.—HIS FIGHT FOR LIFE TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO.—AN HONORABLE RECORD.—THE MURDER OF JOSEPH G. CLARK, AT WORCESTER.—A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY DETECTS THE CRIMINALS.—ARREST OF SILAS AND ESCAPE OF CHARLES JAMES.—FROM WOONSOCKET TO PROVIDENCE IN SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES.—ARREST OF CHARLES JAMES IN OLNEYVILLE.—CONVICTION AND EXECUTION.

ON a quiet farm, in the town of Barrington, R. I., resides an ex-member of the Providence Police Force, whose record is worthy of more than the brief mention of his appointment to the office of Sergeant twenty-four years ago. Thirty-two years have left their imprint on the ledger of time since ex-Sergeant Frederick W. Perry, then a stalwart, handsome young man, assumed the duties of watchman in the streets and by-ways of Providence. Mr. Perry was on the night patrol, and to James Y. Smith, afterward War Governor, he owed his appointment. When the force was organized under Mayor Doyle, Mr. Perry, promoted to Sergeant, was placed in charge of the Second District. That section of the city was very different then from to-day. Scenes of outlawry were frequent; ruffian gangs took pleasure in assaulting the police whenever they thought themselves in sufficient numbers to overpower an officer, and the dangerous element had yet to learn that they were dealing with an efficient and disciplined force. Sergeant Perry never hesitated to obey the call of duty. He followed the criminals to their dens, and fearlessly enforced the laws and ordinances which it was incumbent on all to obey. Naturally the ruffian and criminal class feared and hated him.

Their opportunity came one evening in June, 1865. Sergeant Perry was in the station-house when, shortly after roll-call, a citizen rushed in and complained that he had been robbed on the

public highway. He described the robbers accurately, and Sergeant Perry at once sallied forth to capture them. The Sergeant arrested a man answering the description—a stout young fellow, then known as a rough, and since notorious in several prize-fights. The prisoner went along quietly enough until, on Charles street near Orms, he encountered a half-drunken party of ruffians, who at once recognized him as a friend and brother in distress. Emboldened by their demonstrations of sympathy, the prisoner tried to break away from the Sergeant. Mr. Perry, himself a powerful man, held the captive in a grip that, without outside interference, would have proved more than a vise for his prize-fighting antagonist. The Sergeant's tenacity maddened the crowd, and they assailed him with fist, stick and stone. Bruised, struggling and nearly overcome, the Sergeant was about to have recourse to his revolver, when he observed a woman and children, innocent and affrighted onlookers of the scene. Fearing that a stray bullet might hit one of them, he withheld from shooting. The assailants, emboldened by his humanity, became more furious, overpowered him, and bore him prostrate and bleeding to the pavement. There they continued to assault him with blows and kicks, and the result would probably have been fatal to Mr. Perry, but for the appearance at this moment of Mr. William Miller. Comprehending at a glance that desperate action was necessary, if the officer's life was to be saved, Mr. Miller drew a knife, and dashing into the crowd, threatened to slay the first who should inflict another blow. The cowards recoiled. Mr. Perry was removed to his home. From that day he has been an invalid.

The authorities recognized that Mr. Perry had been terribly disabled in the cause of duty, and his pay was continued during the three months it took him to recover sufficiently to be about. In February, 1866, Mr. Perry was transferred as Night Sergeant to the Central Station, and remained in that position until 1871, when he resigned to accept charge of the State Insane Department at Cranston. He filled that important trust for eleven years, and when increasing physical infirmity signified the wisdom of retirement, he took with him to his country home the esteem

and well-wishes of all, both officials and wards, who had known him. With all his physical infirmity Mr. Perry's eye is as bright and his mind as clear as when the writer of these lines, then a youthful reporter on the *Journal*, first encountered him at his post in the Central Station.

Mention of the period of Sergeant Perry's service recalls an event which, at the time, created a great sensation, not only in Providence, but also in the neighboring State of Massachusetts—the murder of Joseph G. Clark at Worcester. A woman's jealousy led to the timely discovery of this crime, which was perpetrated on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1868. The victim, Clark, was a professional gambler, well-known in this city. He had resided in Worcester for several years, and occupied rooms in the third-story of the Union Block on Main street. One of these rooms contained a faro table. Another was a sleeping apartment. For an intimate associate he had a Mrs. Eaton, a young widow, of attractive features, who lived on Summer street, Worcester. Mrs. Eaton was devoted to Clark. They sometimes met at her home, and sometimes in his rooms. On the evening of the crime Clark supped with the woman at her residence, going afterward to his own abode. About a quarter before seven o'clock Mrs. Eaton went to Clark's apartments, presumably by appointment, to meet him there. She had a key to the rooms, in order that she might be able to enter at any time without disturbance. This time the key met an obstruction. She could not open the door, and the obstruction evidently was a key on the inside. Some noise within satisfied her that Clark was there. She talked to him through the door, begging for admittance. There was no reply. She concluded that he had company he did not wish her to see. It might be a man; it might be a woman—the latter she feared. Jealousy raged in her heart. For two long hours she continued to plead for entrance—but no reply came to her almost agonizing appeal. All the time occasional noises within proved to her mind that Clark was there. She determined on a new course to make sure of the identity of the rival she dreaded and hated, without knowing. Her woman's wit fixed upon a plan which proved successful and

effective, but in a way very different from what she anticipated. "If you have private company," she said through the door, "that you do not wish me to see, I will go to the Bay State House, wait for half an hour, and if you do not come after me, I will come back to your room alone." Then Mrs. Eaton walked down the stairs, taking care that her footsteps would be heard in Clark's apartments. Then, stealthily and noiselessly, she crept up the stairs again, to a landing above Clark's door. There she sat down to wait, herself free from observation, but commanding a view of the door below, and of any one who might emerge from it.

Mrs. Eaton had not to remain much longer in suspense. About twenty minutes past nine she heard a slight movement in the lock of Clark's door. The door opened, and, instead of a woman, two men stole quietly out, and down the stairs, after locking the door. Their coats were about their heads, but she saw their faces, and recognized them both. A moment later Mrs. Eaton was in the apartments of her lover. Entering the room where the faro table stood she noticed a dark spot on the floor; but none of the furniture was displaced. She tried the door of the sleeping-room, and found it locked. But an odor of smoke came from the interior, and she could see a flickering light through crevices in the doorway. She then went into the hall, and gained the sleeping-room by another entrance. On a mattress raised slightly from the floor lay the body of Clark, enveloped in flames.

Mrs. Eaton rushed out and called for assistance, and citizens and the police hastened to the scene, extinguished the flames, and then at leisure examined the work of the murderers. The dark spot in the main room was where the victim had been stricken down. Clark's head had been split open with a hatchet, and a piece of rope was knotted around his neck, and the stove poker used as a tourniquet with which to strangle him. He had been struck down and strangled in the outer room, and the body carried into the inner chamber, a kerosene lamp broken over the head and clothing, and then fire set for the purpose of destroying the ghastly evidence. A large sum of money and the victim's

watch were missing, but \$1400 in United States bonds had escaped the plunderers.

Mrs. Eaton had recognized one of the men whom she saw leaving the room as Silas James, commonly known among gamblers as "General" James. His companion was believed to be Charles T. James. Both were well-known in Providence, in the vicinity of which they lived. Silas James was a wicked-looking gambler of about thirty-five years of age; the other, Charles, his cousin, a good looking, but weak-willed young man of twenty-two. The previous reputation of the younger James was not bad, and he was undoubtedly led into crime by his older associate. The Worcester police sought the two men at the Western depot, where they succeeded in arresting Silas James. Charles saw the officers in time to evade them. Silas vigorously denied any connection with the crime. Word was telegraphed to Woonsocket and Providence, it being thought that Charles T. James would seek to escape in this direction.

It was about half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon of the day following the tragedy that officer Capron, of Woonsocket, received a dispatch from Worcester describing James, and urging a lookout for him. Mr. Capron at once went to the Central House, kept by Elliott & Mason, and read the dispatch to Mr. Mason. The latter exclaimed: "That team and that fellow were here this morning!" Between seven and eight o'clock James had driven up in a sleigh, with a driver, had the horse baited, and refreshment brought to himself in the sleigh. Mr. Elliott remarked at the time—"There's something wrong with that fellow."

It took but a few moments for Messrs. Capron and Elliott to be on the road to Providence behind "White Stocking," one of the best horses in the stable. Just before reaching Cumberland Hill they met returning the driver who accompanied James from Worcester. The driver then first learned the character of his companion. He said that James left him near J. S. Brown's machine shop, in Pawtucket, and started for Olneyville by way of Manton. With renewed speed the pursuers drove on, reaching the old Providence Hotel, sixteen miles from Woonsocket, in sixty-five minutes. They at once reported to Detective Swan.

That officer was already on the track of the fugitive, and the three started for Olneyville together. Officer William A. Carroll, of Johnston, with Detective Swan, undertook the search for the murderer. Mr. Swan went to the house where James was expected to seek refuge. Within fifty yards of the same house officer Carroll met James on the road, and at once took him in custody. James threw away in the snow a handkerchief containing a gold watch, a diamond cluster pin, worth \$800, and silver change taken from the murdered man; and James also had on his person about \$900 of the money obtained by the crime. "Did Clark make any fight?" asked Detective Swan, when he came up. "No; we stiffened him at the first lick," answered James. The young man made no concealment of his guilt, unlike his cousin Silas, who denied to the last. Young James confessed that they planned to rob and murder Clark, and then destroy all evidence of the crime by burning the building. During the few days they were in Worcester preparing for the deed, Clark charitably gave the "General" money to buy the necessaries of life. They had visited Clark's rooms before, intending to commit the crime, but Friday evening was the first occasion they found him alone. Silas attracted Clark's attention while the younger James stepped behind, and struck the fatal blow with the hatchet, which had been bought the same day, doubtless with money given by Clark. They strangled Clark to silence his groans. The woman on the outside of the door caused them great alarm, and Charles James kept on the watch for her, while Silas disposed of the body.

Both men were tried together. As Silas did not confess, the confession of his accomplice was excluded from the testimony. Both were convicted. On the grounds of the previous good character and inferior mental capacity of Charles James, a petition to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts for clemency was extensively signed in this State. The Governor, in a complete and respectful reply to the petitioners, gave reasons for denying their prayer. The execution took place in the chapel of the jail at Worcester, on Friday, September 25, 1868.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MURDER OF GEORGE H. FAVOR.—A CRIME UNSURPASSED IN ATROCITY.—DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. FAVOR.—PATRICK F. DENNEHY'S STORY TO MR. KING.—DISAPPEARANCE OF DENNEHY.—“MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO MAKE A KEY TO FIT.”—A LETTER CONFESSING TO ROBBERY.—HORRIBLE DISCOVERY IN THE CELLAR OF FAVOR'S ESTABLISHMENT.—THE PURSUIT OF DENNEHY.—SKETCH OF DETECTIVE JOHNSON.—HE CAPTURES DENNEHY IN CANADA.—THE MURDERER'S TROUBLED REST.—THE SHOES AND STUDS OF THE VICTIM IN HIS POSSESSION.—TRIAL AND CONVICTION.—DID HE MEDITATE ANOTHER CRIME?

WE come now to a crime unsurpassed in atrocity in the history of our city—the murder of George H. Favor. For about a week previous to Wednesday, September 11, 1872, Mr. George H. Favor, manufacturer and dealer in sashes, blinds, and doors, at No. 23 Cove street, Providence, had been missing under mysterious circumstances. He had in his employ an Irishman named Patrick F. Dennehy, who made himself generally useful about the place. Dennehy was prompt in appearing for work, did not drink—at least to excess—and was regarded as trustworthy. Mr. William O. King was clerk for Mr. Favor. On Thursday, September 5th, Mr. King saw Mr. Favor about the office as usual. Mr. Favor spoke to Mr. King about filling some order, and went out of the office, as Mr. King supposed, to look for the required stock. Soon afterward Mr. King also went out, to meet a business engagement. Mr. King was away about three-quarters of an hour. When he returned Dennehy told him that Mr. Favor had gone—down the river, he thought; that a stranger had come in and asked Mr. Favor what sort of a time he had been having at his summer residence at Sabin's Point; that he (the stranger) had passed the house the other night, and it was all lighted up. Mr. Favor had replied that he was not stopping at his summer

residence down the river, and he would at once go there and investigate.

Such, in substance, was Dennehy's story to Mr. King; and it seemed very plausible to the book-keeper, who knew that Mr. Favor had a cottage near Sabin's Point. In fact, Mr. King at once assumed the truth of the statement, and gave the matter no further thought. Dennehy remained about the premises as usual, much of the time in the cellar, splitting wood and cleaning up. In the evening, when the place was usually closed, one of the employés, who happened to be passing, noticed a light in the office. He entered, and found Dennehy writing. His presence did not seem to be welcome to Dennehy, who more than once suggested a place of amusement where his visitor might pass the evening. Finally they both went out, about ten o'clock, and, after a short walk, separated at Market Square and South Water street.

Dennehy was about his duties as promptly as usual, on Friday, much of the time in the cellar. Mr. Favor had not re-appeared; but there was no uneasiness. He was member of a firm in Fall River, and might have gone there. On Saturday morning, when Mr. King got to the office, Dennehy was not there. Mr. King also found it impossible to open the safe. He sent for an expert, who found the keyhole stuffed with paper. When the safe was opened the money and postage stamps—about \$100 in all—were missing, and on a small piece of paper, just inside the safe, was found written: "This is my first attempt to make a key to fit." The paper was wrapped around a key, which key did not fit the safe. About this time Mr. John Nudd, with whom Dennehy boarded at Davis and Smith streets, made his appearance, and reported that Dennehy had gone, Friday night, taking with him all his own clothing and a pair of Mr. Nudd's boots. In Dennehy's trunk was found a letter, virtually confessing the safe robbery, blaming domestic troubles for his fall into crime, and addressed to, among others, Mr. George Favor.

The police were at once informed. Detective Johnson was sent to investigate. He asked if Dennehy had any habit or peculiarity which might lead to his identification. "He was all the time

given to scribbling, when he had a chance," said a man in the office, "and you will find some of his scribbling in that desk, I think." The desk was at once opened. There the detective discovered, among other scraps of paper, an envelope addressed to a man named A. H. Fisher, "care of N. Garland, Ottawa, Canada." This address Mr. Johnson carefully put away for future use. The sum stolen from the safe by Dennehy amounted only to about \$100, as stated, besides which he had retained \$50 collected for Mr. Favor, and, as the crime was not extraditable, it was not thought worth while to pursue him.

Nobody yet suspected the terrible truth, but there was an undefined suspicion in the minds of the police detectives and others that the robbery of the safe had something to do with the absence of Mr. Favor, and that Dennehy could explain where his employer was. Telegrams to Fall River and other points failed to ascertain Mr. Favor's whereabouts, and he had not been to Sabin's Point. Anxiety grew into dread, and family and employes knew not what to believe. On the Tuesday following a stench was noticed in the cellar of the premises at 23 Cove street. A search was made, but nothing found. Mr. Nudd had occasion to go into the cellar on Wednesday, and found the stench still more offensive. He spoke to Mr. King, and together they made a search, this time a thorough one. Close to the wall, beyond where the former search had reached, they found the body of Mr. Favor. A haycutter was on the head, and a sleigh over the body. Worms and rats had done their work on the remains, but rodent and worm had not been able to efface the evidence of the awful crime. A hole in the head, from which the brains protruded, told plainly how death had been caused.

The public voice at once demanded that the murderer be brought to justice. Nearly a week had elapsed since Dennehy's departure. Every clue was taken up. It was now remembered that, when Mr. Favor was last seen, he inquired for Dennehy, and was told that he was in the cellar. The object of the note in the safe about a key to fit, and the letter addressed partly to Mr. Favor, found in Dennehy's trunk, was now apparent. The murderer evidently wished to convey the impression that safe-robbery

was his only crime, and that as far as he knew, Mr. Favor was living. Mr. Favor carried a key to the safe. That key had evidently been taken by the murderer, when he killed his employer in the cellar. He doubtless spent the night of the murder concealing the body, until interrupted by the entrance of his fellow-employé. Afterward, cleaning up the cellar gave him ample opportunity to conceal the remains. How, or with what weapon Mr. Favor was killed has never been made known. There was an axe in the cellar, the back part of the head of which might have produced the fatal blow. There was also a large iron bolt, with a round flattened head, and used for prying open boxes. Mr. Johnson thinks that Dennehy crushed in his employer's skull with the last-mentioned weapon. Where Mr. Favor must have first fallen there was a broad stain of blood in the cement. Dennehy had evidently scoured the spot time after time, but in vain. The mark remained as ineffaceable as the life-blood of Rizzio in the floor of Holyrood. The body had evidently been dragged among some window-casings, large enough to admit of a man stepping through them, and there remained until Dennehy had the chance to conceal it where it was found. The interior of the window-casings looked like a place of slaughter. Dennehy had taken the shoes off the dead.

Detective Swan started for Boston to make inquiries about Dennehy there. Detective Johnson started for Manville to see the murderer's wife. Mrs. Dennehy had not seen her husband for months, and did not care to see him; but she was able to give Mr. Johnson a picture of him. Mr. Swan also met with success in Boston. There he ascertained that Dennehy had been an inmate of the Charlestown prison for two years for larceny of a horse and team. He had also boarded at the Stackpole House, and left a trunk there as security for an unpaid bill. Detective Swan found the trunk at the Stackpole, and in it was a photograph of Dennehy, and letters showing a correspondence with Fisher, in the care of N. Garland, at Ottawa.

Detective Albert C. Johnson, to whom we have alluded, was at once dispatched to Canada. It may be well here to say that Mr. Johnson is a native of Foster, Rhode Island. One of a family

of nine boys, he soon displayed the Foster ability to grub for himself. At sea, on the railway, on the police force, and as deputy sheriff, he has proved the grit that is in him; but never did he show his persistence and detective ability more signally than in the pursuit of Dennehy. Mr. Johnson was not slow in getting to Ottawa. There he found P. F. Dennehy's writing on the registry of the Albion House, as "P. F. Graham, Boston." He then sought out Mr. Garland, who proved to be a highly respectable man, employed at the government building. Mr. Garland told Mr. Johnson that Fisher and Dennehy had carried on correspondence while the latter was in the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass. Fisher, it was ascertained, had gone off on a wedding trip, and Mr. Johnson guessed that Dennehy had probably accompanied him. With officer Pinard, of the Ottawa police, Mr. Johnson started after the wedding party. He hoped to find the fugitive on the train at Grenville, Lower Canada, and when the train arrived the Providence detective and officer Pinard were at the station. Mr. Johnson walked through the cars, but did not see Dennehy at first.

Mr. Johnson then started to walk back through the train, and his eyes soon lighted on Dennehy, sitting with a bouquet in his bosom as one of the wedding party. The Providence officer at once tapped the fugitive on the shoulder, and summoned him from the car. Pinard was waiting on the platform. "This is the man," said Mr. Johnson, quietly. "I arrest you in the name of the Queen!" spoke the Canadian officer, laying his hand on Dennehy's shoulder. Dennehy was hurried on board the steamer for Ottawa, and Mr. Johnson took him to a state-room, and locked the door, remaining within to watch the prisoner. Dennehy admitted robbing the safe, but denied the murder of Mr. Favor. He asked what the penalty of murder was in Rhode Island, appearing to be ignorant of it. He said he would rather die than go back to the States, as he would undoubtedly be convicted. Mr. Johnson said that if innocent, as he claimed to be, he would not be convicted.

This assurance did not seem to satisfy the prisoner, who leaning his head back against the side of a berth, fell into a doze.

Suddenly, while Dennehy slept, his face assumed an expression of horror, "such," Mr. Johnson says, "as I had never seen on the face of a living man." Dennehy started; he half muttered something; he arose; his eyes opened and he glared wildly around. Then his brain evidently awoke to the situation, he saw Mr. Johnson; he sank back on his seat and was calm again. In his sleep had he dreamed that he beheld the ghost of his victim?

Dennehy had with him \$25.00 in American, and \$2.00 in Canadian money. He also had two travelling valises, in one of which was a striped cotton shirt, stained on the right wrist, the left sleeve, and near the elbow, with what a surgeon pronounced to be blood. A pair of studs belonging to Mr. Favor were found on Dennehy, and in his valise were the very shoes worn by the victim of the horrible crime. The shoes could not have fitted Dennehy, and were, of course, somewhat used, and it is difficult to understand what motive could have prompted him to take them. The key of the safe, which Mr. Favor had carried, was found in a passage-way on the steamer where Dennehy had evidently thrown it away.

Dennehy engaged counsel, and made every possible effort to resist extradition, but in vain. An error in the original warrant obtained his release for a few minutes, but he was overtaken with another warrant before he had gone many steps. President Grant signed the application for extradition, and, legal resistance being exhausted, Dennehy was brought to Providence. At his trial he was ably defended by devoted counsel, but the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. The Providence police were applauded both by the Canadian and the local press for their success in capturing Dennehy, the *Providence Journal* remarking editorially, the day after the arrest, that "there was a general feeling of satisfaction in the community, yesterday morning over the announcement that Patrick F. Dennehy, undoubtedly the perpetrator of the recent most atrocious murder on Cove street, has been hunted down by Detective Johnson, and is now safely lodged in jail, in Ottawa, in the Dominion of Canada. The timid breathe easier now that it is known that so reckless a murderer is not lurking about the city,

and everybody rejoices that the outraged law is likely to be vindicated in the speedy punishment of the criminal."

In the course of Dennehy's trial circumstances came to light which indicated that the killing of Mr. Favor was deliberate, and that another person might not improbably have been intended as a second victim. Dennehy had opportunities for knowing how much money was in the safe, and he waited until Friday night, when the safe would be likely to contain an extra amount for weekly payments to be made on the following day before robbing it. That same Friday he advised the clerk, Mr. King, to take care and have money enough to pay off on the morrow. On Friday evening Dennehy went to a place kept by a man named Tom Marrjott, and remained there until closing hours. Marrjott, before going away, counted and took his cash, amounting to about \$100. Dennehy saw the money counted, and expressed much anxiety that Marrjott should accompany him over to Mr. Favor's office, as he (Dennehy) had money over there he wanted to get, in order to go on a tour of dissipation. Marrjott, although he suspected nothing, declined to go. Attorney-General Willard Sayles, who prosecuted Dennehy, has expressed the opinion that, if Marrjott had consented, there would have been two bodies in the cellar instead of one.

Dennehy remains in State Prison. The power of pardon, in Rhode Island, rests with the Governor and Senate. The Governor recommends and the Senate consents and advises. Repeated efforts have been made to induce Governors to recommend the pardon of Dennehy, but without avail; and it is not likely that Governor Taft will take a different view from his predecessors as to the deserts of this atrocious criminal.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LITTLE CARL ON THE BANKS OF THE SPREE.—IN AMERICA.—
LEARNING TO ENGRAVE.—IN LOVE WITH CLARA BECHTEL.—
AN OMINOUS WISH.—THE FIRST CRIME.—ROBBING THE BAL-
TIMORE THIRD NATIONAL BANK VAULT.—IN A TURKISH
PRISON.—THE ESCAPE AND THE MURDER OF MRS. CHAPMAN.—
SWINDLING THE UNION TRUST COMPANY.—A SCHEME TO DE-
FRAUD THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT.—THE 1,000 FRANC NOTE
FORGERY.—FOR NEARLY SIX YEARS A PRISONER.—“YES,
PET, I’LL TRY TO BE GOOD.”

* It was May’s fairest day in 1857. The banks of the Spree were aglow with wild flowers and fragrant with the sweetness of the earth after rain. The little waves lapped the pebbles as they ran towards the great city of Berlin in the distance, and sang musically to little Carl who was seated on a fallen log dipping first one foot and then the other into the clear water, laughing all the while. There was the color of a well-ripened lady-apple on his cheeks. Carl’s furrowless forehead upheld a tangled mass of bright hair; his blue eyes glanced first up the stream and then down again and then filled with tears.

“Alack!” he cried as he put his plump little hand against a dimple in his cheek, “Alack! and why does not Minnachen come this way?”

But Minna did not come and sleep did. It was very, very hard to keep those little blue eyes open. The shade of the linden was so cool, and the whispering of the little water-sprites was so sweet, and the humming of that great big old grandfather bee made him so drowsy. And then Minnachen was so long in coming—wouldn’t come at all, maybe. “Oh-o-o, I am so sleepy,” and away went little Carl’s wakefulness as his head rested upon a little bank of moss. A little daisy near by bobbed in the wind

* Contributed by de Francias Folsom, of *The New York Times*.

and as if attracted toward the sweet baby face below it, bent down and kissed it. So Carl went fast to sleep.

When awakened the sun was shining right under his eye-lids, for it was nearly twilight. The day was about spent and all that was needed was for the great ball of fire to sink beneath the hills in the west and give the little stars a chance to light our Carl to his home. No, Minna has not come yet, Carl, but she is coming. Hear her voice: "Carl, Carl, mein brudder Carl!" it calls. "Ach Carl!" it says, and another curly head is there by the banks of the Spree for the sun to touch with his lightest finger of grace and repose its keeping to the night. With arms on shoulders the little ones skip joyously towards a little cottage among a group of trees in the distance. Already there are lights in the windows and a kind-faced old woman stands on the threshold and with her apron beckons the golden-heads on. "Oh, Mother Becker," exclaims a passer-by, "but you are a lucky woman! The little fellow will make a fine soldier some day."

Within the door-way sits an elderly man from whose pipe arise long curls of white smoke which are tossed about by the spring breezes awhile and then vanish. It is father Becker, little Carl's and Minna's father, but oh! so weary of the incessant toil and fruitless endeavors of a German peasant's life, so tired of the struggle to fill the little ones' mouths, so—

"Mother Becker," he says shortly, "let's go to America."

"All right, my man. I am thine. I will follow thee."

It was not long after this that the Becker family with ten-years-old Carl and little Minna came to this country which had been described to them as the land of gold; where money came almost for the asking. But they did not find it the Eldorado of their imagination. It was hard work that father Becker had in the big city of New York to keep the little ones glad some and the mother from regretting the cottage by the Spree. But he was a typical German. Frugality, patience, industry did their parts and after a time the Beckers got to be looked on as rising people—money in the bank and all those other evidences of respectability which make classes. Carl and Minna went to a big school on the east side of the city and soon became known

as Charles and Minnie. They lost most of their recollection of the Fatherland. They were Americans now, and when the war opened Charles wanted to go to the front as a drummer-boy, but he didn't. He got to be a big fellow by this time and there was little left for him to do in school, so rapid had been his advancement. He was devoted to his pencil. He drew Minnie's and his father's and mother's faces so well that they had them framed and hung them in the parlor. He also wrote a marvelous hand and could do almost anything with a pen. He could imitate any other person's writing to a nicety that was remarkable, and it became the boast of the family that Charles was sure to become a great man—a priest or doctor perhaps. Minnie—she regarded her brother with an affection that was devotion; anything that Charles did was right.

Mr. Becker was determined that Charles should learn a trade, and so, as the boy knew how to draw and write so well it was plainly to be seen that he should be an engraver. Wasn't Albrecht Durer an engraver! So an old friend of the family who was a journeyman engraver took the lad under his protection and taught him how to use the burin with such skill that it was not necessary for him to remain a pupil until he was twenty-one years old. He knew almost as much as his master within a few months and began to do odd jobs himself. His skill became the talk of the neighborhood. Every one was talking about what little Charlie Becker could do in making engravings. Once he saw a lithograph of Guido's head of Beatrice de Cenci. He bought it for half a dollar, seated himself at his table and within a week turned out a plate that he sold for fifty dollars. It began to look well for the fortunes of the Becker family. Charlie was a genius, and what was more, a genius who could make money. He got a position in one of the great engraving companies and then—then he fell in love.

Clara Bechtel was a realization of the Italian artist's conception of Margaretta. Great masses of sunny hair. Eyes that mingled with their hazel, tints of a warmer hue, which in passion grew burning in their intensity, eloquent with the fires which smouldered beneath. She was but seventeen. Charles was only

twenty years. It was a first love and it wrapped the two in all the delusions and delights of that experience. Clara liked pretty things to wear upon her fingers. Charles was still poor, though he saw chances ahead of becoming one of the most expert engravers of his time. His sweet-heart was coy, however. She could be won by love, she promised him, but she fancied sweet things in golden bon-bon boxes. She desired wealth—and Charles was poor. One day in 1868, Clara pouted and said that her engagement ring was not nearly so pretty as another girl's she mentioned. She wanted a diamond one. Her wish was sufficient for Charles.

"Clara, dear," he said, "you shall have the biggest one I can buy."

The young man at that time in his trade was engraving private bank checks for a prominent grocery house in the lower part of the city. He had received checks from the firm in payment for his work. He spent a day in completing a forgery for \$638 on the bank at which his employers did business. He presented the check and it was paid without a question. Two hundred dollars of this he invested in a diamond ring for Clara. The remainder he held to enable him to flee the city if it was necessary. Clara received the jewel without showing any suspicions she may have had, but when the detectives traced Charlie's purchase to her, she willingly told them all the circumstances of the gift. Charles was arrested, but father Becker paid back the money and the prosecution of the young man was stopped. This was the first step, and it brought dire results. Clara discarded her lover, declaring that she would have nothing to do with a thief. Little Minnie felt the disgrace most keenly, for it hastened the consumption with which she was dying, and within a week after Charles' arrest she was a corpse. Father and mother Becker left Charles alone two years afterwards, and none too soon for them to die peacefully. It may have been that Becker, deserted by the woman he loved and losing his family by his own mad crime, became desperate. Certain it is that the former good influences of his life lost their hold, and he abandoned himself to evil companions and reckless dissipation. It was Clara Bechtel's

diamond ring that was his undoing and which gave to this country one of its most notorious criminals.

It does not require any considerable time for the shrewdest criminals to become acquainted with each other. The attraction of criminals for the like is as marked as the same sentiment among the learned professions. Union, too, means strength, and in a party of men whose lives have not been the whitest a combination means a power for evil that is not pleasant to think of. Fifteen years ago these gangs were much more potent than they now are. They had persons behind them who had money enough to buy up juries, and on certain occasions magistrates. This money they used to shelter their friends, and used it effectually. Young Becker, still desperate and careless of consequences, found it easy and even pleasant to become acquainted with the men who had heard of his skill and desired to take advantage of it. Among the persons who attached themselves to him were George Engells and George Wilkes, two of the most expert forgers of that period. They could plan great schemes of villainy and Becker was content to lend his assistance to them. His skill as an engraver had steadily improved, and a gang of criminals containing such experts as these three men meant a serious menace to the community. They engaged in only big operations, regarding minor rascalities as too contemptible for men of their distinction to bother with. They were uniformly fortunate, too, and conducted their schemes to a finish with an adroitness that to the police seemed almost superhuman.

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It was a very hot day in July, 1872, when a tastefully dressed gentleman entered the office of John S. Gittings & Co., bankers, on North street, Baltimore, and inquired for Mr. Gittings. The latter was in his private office and the boy requested the stranger to walk in.

"My partner and myself have been looking over that building of yours next to the Third National Bank," said the caller in a business-like tone as he greeted the banker, "and we have come to the conclusion that it will just suit our purposes. You see we want to start a general grain commission business and we desire

to get in the centre of the business part of your city. The first floor of your premises just suits us. What are your terms?"

"Thirteen hundred dollars a year," was the reply.

"Good price, but we can afford to pay good rent for a good location. Here is \$650 for the first six months. If you will give me a receipt, my firm will take possession of the floor at once."

"The name, if you please?" asked the banker.

"Stabler & Co."

It required but a few minutes to make out and sign the receipt for the rent. When it was done Mr. Stabler carelessly stuck the paper into his pocket, nodded a brief but pleasant good-morning to the banker and strolled up North street. He had scarcely got to Baltimore street when he was saluted by a heavily built man wearing a black mustache and goatee, with:

"Hello, Charles, what luck?"

"They couldn't stand the cold cash and so they let us have the floor. Plain sailing, now, isn't it?"

"Some," was the laconic response as the heavy man seized the arm of the more gracefully built one and accompanied him up town.

The following morning the messenger of the Third National Bank seated himself near the paying teller's desk and watched a truck load of furniture stop next door. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "Gittings has rented his store." By and by a man with a black mustache and goatee entered the bank and going to the cashier's window said:

"I desire to open an account in this institution in behalf of my firm. We are new people in these parts, but I think our transactions will be considerable."

The cashier of the bank arranged things satisfactorily, and after being introduced to the president of the bank as Mr. Stabler, "whose firm intended to do business next door," the man with the black mustache withdrew. It required not very long for the two members of the firm of Stabler & Co. to establish quite an enviable reputation in the vicinity as particularly good fellows, with an enormous fund of amusing stories and pretty deep pockets.

The younger Stabler was apparently a German, for he spoke with a very slight but unmistakable accent. The elder man, who declared that his name also was Stabler, accounted for his freedom from peculiarity in pronouncing English by saying that he had been born and had spent all his life in New York, but that his cousin, the other stranger, had landed here from Bremen when quite a large boy and had never acquired a pure accent. Sometimes he would jocularly address his cousin as "Dutchy"—an appellation the latter would seem to very much enjoy. The business of Stabler & Co. seemed to be considerable, for their mail was large. They did a large elevator business at Milwaukee, they said, and they purposed to establish a branch at Baltimore rather than in New York, because they could here avoid much of the competition that ruins trade in the metropolis. The members of the firm worked late, for very often, even after midnight, pedestrians could distinguish a small light in the private office of the firm and hear a scratching as though some one was very busy writing. The elder Stabler got well acquainted with the cashier of the bank next door, and often spent a half hour before the work of the institution ceased in the bank official's office discussing current events. One day he said to the cashier:

"By the way, my firm has considerable money in your bank. How do you keep it?"

"Oh, safe enough," the cashier replied, jokingly; "come and see." Then the visitor was shown the big vault. Its interior was explained to him with much exactness of detail, and Mr. Stabler strolled away expressing amazement at the massiveness of the strong box in which reposed the funds of the institution. Mr. Stabler went straight to his office, and opening the door of the private room with his latch-key, entered. As he did so, his cousin Charles sprang back from a map which hung upon the wall and which he was examining, and confronted the visitor with a motion that was indicative of some shooting. When he saw who the intruder was he exclaimed:

"Why the deuce didn't you rap, Joe?"

"Oh, that's all right, old man. We can do that job to-night while the watchman is out at his supper."

"Well, if we are to finish up to-night we had better get to work," returned Charles.

* * * * *

At about three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, August 18, two men left the offices of Stabler & Co., carrying valises which seemed well filled, but which were certainly not heavy. They walked along the street carelessly, smoking cigars and apparently enjoying them. They met two policemen as they passed into Baltimore street, and as they did so the latter saluted them with:

"Nice night, Mr. Stabler."

"Yes, indeed, George," was the reply of the younger pedestrian. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks: I'm on duty, you know." Then after the two merchants had passed, policeman George turned to his companion with: "Nice man that Mr. Stabler. Generous like, you know."

At the junction of Charles and Baltimore streets, the Stablers entered a light wagon and drove away. That was the last ever seen of the firm of Stabler & Co. in the Monumental City.

* * * * *

It was scarcely nine o'clock the following morning when a man, hatless and with only his waistcoat on, rushed into police-head-quarters and falling half-prostrate upon a chair, panted:

"S-send policeman! Third N-n-national has been rob-bed!"

The intelligence was startling. The Third National Bank of Baltimore had a credit that was continent-wide. It was regarded as one of the safest institutions south of Philadelphia and was known to be the repository of great sums of money. Marshal of Police Gray could scarce realize the enormity of the affair when another messenger from the bank rushed in and exclaimed:

"Nearly \$150,000 stolen from our bank, marshal!"

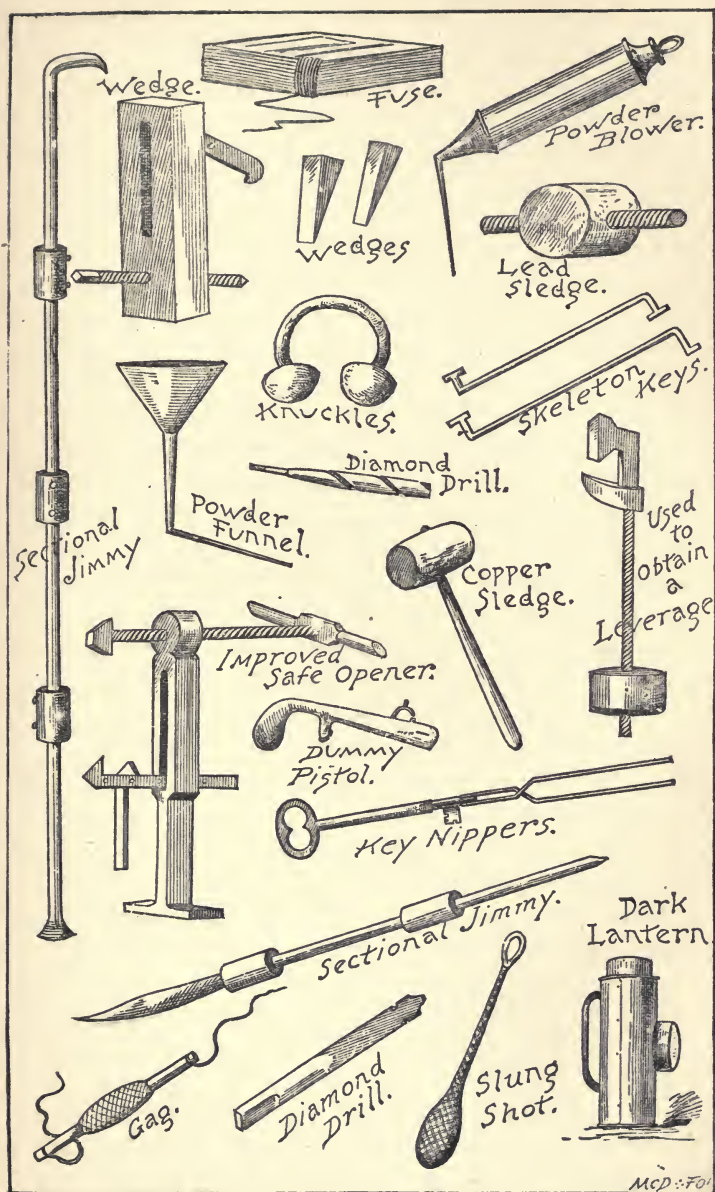
"When?" was the inquiry.

"Between Saturday night and this morning."

"How?"

"Vault smashed in from the back. Nearly all the cash gone!"

Detectives were promptly assigned to the case and made a careful inspection of the interior of the vault. As soon as they saw it they understood that the work had been done by the most



BANK BURGLARS' OUTFIT.

expert safe robbers in the country. The exterior of the vault indicated nothing. It was only after the doors had been opened that the havoc played became perceptible. There was a hole extending right through the rear of the vault, the brick work between the two buildings and into the private office of Messrs. Stabler & Co., general commission merchants. The offices consisted of five rooms, three front and two rear. The front offices were furnished with an eye to the business which was professedly done in them. There were pretty little stands holding sample grades of corn and wheat and imposing looking desks, which when opened were found to contain nothing. In one of the rear rooms was found a cot and some clothing. The latter had no mark. It evidently belonged to some evil-looking clerks in Stabler & Co.'s employ. In the other room, or private office, the manner of the execution of the crime at once became apparent. Lying upon the floor was a set of the finest burglar tools ever seen in Baltimore. They were of the most marvelously delicate workmanship and united what is so necessary in articles of this kind; the steel was of as fine a temper as the ancient Damascus. Near these tools was a pair of trousers still damp from perspiration. They bore no mark of ownership. Upon a table near the aperture in the wall stood two half-finished bottles of champagne and some truffled turkey sandwiches. The burglars had evidently enjoyed themselves as much as possible with their work. Then the opening in the wall was examined. A large map of the United States covered the side of the apartment nearest the bank vault. It was under this that the work was done. When morning came the burglars simply dropped the end of the map over their work of destruction and regarded themselves as safe. The opening from Stabler & Co.'s private office into the vault measured two feet square, extending through the hard brick to where the iron covering plate of the vault stood in the way, three-eighths of an inch in thickness. In this iron a hole eighteen inches square had been cut, and through the bricks beyond this was another aperture. The entire thickness of the alternating brick and iron through which the burglars had cut measured over thirty inches. Within the vault were two safes,

one containing \$100,000 in bank-notes. This was not touched. The one which was rifled had been opened with jack-screws and relieved of \$35,000 in bank-notes; \$15,000 in government bonds and more than \$100,000 in bonds and private securities. The burglars left no clew behind them save descriptions such as were obtained from the intimates of the Stabler cousins. But the descriptions were good and were sent all over the country with a placard offering \$10,000 reward for the recovery of the stolen property. It was soon learned that the criminals who imposed on the business men of Baltimore as respectable general grain commission merchants were none other than Charles Becker and Joe Elliott.

The robbery created an intense excitement throughout the State, and hundreds of stories about the burglars, their actions and their manners, were current for months after the crime took place. Mr. John S. Gittings, the elder, related an anecdote which was characteristic of the coolness of the fellows. On the Thursday before the robbery the old gentleman strolled into "Stabler & Company's" office to see how the new firm liked its quarters. He was greeted with much courtesy by the elder partner and escorted to the rear office. As he passed through he saw two clerks in their shirt sleeves at the desks apparently at work upon their ledgers. The younger partner was in the rear offices which were neatly and comfortably furnished.

"Well, how do you find business?" inquired Mr. Gittings as he seated himself in a proffered chair.

"Very slow, very slow," said the elder Stabler in accents of disappointment. "It is very much slower than we expected. If this business does not brighten up soon we shall open a bank here."

The younger man shot a sudden look of surprise at the speaker and then relapsed into a faint smile.

The old banker took his departure and three days later Stabler & Co. "opened" the Third National Bank.

Becker had met Elliott shortly after his experience with his first forgery, and the two men soon came to have mutual respect for each other's intelligence. It was rather dull in the city in

the warm weather, and one day in June, Elliott proposed to Becker that they go South somewhere and "make some money." The ground was gone over very carefully and finally the Baltimore bank was chosen. The clerks who were employed by Becker and Elliott were members of the gang which the two men had assembled. The notoriety which this bank robbery brought to Becker and Elliott was not relished by those worthies, and as soon as they were advised by their friends that they had been identified they sailed for Europe, and for a time lived on the money they had stolen from the Third National Bank. But burglary did not suit Charles Becker's fancy. He disliked the extremely hard and dangerous work. He had gifts of a remarkable kind and he could make more money out of them than he could by using the jimmy, and so he informed Elliott. It was while the two were in Paris that Becker made this resolution, and it determined the future course of his life. Here he was only twenty-six years old, but already known to be a noted criminal who would stop at nothing to gain his ends. The gang of men who worked with him and had met him in France included "Joe" Chapman and Ivan Siscovitch, the former an English forger whose record was a strange chapter of desperate ventures and cowardice, and the latter a Russian whose crimes had been the talk of the police in every part of Europe. With these men Charles Becker was regarded as a leader. He could plan great crimes and had pluck enough to see them through. This quartette of criminals passed their time very pleasantly in Paris spending Baltimoreans' money. It was there that Becker had something of a romance.

He had been passing the afternoon idling in the gallery of the Louvre. Crowds of sight-seers had passed and repassed before him and still he mused about old times and speculated about how long his present liberty would continue. He was considering the advisability of breaking with his companions, seek to change his identity and lead an honest life, when his attention was attracted by the laugh of a woman near him. Her back was turned towards him, but there seemed to be something familiar about its lines. A gray-bearded man stood beside her and smiled as she smiled, watching the play of her features all the while with the

delight of a lover. The man Becker certainly did not know, but the woman—. He was about to give the enigma up when he heard the elderly man say in an unmistakably American accent :

“Clara, I think that head very like yours.”

The woman turned her glance towards the picture and disclosed the features of Clara Bechtel. Becker was dumbfounded. He had met the woman who had ruined his life at the very moment he was cherishing repentance, and had she not appeared he might have turned his back upon his former associations and began the world anew. But his future was fixed. There was a glance at Becker, but that glance meant everything. Charles was on his feet in an instant. A moment more and he was bowing before her.

“My husband, Mr. Becker,” Clara began. “Mr. Becker is an old friend of mine, John.” And thus the acquaintance was renewed. Becker found that his friends were living for a short time at the Grand Hotel. Her husband was a jeweler who had accumulated a large fortune by side speculations. He had met Clara at a German festival, fell in love with her and married her. Clara cared as little for him as she did for her other admirers. She wedded him solely for his fortune. The thorough badness of the woman was manifested before she had been in Paris two months. During that time Becker was a constant visitor at the Grand Hotel. Clara’s husband was occasionally absent on business. Clara was always at home to Becker, and this friendship grew finally to be so marked that Charles’ companions began to joke with him about it.

“Pshaw, boys,” he would return, “Mrs. —— has no heart save her husband’s purse.”

But he soon discovered the contrary. Clara, her husband, Becker, and a party of friends took a barge one moonlight night up the Seine. Supper was taken at one of the scores of restaurants in the environs of the city, and afterwards the party broke up into groups and strolled in various directions to pass away the time as best they might until the hour of return. Clara and Becker strolled away together. Whatever took place, Becker never told his friends, but Clara did not return to the Grand

Hotel, and three days later Joe Elliott and Ivan Siscovitch joined Becker and Clara in Florence. The jeweler obtained a divorce when he returned to this country. Clara remained with Becker for nearly a year—until he was imprisoned in Smyrna.

It was while Becker and his gang were in Florence that he concocted one of his most extensive schemes of swindling. Turkey was then a comparatively undiscovered country to American criminals. It had been avoided, mainly because there was little ready money and the penalties were extreme. But Becker believed in his luck and his companions believed in him, so when he suggested Turkey as the scene of their next operations a ready assent was obtained. The plan was to flood the larger cities of the country with forged drafts upon the leading bankers in Constantinople. The blank drafts were obtained by Becker by his cunning and then his skill as an engraver came into play. The drafts were not good specimens of the graver's art and it was a very easy thing for him to imitate them, even in the errors. He did this with such remarkable success that when they were produced in court, experts were unable to tell the false from the genuine. The scheme worked very well for a time and Charles and Clara, the latter of whom had lost the feeling of delicacy she once professed of loving a thief, were luxuriating amidst their surroundings. The party of swindlers got as far as Smyrna, when one of them, Chapman it is said, by a blunder drew the attention of the Turkish police to their presence in the city. The police in the various provinces had been warned against a party of American sharpers, and Becker, Chapman, Elliott, and Siscovitch were arrested on suspicion. They were held for nearly a month until the evidence was obtained against them, and then they were tried and sentenced to three years and six months' imprisonment. The prison was typical of oriental jails. It had the appearance of being strong, but Becker knew better, and he had almost succeeded in getting his body through his cell window when some inquisitive guards prodded him with their bayonets and made him get back again. The warning was sufficient for the Turkish authorities. They did not care to have the Americans escape singly, so the police sent them all to the great

prison at Constantinople. When he got there, Becker was informed by Mrs. Siscovitch that Clara had got tired of waiting for him and had returned to America again, taking with her about \$8,000 belonging to him. But Becker by this time had begun to estimate Clara at her true worth and he did not grieve very much. His only ambition now was to get out of the prison and follow the woman to America and punish her. Here as in Smyrna the prison was a formidable looking structure without, but to such experts as Becker and his gang were, it did not appear impossible to get away from it. The walls, however, were four feet in thickness, the cells had solid iron doors and the windows were grated with steel bars an inch and a half square. It was many years afterwards that Becker told of his and his companions' escape from Constantinople. The story is characteristic of the man. It is as follows :

"The cell doors locked with top and bottom bolts, and though each had its key there was a general key that fitted all of them. A key like that is useful, you know, and it was by the merest accident that we got one. It happened one day that the prison marshal, a fat little Turk, came rushing in to have a prisoner sign some papers, and he then rushed out again leaving the pass key sticking in the door. It wasn't very long before we had an impression of it and it was back in the lock again. After getting the shape of the key we had Mrs. Siscovitch bring us two blank keys, some little files, some Turkish caps, and three lanterns. Chapman, Elliott, and I were in one cell and Siscovitch was in with some sailors around the corner of the corridor. I was the last man to be locked up at night, so when we were all ready and I had put enough rope where it was wanted, I stepped around and unlocked the door of Siscovitch's cell and then went back to be locked up. At about midnight when the guards were quietly snoring, Siscovitch got out of his cell and unlocked our door. Chapman was asleep and we didn't awaken him for if we had he'd have hollered 'murder !' and spoiled our plans. We broke open the store-room, got our clothing and then found our way into the prison yard. The prison wall was forty-two feet high but we boosted Elliott up to an archway and with the aid of

a rope managed to get up to the top. As luck would have it Elliott stepped on the wire of the prison bell and set it jingling in a way that froze us stiff. We, however, had fooled with that bell before and the keeper with whose room the wire communicated, if he woke, must have concluded it was another joke and have gone asleep again. We fixed the rope and down it we scrambled.

"Another trouble then confronted us. We woke up about sixty Mohammedan dogs; and I never heard curs bark louder. When we had lighted our lanterns the dogs stopped howling. Finally after a night's wandering and many narrow escapes from recapture by patrols, we got settled down with Mrs. Siscovitch. Soon a Greek friend appeared and kept us concealed in his house for two months. I sent Elliott to England after some money, and when he came back we all went to London. Mrs. Siscovitch was arrested and held for awhile but got off and joined her husband in London."

Becker does not tell in this narrative what excitement there was in Constantinople when it was discovered that the three Americans had escaped. For more than a day the streets were doubly patrolled and domiciliary visits were made in all suspected houses. When the patrol came to Mrs. Siscovitch's house, the officers found four women instead of poor lone Mrs. Siscovitch. The three visitors were the escaped prisoners, but the patrol were not sufficiently acquainted with the fugitives to enable them to recognize them. It was the most serious experience of Becker's life. But the patrol and the danger passed by and the three American sharpers were safe.

The trip to England was uneventful, and when the forgers landed on English soil they again had the world before them, Becker again having the opportunity of reforming and leading an honest life. But the little Carl who sat on the banks of the Spree and waited for his sister was gone forever. In his stead there had come the determined rogue, one of the most desperate and villainous of his crew, a man known to the police in every part of the world as an unmitigated rascal. Again he had an opportunity, and instead of doing good he became involved in a

dastardly murder—the killing of a woman, the wife of one of his friends. When the party arrived in London the three forgers went directly to Mrs. Chapman's house. They had left her husband in a Turkish prison, it was true, but this did not abash them. Becker declared that Mrs. Chapman greeted them kindly, and taking them in did all that a human being could do for their comfort. They lived in comparative comfort for awhile. Their lives, however, had been so eventful in the past that the necessity of being respectable began to be irksome for them, and Becker and Elliott left Mrs. Chapman's house. Siscovitch remained, ostensibly waiting for his wife. One morning, about two months after the party arrived in London, the papers contained articles describing the mysterious murder of Mrs. Chapman, wife of a notorious criminal then serving a term in a Turkish prison. The articles also said that much valuable jewelry and a considerable amount of money belonging to the murdered woman were missing. The woman, according to the belief of the police in both this country and England, was killed because her silence was necessary for the safety of the three men, and as she was angry because her husband had been left behind by his friends, the forgers lived in constant dread lest she should inform the police of their whereabouts. The three drew lots as to who should commit the murder, and Siscovitch was the one chosen. It was easier for him to commit the crime, too, because he still remained in the house. On the day after the killing Siscovitch was missing, and soon Becker and Elliott received word from him that he had sailed for America. The two rogues did not remain in England long after their confederate. They sailed for home in July, 1876.

Becker had been in New York only about four months when he met a very pretty girl at the house of one of his friends in Brooklyn. She was quiet and ladylike, and Becker had had sufficient experience with the faithless Clara to make him appreciate these charms of refinement in a woman. Despite his years of adventure and dissipation, Becker was a fine-looking man and a bright talker. The little Brooklyn girl captivated him, and he in turn exerted his powers upon her. He was successful, and he

won her in the guise of a fairly prosperous broker, as he facetiously termed himself. Her family did not approve of the marriage merely because of some, to them, unaccountable prejudice against him. That Becker was and still is devoted to this woman there is little doubt. She now knows his true character but she refuses to abandon him. The forger and his innocent little wife lived together in Brooklyn for nearly a year very happily, he, according to his assertions, going to Wall street every morning to transact his business, but in reality going to a house on the East side of New York, where he was engaged in forging a check for \$64,000 on the Union Trust Company. In the early part of 1877 the check was perfected, and Becker, riding down to Wall street in a cab with a liveried driver, ascended the steps of the Union Trust Company and presented the forged draft. The imitation of the genuine check was so perfect, and the amount not being large for the signer of the check to draw, the cashier paid it without much hesitancy. Becker leaped into his cab again and drove to the East side rendezvous, where he was joined by Joe Elliott and Clement Herring. There the division took place and Becker was in funds again. It was not until the check had gone through the clearing house that the forgery was discovered, and by that time the men had had ample opportunity to leave the city; but the resources of the police force were called upon, and not in vain. On April 10, 1877, Becker, Elliott and Herring were arrested by Captain Allaire and a squad of police from the Fourteenth precinct. They were inhabiting a house in One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street with Siscovitch and his wife, Becker going to and fro every morning and evening to his wife in Brooklyn. It was a nest of counterfeitters and forgers that Captain Allaire pulled down, for with his prisoners he brought to the police station a truck load of presses, lithographic stones, instruments, graver's tools and the like. He also found a genuine Ohio and Toledo Railway bond and some San Domingo dollar bills, on which the gang had been evidently working. With the bond and notes was a quantity of blank paper cut the proper shapes to be used in the forgeries. The gang was imprisoned for trial for considerable time, when Becker consented

to become State's evidence, after his wife had spent all of her time trying to persuade him to do this—and he was liberated.

For three years Becker remained as nearly a respectable citizen as his former life and associations would allow him. He abandoned all sorts of dissipation, remained devoted to his wife and home, and came very nearly recovering the respect for himself without which all reform is temporary and illusionary. He declares that his wife very nearly made a good man of him. She should have continued her good work, no doubt, and thoroughly redeemed him, but when one considers that despite Becker's villainous career the little woman loved him, that his will dominated hers completely, that his wish was in every case hers, the wonder is that instead of instilling a bit of her own goodness into her husband, Mrs. Becker did not break bonds and become as evil a member of society as Charles. Becker's former associates persisted in their persuasions that he was losing his time and that they could not possibly get along without him in their operations. Finally Joe Elliott, who was always his evil genius, called on Charles and laid before him what was one of the most gigantic criminal schemes that an American criminal ever conceived. It was to swindle almost every well-known banking house in Europe by means of forged drafts and the like. The most notorious forgers and counterfeiterers in the world were interested in the scheme, and were willing to aid its accomplishment by the contribution of their money or their services. And besides, as Elliott put it, Becker need not of necessity leave his little home in Brooklyn. He could do his work there; in fact it would be better for him to do so, as it would not concentrate the work in any one city or country.

"Give me time to think over the matter, Joe," answered Becker. "I'll let you know my decision in a week."

The seven days that Becker spent in considering the scheme and the chances of its being carried out, and in controlling the urgent request of his wife to refuse to listen to Elliott, were perhaps the most serious of his life. It was during this time that the first streaks of silver began to show in his black hair. The struggle of the good was very bitter, but the evil had obtained

too strong a foothold and conquered. Becker sent a dispatch to Elliott, who was then in New Haven, saying:

"I consent. Come on and see me."

The same day that this message was sent Elliott appeared at the little house in Brooklyn and the final details of the swindle were arranged.

* * * * *

There was a party of four Americans staying at the Hotel de Nuova York, in Florence, Italy, in December, 1880, which created not a little interest among the other guests in that pleasant hostelry. It was composed of two men and their wives. The register bore the names of Willis and wife and Colbert and wife of New York. Their baggage was extensive and they always seemed to be well supplied with money. The dressing of the women, while not in the strictest mode, was rich and not inelegant. The party was apparently bent upon pleasure, but their amusements took the somewhat eccentric turn of continually riding into the country about Florence and sometimes remaining at a little villa which they had rented, for a half a week at a time. They were in receipt of large quantities of mail from America, and one day when a maid was cleaning up one of the rooms in the suite the New Yorkers occupied, she discovered a small but beautifully engraved copper plate. She was looking at it, when Mrs. Colbert entered and snatching it away from her, exclaimed:

"You huzzy, what are you looking at?"

The maid was so frightened at this experience that she ran down stairs so fast as to fall and break her collar bone, which Mr. Colbert paid the fees for setting and caused fifty dollars to be given to the girl as a bolus to her injuries.

The trips to the country and occasional evening rows on the Arno made the stay in Florence very pleasant until Christmas day, when five gentlemen clothed in the severest black called at the Hotel de Nuova York and asked to see Signori Willis and Colbert. The two gentlemen referred to had their visitors summoned to one of their parlors and there awaited them. As the

first of the five gentlemen in black entered, Mr. Colbert sprang to his feet and exclaimed :

"By heavens, George, they've got us !"

"Certainly Messieurs," was the reply, "you are our prisoners."

"What is the charge?" inquired Mr. Willis with considerable anxiety.

"You are arrested on the suspicion of forging Tunisian and French securities for the purpose of swindling banking houses in Italy, and you have already issued nearly 1,000,000 francs worth of the bad paper."

"Oh," said Colbert coolly, "and that is what you think. Now what are you going to do with us?"

"Punish you," was the brief reply.

Scarcely had this party been arrested in Florence, than the police of Milan captured an American who was living in that city under the name of Joy Julius. He had put nearly \$500,000 worth of securities in circulation. When these arrests were made the American Consul at Naples immediately telegraphed to Inspector Byrnes of New York, asking him if he could recognize either of the men arrested. Within forty-eight hours the Consul received the following cablegram :

Yes; Colbert is "Shell" Hamilton; Harry Willis is George Wilkes and Julius is "Pete" Byrnes. All notorious forgers and counterfeiters on a job in Italy.

BYRNES.

Inspector Byrnes as soon as he had received the cable despatch from the consul went to work in his own behalf. He discovered by his shadowing system that he had not long ago introduced, that Charles Becker, although it was believed generally among the Brooklyn police that he was leading a quiet life, was with George Engells, the ring-leader of the gang which had operated so successfully in Europe. He discovered that the combination of rogues had floated nearly \$800,000 worth of bogus paper in the European money markets. The scheming was done, Inspector Byrnes declares, by Joe Elliott, George Engells and Charles Becker. Wilkes was sent to England with Pete Byrnes and they were soon followed by Engells and Becker. In May, 1880, a go-between, in company with "Bill" Bartlett, the highwayman,

Henry Wilson, George Bell and Henry Cleary started for London with the intention of aiding their predecessors in the circulation of the counterfeits. While in London, Bartlett, Bell, Wilson and Cleary ran short of funds and returned to New York in July. While crossing the ocean Wilson occasioned considerable amusement among his companions by forging a check and swindling the steamship captain out of one hundred pounds. This money the gang used up in champagne, of which they drank so much that when they reached the pier in New York they were all so intoxicated that they had to be carried ashore. They were all under the protection of the notorious forger, Charles O. Brockway, however, and when he learned of their arrival he took charge of them and sent them to Baltimore, where on July 16 they passed three forged checks on the Merchants' National Bank and two on the Third National Bank. The gang were arrested ten days after this adventure.

Very shortly after this Becker and Engells returned from Europe. Inspector Byrnes was told of their coming from the other side of the ocean, and when they set foot on these shores they had "shadows" after them. The detectives finally located the two forgers at a house in Williamsburg, N. Y., near the Cypress Hills Cemetery. Inspector Byrnes then detailed Detectives Slevin, Rielly, Lanthier and O'Conner to arrest the men. The officers started out on their quest and found the house in which the forgers had secreted themselves in the midst of an open lot. The detectives were obliged to lie in wait nearly fourteen hours before Engells appeared and was arrested. A day and a half afterwards the officers saw a little gray-bearded old man leave the place and go towards the railway. They followed him, and just as he was boarding a car to the ferries they arrested him. They soon stripped him of his disguise and found Charles Becker. The two men were imprisoned and attempts were made to extradite them by the French government. But the evidence against them was not sufficiently strong and they were released after spending about one month in jail. Becker immediately settled down with his wife in Brooklyn again, and to all intents led a comparatively honest life for nearly a month. But during this

time he was a very busy man. He was engaged on a job which landed him in prison and kept him there for six years, giving him his first real taste of prison-life.

Becker went down to Wall street in the latter part of August, 1881, and invested about \$200 in a 1,000 franc note of the Bank of France. This he tucked into his wallet with great care, lest it should show any crease, and started over to East New York, where his friends had established an extensive counterfeiting establishment for him while he was in jail. He and a man named Nathan Marks, a constable of East New York, were, so far as could be ascertained, the only persons involved in the crime. While Becker was working Marks would act as a guard, for Becker had become so well known by this time that private police were essential to him. In this little cottage after nearly four weeks of work Becker had almost finished what was perhaps the most perfect counterfeit ever made. He was on September 16, spending the evening with his wife in his sister-in-law's house in Van Sicklen avenue, when he was summoned into the reception room to meet two detectives who had been informed, it is believed, by some of his wife's relatives of the work he had been engaged on. Becker protested vehemently against arrest, but the proofs against him were found in his work-shop and he was tried. The president of the Bank of France came to this country as a witness against the forger, and in the course of his testimony, while inspecting the nearly completed note, said that had it been completed it would have been more perfect than the original. Becker's career had become so notorious that the intent to defraud was counted against him in the evidence and he was sentenced to serve six years and six months in the King's county penitentiary.

When he entered, however, he made the boast that he would not remain long, as he was "too valuable a man" to be deprived of his liberty. His friends made a similar threat, but the King's county penitentiary does not resemble the Constantinople one in the management, and Becker was held fast. He began his sentence on December 14, 1881, and in the following February he made a bold attempt to secure his liberty. Becker had many friends call upon him, and these friends usually came to him when they

could converse with him through the cell door only. One day Warden Green received private information from the outside that Charles Becker was planning an escape, and that in consequence his cell had better be searched. The warden followed this suggestion with excellent results. Under the ticking in the mattress were found two keys, one to Becker's cell door and the other to the doors of the corridor. He was confronted with the evidence of his intention and asked if he recognized the keys.

"Yes," he replied; "I was weary of this place. I wanted to get out to take a little stroll."

"Who procured them for you?"

"Well, you must think me a chump! None of your business."

For this attempt to shorten his imprisonment Becker's commutation for good behavior was decreased. He always, after this discovery, acted in the most exemplary manner, and the way he did his work in the shoe shop attested to his intention of being a good prisoner. His wife during the term of his imprisonment was devoted to him, continually sending him little delicacies and appearing at the office regularly on visiting days. When he was liberated on June 14, 1887, his little blonde-haired wife was waiting for him in the prison reception-room. As her husband appeared she sprang towards him, threw her arms around his neck and sobbed:

"Charley, Charley, dear, you are mine once more! You'll be good now, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, pet; I'll try to be," was his answer.

The forger's wife turned towards Warden Green, who was standing near and said:

"You hear, Mr. Green; Charley says he is going to be good now. Isn't that kind to his wife?"

"I trust to God, madam," was the warden's reply, "that your husband will keep his word. Good-bye, Charley, my boy."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HISTORY OF THE OPERATIONS OF BROCKWAY'S GANG OF FORGERS IN BALTIMORE IN 1880.—REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY TO ROB THE CITY'S GREAT BANKING INSTITUTIONS.—THE SWINDLERS GET AWAY WITH MORE THAN \$10,000 FROM TWO BANKS.—PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF THE CRIMINALS.—THE FORGERS IN PRISON AT LAST.

* Crime is progressive. That its disciples are enterprising is attested by the amazing improvements almost daily made on accepted inventions for surreptitiously gaining the property of others. The very highest art in mechanism, genius in science, and prowess in planning, are judiciously blended in the one purpose, and from them are evolved schemes of such brilliant daring and wonderful workmanship as excite regret that the wasted forces have been lost to the world for better ends.

The days of Robin Hood, Claude Duval, Sir Toby Belch, and Nitouche have passed away, and instead of their commonplace "stand and deliver" plan, which required only boldness and courage to secure the money bags, has succeeded an era of polished knavery so closely interwoven with what is commendable that it requires a keen grade of mental discernment to detect it from the genuine good. As in crime, so in the ramifications of justice intended to combat it: the progress of the one has been followed by the advancement of the other.

The professional rogues of America are the equals of their fellows in any other part of the globe. This is so because of the intricate character of American civilization, and of the manifold commercial interests here at stake, elements that have a tendency to school the minds of those criminally inclined, and to disclose opportunities to plunder sufficiently seductive to induce the risk of liberty. The private fiduciary responsibilities and the public

* Contributed by John Morris, Esq., of the Baltimore *Sun*.

trusts of every large city are such powerful incentives to the development of the thief's arts that crimes are perpetrated oftener against public and corporate property than against private possessions. The bravest and boldest rascals generally devote their energies in this country to depredations upon institutions of a public character.

Of all the classes of criminals there is none that have displayed greater intelligence or cleverer facilities for working illegal injury to the moneyed holdings of the people than the forgers. They are the bane of the business world. Vaults of steel and armors of electrical appliances may guard in the night the wealth of men, but no guaranty of security can be offered the individual, in broad daylight, against the machinations of the artist, whose ability enables him to so accurately counterfeit the agencies of commercial intercourse as to deceive even those who have originated such mediums. The forger must be accorded a niche in the temple of criminal fame as high as that of any other law-breaker, who brings all the attributes of an inventive mind and the adroitness of skilled hands to the work of his trade. In him the art of the mechanic is compounded with an accurate knowledge of human nature; the skill of the artist who can use his scientific tools is reinforced by the learning of the chemist and the mathematician. The hand that can execute the finest sort of tracing can as readily detect the composition of inks. In a word, the expert forger is an inventor, a designer, an engraver, a chemist, a mathematician, an artist and a mechanic. At the start his resources are put into play, for if he be unable to get samples of the paper used by the bank or firm whose checks he intends to counterfeit, he is compelled, when he knows he will have to deal with keen-sighted men, to manufacture his sheets. The paper for his imitation may be of linen, or have silk woven through its fibres, or be of a kind made solely for the use of some certain establishment. All these difficulties he must surmount by his inventive tact. Again, his dies and his other tools must be of his own or his accomplice's make, since to buy them would give a clue toward his detection. As a lithographer he can take an impression from stone and en-

grave it on a steel or copper plate to fill his blank. His are the qualities of patience, prudence, and ingenuity. Prison life does not subdue his talents. It may shut them out from the progress of his profession, but too often it only matures their keenness. Such are the characteristics of men who have earned for themselves reputations for being great forgers. Charles O. Brockway is unquestionably the foremost forger of America and the equal of any of his kith across the water. His was the most successful gang of its kind that ever traveled the States, succeeding as they did in victimizing banks to the extent of at least \$500,000. The history of this band reads like a romance. Men of infinite cunning, men of consummate boldness, men who had the prison mark time and again stamped on them, the Brockway gang represented the pick of the criminal profession, bound together by the honor of thieves for the purpose of plundering the people through the forgeries devised by their wily leader. Well fitted was Brockway for his work. From the very day he reached manhood's estate in his native city of New York, twenty-six years ago, his life has been one of continued crime. His quality of holding others to him by his superior individuality has had much to do with his success. No man was used by him whose will was not submissive to his, and in return for such allegiance the noted forger gave unswerving friendship and financial aid when the hour of distress arrived. Thus it was that George Bell, Albert Wilson, Henry Cleary, William Ogle, George Hamill, William Bartlett and Charles Farren, a coterie of sneaks and burglars, possessing all the essential qualifications for "laying down" the "stuff" which Brockway produced, were singly and in numbers, at various times before and during 1880, under his control. It was only in the latter year that the forces were recruited and the gang as named fully organized.

Bell, a highwayman who had served time in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for grabbing a package of money from the hands of a bank messenger in Philadelphia during the Centennial year; "Al." Wilson, burglar and shoplifter; Henry Cleary and William Bartlett, burglars, arrived from England after an unsuccessful trip to that country. They had gone there

at the invitation of George Wilkes, the notorious forger, to operate for a company of American and French forgers who had invented a method by which the banking houses of Europe could be defrauded on a gigantic scale by means of spurious circular notes. Identified with Wilkes in the management of this scheme were Dan Noble, who with Brockway kept a faro game in New York at one time, George Engells and Charles Becker, known to every detective as most skillful check imitators. Hardly had they reached England before Bell, Cleary, Bartlett, and Wilson were deputized to visit Brussels, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Aix-la-chapelle, Milan, Turin, Florence, Geneva, and Bremen, with instructions to procure drafts from merchants of those cities on their correspondents in London. They had brought with them from America a letter of credit to the Soci  t   G  n  rale of Brussels, and with this as a "blind" started out on their mission. While at their work, each having a route of his own to cover, Dan Noble passed a forged check on a London bank and was arrested. Just as the trio reached there, after completing the duties assigned, Noble was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at hard labor. His extreme punishment, coupled with information Wilkes received that the New York police had disclosed their presence to the English authorities frightened the others, and the whole job was abandoned. Bell, Cleary, Bartlett, and Wilson were each given £2 and sent back to the United States with their passages paid. This little fund of money they had did not last long. The Fourth of July overtook them riding on the ocean's foamy crest without a shilling in their pockets. But their patriotism was not to be quenched so easily. Smiling and plausible, they approached the captain of the vessel and whispered to him in confidence a tale, which so impressed him that he advanced them £50 in order that they might appropriately commemorate the birthday of their nation. They enjoyed a glorious celebration. When the steamship touched her New York pier the quartette quickly disappeared. It is needless to say that the captain never saw his fifty pounds again. The criminals were once again free to seek their favorite haunts; to roam the land for spoils.

On a pleasant morning toward the end of June, 1880, a handsome man, in the prime of life, elegantly dressed, and wearing a well-trimmed beard, entered a well-known drinking place kept by a man named Reilly, not far from the City Hall in the city of New York, and requested the barkeeper to serve him a glass of sherry. As the attendant turned to fetch a bottle from a buffet ledge behind him the patron looked cautiously over his shoulder in the direction of a group of customers who stood conversing at one end of the saloon and eyed them critically for an instant. Besides himself and the barkeeper, they were the only ones in the place. His sharp, quick glance, expressive alike of expectation and disappointment was in marked contrast to the leisurely manner assumed as he sipped the wine set before him. With an air of composure he paid for his drink and sauntered into the street. Even the practised observer could detect nothing in his manner foreign to the appearance of a well-to-do merchant. It would have been as far from the minds of any of the hundreds of individuals who passed, busy with their own affairs, to suspect that the man they saw was Charles O. Brockway, faro dealer, counterfeit money handler, and renowned forger, as it would have been for them to think that the athletic-looking young man, who approached him from an opposite direction with a look of recognition, was a thief's companion. Brockway it was though, and the fellow who accosted him was his protegee, Charles Farren, just finding his way into police notoriety in consequence of the frequency with which he was found in the society of known criminals. The pair had agreed to meet at Reilly's, where they had frequently gone before, but Farren being late, Brockway was going in search of him. Together they walked along, chatting in subdued tones. Said Brockway :

"Made up your mind to do it?"

"Certainly; I'll go over," replied his companion; "there aint any danger."

"None in the least," assured the forger; "the play is common enough. When will you go?"

"Whenever you say."

"All right. Start to-morrow. I'll give you the stuff to-night. You know how to work it."

"Yes."

"Be careful not to go in on the jump. Wait till things open up; then lay down. Get paper, you understand."

An affirmative nod of the head was Farren's answer, and so they talked and strolled until they were lost in the surging crowds of the great city.

That conversation indexed the history of the forgeries perpetrated on the Merchants' and the Third National Banks of Baltimore by Brockway and his satellites, whereby they managed to get from the former institution \$7,455, and from the latter \$2,690.50.

The great forger had selected the Monumental City as the scene of his operations. The details were carefully mapped out; the first and important one of which was that the check of some prominent banker or firm should be obtained that it might be counterfeited, and the imitation passed for a large sum on the bank where the face of the original indicated the account was kept. Brockway knew the names of several prominent banking firms of the city, including Messrs. J. Harmanus Fisher & Co., Middendorf & Oliver, D. Fahnestock & Co., Wilson, Colston & Co., Roche & Coulter, and William Fisher & Sons, whose checks he intended securing. The sequel will show that he succeeded to the extent of only one-half of his expectations.

The extensive scale of the proposed fraud surpassed anything of the kind ever attempted in Baltimore. Had it not been interrupted by the refusal of some of the firms to deal with strangers the loss of more than \$10,000 would have been many times greater. A check of a banker was the initial requisite. Hence it was that Brockway instructed Farren to obtain one. Mr. J. Harmanus Fisher, whose office was on South street near German street, was selected as the first whose paper was wanted. The admonitions of Brockway to Farren, as applied to this case were that the latter should go to Mr. Fisher's and tender for sale the "stuff," which in this instance was a \$50 United States Government bond, and ask for a check in payment. As a precaution,

Farren was not to enter the office until a couple of hours after business for the day was commenced, the point involved being that an early caller ran greater risk of identification and suspicion in subsequent trouble than one who called after many faces had been presented to the view of the clerks. The night of the day of their conference Brockway gave the bond to Farren. Bright and clear was the morning of June 18, 1880, when a young man of stout build quitted the office of J. Harmanus Fisher, at about eleven o'clock, with a check for \$54.13 in his pocketbook, in return for a \$50 bond he sold to the banker. The seed had been sown and the harvest was soon to be reaped. The next day Brockway, from the hands of Farren, received the check, which was lithographed by A. Hoen & Co., of this city, and bore in its centre in buff colors the internal revenue stamp. He was no longer seen idly parading the streets, or visiting his former haunts, for work was before him of such delicate and intricate character that the closest attention was necessary for its execution. Hid away from the world in quarters he had engaged in Providence, R. I., he labored assiduously in the production of his duplicate. One week from the day Farren first came to Baltimore on his nefarious mission he got possession of checks from Messrs. Middendorf & Oliver and D. Fahnestock & Co. There was nothing strange in the transactions, for it was an almost daily occurrence for persons to sell bonds to these firms. Into Brockway's hands all the checks went, and from his skill came forth imitations so cleverly engraved that the aid of a magnifying glass was necessary to unveil their difference from the originals. The lithographers themselves were unable to discern with naked eye the parts of divergence, save in the color of the revenue stamp, which was a shade darker in the counterfeit than in the genuine. The workmanship was of such high order, the private stamps, numbers, the lithographer's imprint at the bottom, even the die used by Mr. Fisher for punching the amount of the check, were brought out so intelligently as to baffle detection by those used to handling the *bona fide* checks daily. Brockway had done the task well, and he was giving it the finishing touches when the news reached him that Bell, Cleary, Wilson,

and Bartlett had landed in New York. The information upset his minor plans; withal it was glad tidings. Instead now of having to rely on Billy Ogle and George Hamill, who on calmer consideration Brockway was inclined to believe were too well known in the East, and Farren, a novice, he was in a position to dicker with the new arrivals, and organize them, with those he already had, into a formidable "mob." One of his first questions was in reference to the financial standing of the tourists, and when told by the harbinger of current doings that they were "dead broke," he saw the last barrier to his success swept away. Accordingly he came on to New York and met his future allies. They were eager for a job, and listened readily to his propositions. By his advice they made Reilly's saloon their rendezvous. At certain hours every morning for a week the entire gang would visit the place in twos and threes, and, after a social glass, depart. Those who saw them thought the men doing business in that locality. During this time Brockway was perfecting his arrangements, until on the morning of Thursday, July 15, 1880, he announced to his companions that all was consummated. The report was hailed with delight, for funds were low. The chief, who asserted his authority from the start, and whose right to do so no one questioned, said further that a "backer" had been secured, who would put up money for expenses and legal counsel, as customary when a thoroughly regulated gang goes on the road, to defend any member of it who might be entrapped in the net of the law.

"Furthermore," said Brockway, "we will leave Billy and George behind (meaning Ogle and Hamill) to look out for snags, and I will go down to Baltimore with the rest of you this afternoon; but before we trip it, suppose we settle the stakes."

"Take what you want," laconically spoke Bell.

"If we flash up anything I want one-half the whole pile. Is it a go?"

The others agreed it was. The demand seemed exorbitant at first glance, but longer thought showed it to be only a fair division with the man who not alone chanced his liberty, but to whose arm and head were due the essential step to victory. This done

the remainder of the prospective winnings was to be parted into halves, one of which was to go to the "backer" and the other to be apportioned equally among the "layers down." All being in readiness Brockway and his men embarked for Baltimore. The resumption of business in this city, on the morning of July 16, found the accessories patiently awaiting their respective opportunities to pounce on the offices that were to furnish them, innocently, the firms' signatures and figures wherewith to impose on the banks. Brockway knew that Cleary and Farren were the best for his purpose. Both were quick and ready of speech and action, smacking of the commercial order, and innately polite. A few words of explanation and they entered on the discharge of their duties. Cleary made the first move. In he stepped briskly to the counting-room of J. Harmanus Fisher and tendered for sale a \$100 United States bond, four per cent., to Mr. Harry Orrick, the chief clerk, now a member of the firm of Orrick & May, stock brokers. The offer was accepted and Cleary paid partly cash and the balance in a \$54 check on the Merchants' National Bank, payable to George Hunter.

Without further ado he left the office and went directly to that of D. Falmestock, a few doors removed, where he repeated his operation and was given another check for \$54, this time drawn to the order of Samuel E. Hunt, and \$50 in cash. In the meanwhile Farren was not idle. He had gone to Middendorf & Oliver's with three \$100 bonds of the same issue as those used by his contemporary. For one of them he obtained in return all cash, and for the others checks for \$54 in favor of Henry Murdock and George W. Kimball, and treasury bills. This division of the work accomplished they sought their source, who was waiting on Exchange Place, and to him they handed their receipts. Armed with these Brockway went off to a hotel where he alone had a room, to press his die and pen into service. The checks gave him the signatures of their makers and the numbers of the checks of the firms for that day, everything that was needed to aid him in completing the make-up of his forged orders. While he was doing this, Cleary and Farren made a round of these same offices shortly after dinner and bought back the bonds they sold in the

morning, thereby removing any clues which the numbers of the securities might present.

During the interim between the departure of Brockway and his return to the corner of South and Lombard streets, where he promised to station himself, Bell was loitering around the Second street entrance to the post-office and his colleagues, Wilson and Bartlett, around the corner of Gay street. They knew when their chief would be at his post. He was punctual to the minute, and so was Cleary, who was to "lay down" the beginning of the series of forged orders. Brockway gave his man one of the engraved checks for \$1,394, bearing on its front the fictitious signature of Middendorf and Oliver.

"If they don't take it this way," said the chief to Cleary, "come out and meet me at the corner above, and I'll shape it."

"Correct!" was the word from Cleary as he walked alone towards the Third National Bank.

It was two o'clock as he crossed the threshold of the main door. The paying teller, Mr. N. B. Medairy, was deep in his accounts and did not raise his head until the figure of a person passed the opening in the screen in front of him. Then he lifted his eyes and saw a well dressed young man approach a desk used by depositors and take from an inside pocket of his cut-away coat a check, which he endorsed on the back in the manner of one accustomed to such doings. With a business air the new comer stepped to the counter in front of Mr. Medairy and passed through the screen the paper he had just signed. The teller read on its face that it was in favor of George W. Kimball and that the same name was inscribed on the back. The check was regular looking enough, but as a matter of business precaution Mr. Medairy said, "you will have to be identified, sir, before I can pay you this amount."

"Oh! very well," replied Cleary, "just give me the check and I'll step around to Middendorf & Oliver's and get their endorsement."

The check was once again in his pocket and with it Cleary left the bank. At the south-east corner of South and Second streets, Brockway had taken up his stand and was on the watch for him.

No sooner did he make known the trouble than the chief took the check and stepped briskly into the cigar and tobacco store of H. W. Totebusch and asked of Mr. R. C. Totebusch, a clerk, the use of pen and ink. On their being furnished he pushed to a far end of a show case and in a minute had the name of Middendorf & Oliver on the back of the check. The imitation was excellent in all respects. Cleary again sought the bank and appeared for the second time before Mr. Medairy, who, all seeming satisfactory, paid out \$1,394. The "layer down" counted the money carefully and, finding it correct, politely thanked the teller and left. The first undertaking had progressed so easily that Brockway was delighted and determined to push his game further through Bell, whom he now summoned and directed to "do" the Merchants' National Bank for a like amount.

"Hit it just before it shuts up," advised the forger. "Here you are, all shaped, George, the same as Hen. (meaning Cleary), layed down, excepting you've the brace on the back," and he gave him another check for \$1,394, also drawn to the order of George W. Kimball, but in this instance by J. Harmanus Fisher, seemingly indorsed by that broker's attorney, H. A. Orrick.

"Won't be any trouble," said Bell, "the fist is so well known and you have covered it nicely. "I'll take Farren with me, and he can nose around for tips."

"While you're inside, George, I'll pipe all the duffers who come along," put in Farren, who had strolled up, and heard the last sentence of Bell's speech. "If they drop to you, mind, I'll give you the go-by."

"That's proper; all you have to do if I make a break for the outside is not to let them turn me up if you can help it." Together they went,—the one to his prey, his partner to lounge around the building entrance in wait for any indication of police interference.

The hands of the big clock on the City Hall wanted a few minutes before striking off the three taps of the bell that were to notify the officials of the Merchants' National bank that public transactions for the day were ended, when the figure of a tall young man, with hollow cheeks and cleanly shaven face broke the

sunlight in the Second street entrance. He walked straight to the window of paying-teller Thomas H. Morris, and with an expression of having escaped disappointment, exclaimed as he deposited his check on the desk, "I am a little late."

"Yes, you are late," the teller replied as he noticed what a handsome man his vis-a-vis was, in his Prince Albert coat and silk hat. "I have sold some bonds to Mr. Fisher," Bell continued, "and I would be thankful if you would give me large money for this check, as I have some bills to pay up street."

"I have no large money," Teller Morris explained during his scrutiny of the check, "the best I can do will be to give you ten dollar notes."

"That will do, then, thank you," replied the swindler. He received the money and was gone.

Emboldened by the success of his emissaries, Brockway sent a messenger for Wilson, who was not far away, ready to be summoned to do his part. The latter arrived in a few moments.

"Al, go lay down this billet on the Third National!" ordered the arch conspirator. "I think we can take another trick there. Work it quick, as it is after banking time. If you can get in on the 'jays' you'll win, for they'll not 'rap' to you, they will be so busy fixing accounts for the day." The "pigeon" flew at once to his destination, and reached it at 3.05 o'clock, with a forged check to the amount of \$1,296.50, payable to Henry Murdock, from Middendorf & Oliver. The doors were about being closed. The following conversation took place, opened by Wilson as soon as he dropped the check into Teller Medairy's palm:

"Can I reach the First National bank? I want to deposit some money there."

"I would rather not cash this. My books are closed for to-day. I will certify it though, so you can deposit it."

"That will not do. I need a portion of the money this afternoon." Upon this statement, the teller, believing he recognized Wilson as a man who had had a check honored some time previously from Middendorf & Oliver, passed over the amount. Two hours later he unearthed a discrepancy in his ledger that he was positive came from his giving too much money to the last

caller. To save himself from the loss he slipped into his coat and hurried to the office of Middendorf & Oliver, to find the address of the man to whom they gave their check for \$1,296.50. His inquiry was answered by the horrifying announcement that the firm knew no such man, nor did they give any checks for such sums as Cleary and Wilson presented that day. The news of the forgeries fell like a thunderbolt on Mr. Medairy, who was crestfallen, as any first class teller would be who had been outwitted by clever rascals, that he had not the heart to make known the raid that night to any of the higher officials of the bank.

That night the gang gloated over their pickings. Instead of being satisfied they decided to remain in Baltimore until the next morning, Saturday, July 17, when they would resume their plundering. The members separated, each to find lodgings for himself. Sleep did not come to the eyes of Brockway until he had in readiness a second check in the name of Mr. Fisher, signed and indorsed by H. A. Orrick, for \$3,901.50, that he intended Bell should pass on the Merchants' National the following day, and one of \$2,160 for Wilson to "lay down."

When the morning came the forger and his men emerged from their hiding places. As the needle to the pole, so they sought him. Quick and concise were the orders for duty. Bell, it was settled, should tackle the Merchants' National again and Bartlett, who had been kept in the background, was sent to the office of D. Fahnestock & Co., to sell a \$100 United States Government bond, and ask for a check and cash in payment, as had been done the day before with the other two brokers whose names were played upon. As soon as the order on the bank where the firm deposited, the Western National, on Eutaw street, was secured it was to be carried to Brockway to forge the signature and check numbers of the Messrs. Fahnestock to one of the engraved duplicates he had prepared from the copy got in June.

Meanwhile Wilson visited the Merchants' National Bank and got \$2,160 for his bogus check. He attacked the bank in the busiest moment of the day, and had little difficulty in getting the check cashed.

Bartlett returned in a short time with the check from the Messrs. Fahnestock. With his usual facility Brockway had his work done by the time Bartlett had made his second visit to the Messrs. Fahnestock and bought back with bank notes entirely the bond he had so shortly before sold them. Nothing remained now to reach the climax but a trip to the Western National Bank, and this Bartlett undertook. He tendered a check for \$2,670 to paying teller Charles Nolting, who refused to credit it, since the bearer was unknown to him. The reply came handy; Bartlett would have the Messrs. Fahnestock endorse it. Off he went to Brockway to have the accepted move made. In the lapse of as many minutes as it would consume to walk at a fair gait from Second and South streets to Baltimore and Eutaw streets, Bartlett was before Mr. Nolting again with the endorsed check. The teller, however, was obdurate. He said he never paid money orders, even when properly indorsed, unless he knew those who presented them, and he saw no reason now to alter this rule. Nothing was left for Bartlett but to abandon his scheme, and in this way his gang was shut out from the perpetration of any of their tricks on that bank. Undaunted by the failure of one of his projects, Brockway caused the gang to know he would make a final effort with his consummate skill, and, win or lose, the "mob" would leave the town after it. The daring of Bell and his keen-witted style made him a favorite with "the boss." Once more he was selected to make the final *coup*. When he got through with it he was \$3,901.50 ahead. At eleven o'clock promptly, as the merchants, contractors, brokers, and the hundred-and-one other kinds of depositors who daily seek, in the rush of business hours, the accommodation of the Merchants' National Bank, were moving to and fro, giving the ordinary observer a kaleidoscopic view of restless, bustling, solicitous humanity, the man of the day before elbowed his way to the wire opening behind which teller Morris was again employed and spoke to him thus:

"I am not late to-day."

"No; you are not late to-day," with emphasis on the last word by the teller.

"I sold some bonds to Mr. Fisher this morning. Will you please give me large money?"

This time he obtained it, for the check complied in every detail with similar requisitions from the office of J. Harmanus Fisher. In fact it was such a good imitation that a clerk of Mr. Fisher's, Mr. F. Samuel McMurran, who was behind the desk that divides the bank employes from visitors, a distance of not more than four feet, nodded his head in the affirmative when the teller held up the check to his gaze for his opinion as to its genuineness. Bell vanished and with him the bank's money.

A lull in business and Mr. Morris looked over his checks. Words are inadequate to express his feelings when, on comparing the checks of Mr. Fisher, presented by the strangers with others that were received, he first discovered the forgery. Nervously the deceived teller reported the facts to the cashier, Major Douglas H. Thomas, who is now president of the bank. The introduction to the affair then given to Major Thomas was the source of his subsequent brilliant action, which enabled the police to bring the criminals to justice. The hands that linked the chain of evidence around the men whom the penitentiary bars afterwards enclosed were those of Cashier Thomas, and to him the banking interests of America are indebted for a display of pluck and brains that rid the community of the most dangerous organization of forgers known in the criminal annals of the country.

The hue and cry went abroad that afternoon of Saturday, July 17, 1880, that forgers were in town. The alarm was sounded too late, for they had decamped. No possibility of surprising them by arrest in this city was held up to hope. Only patient strategetic agencies were remaining if their apprehension was ever to be accomplished. Major Thomas informed the police at once. From headquarters to the bank came Detective Joseph Mitchell in obedience to instructions from the then Chief of Detectives Crone. To him was recited in detail the doings of the forger and a description of his appearance as well as teller Morris could remember it. The data were carried back to police headquarters and entered on the blotter of the department. Every officer in citizen's dress was ordered out to scour the town, and no stone

was left unturned. For two days search was unavailing save for the discovery of the fact that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to utter forged paper on the Western National Bank. Mr. Nolting, the paying teller, though sure he had done right in refusing to pay over the amount of the Fahnestock check, felt annoyed for the sake of the Messrs. Fahnestock, whom he thought might be aggrieved at his not honoring the order their supposed customer presented, visited the residence of the senior member of the firm Sunday morning to explain matters to him. He was overjoyed to know the man he had repulsed was an impostor. Everybody concerned was at sea until the mail of Monday morning, July 19, brought to Major Thomas an anonymous letter, postmarked Philadelphia, wherein it was stated that George Bell and Henry Cleary had been implicated in the thievery. This communication the cashier forwarded to Chief Detective Crone, and waited a few days to see the results it would stir to the surface. But the police could not use the clue. Major Thomas then began the conduct of the case himself, and he did not cease his labors until he had put the convict's uniform on several of those implicated. The board of directors authorized him to take charge of the case for the bank, and to leave no stone unturned to bring the criminals to justice, and to entertain no propositions of a compromise. With marked intelligence did he pursue the clue of his unknown correspondent, until Saturday, July 24, he took the train for New York, having positive information regarding the descriptions of the men he was following and the haunts they frequented in that city. Landed in the metropolis he jumped into a carriage and was driven at once to the office of Inspector Thomas Byrnes. The latter was absent on the arrival of the Baltimore bank official. Mr. Thomas left his card for the noted detective, and made an engagement to meet him on Monday morning, July 26, at the Brevoort House. At the appointed hour the inspector was with Major Thomas. The latter detailed all the circumstances of the forgeries, not mentioning at that time his own detective work, however.

Inspector Byrnes believed he recognized the wanted forgers by their methods. His assurances were of so encouraging a charac-

ter that Major Thomas telegraphed to Mr. A. H. Stump, then president of the Merchants' National Bank: "Send Morris, Medairy, and McMurren," that he might be in readiness with his witnesses for identification when the arrests were made. The very next day Detectives Adams, O'Neill and Slevin, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, took into custody Bell, Farren, and Cleary. The first two were arrested on the street, and the latter while in bed in a house where he often lodged. The capture was not made a day too soon, since it was afterwards learned the trio were to leave New York the day succeeding that on which they fell into the hands of the police. Brockway, accompanied by Billy Ogle and George Hamill, whom he left behind for protective purposes when he went to Baltimore, and Al. Wilson, had already "jumped."

The prisoners were taken before Justice Duffy, at the Tombs court, and given a preliminary hearing. There was no charge that could be preferred against Farren, who was only seen lounging around the Merchants' National Bank, and he was discharged from custody. Cleary, it appeared, was "wanted" in Albany for a \$1,000 forgery. He had been arrested on the charge, admitted to bail, and "skipped." The New York authorities urged priority on this score, and demanded his custody. The claim was upheld by Governor Cornell of that State, who subsequently refused to issue requisition papers for Cleary until he had been arraigned in Albany for the offence alleged. He was escorted thither, tried, and sentenced to two years and six months imprisonment at Clinton. Bell doggedly denied his identity, but in vain. He was picked out from among a crowd of other men by Teller Morris.

Satisfaction it was, in a measure, to Major Thomas, to have this one of the gang, and for fear any mishap should prevent the ends of Maryland justice being satisfied, at least in this instance, the major came to Baltimore, swore out a warrant on July 28, before Justice John P. Grindall, at the Central Police Station, accusing Bell of uttering forged checks to the amount received by him from the Merchants' Bank. He then went to the office of State's Attorney Charles P. Kerr, whose co-operation he asked

to have a requisition issued by Governor William T. Hamilton for Bell. The attorney for the Commonwealth gladly gave his aid. To obviate a hitch in another direction, Major Thomas telegraphed Mr. Morris to start for home in time to appear before the Grand Jury of Baltimore on July 31, the first and only session the inquest held that week. On the strength of the teller's testimony, an indictment against Bell was found that day. Twenty-four hours later the requisition from Governor Hamilton was received by Deputy-marshal Jacob Frey, who was commissioned to carry it to the Governor of New York. The deputy-marshal departed, and on August 2 was at the capital of New York. To his disappointment he was told Governor Cornell would not be at his mansion for several days, having gone to another section of the State. A question of convenience was not to be entertained, therefore the only thing to do was to wait, which the Baltimore officer did, at Albany, until the Governor of New York returned. After that there was little or no delay to the production of the warrant for Bell.

A new impediment to the progress of the case was encountered when the deputy marshal went to New York with the requisite documents to take Bell from the Tombs. The forger had engaged counsel through friends and was an applicant for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The right of the prisoner to a full hearing on the technicalities he wished to present was recognized by Judge Beach, of the New York Supreme Court. For three weary weeks the conflict went on, with intervals of adjournment, until on August 18, the Court, after having heard the testimony of Major Thomas, Teller Morris, and Deputy-marshal Frey, the arguments of counsel for the defence, Messrs. E. E. Price and James Oliver, and for the prosecution as conducted by Hon. A. S. Sullivan, who was retained by the Merchants' National Bank, ruled that the prisoner be remanded to the custody of the Baltimore authorities. It was a bitter pill for Bell to swallow. On August 19, after a handcuffed journey from New York with Deputy-marshal Frey, he was behind a Yale lock in the Central Police Station in Baltimore, the ward of Captain John Lannan, then in charge of that precinct. Nor was the fight to end here. In anticipation of

such a procedure W. Hollingsworth Whyte, Esq., appeared in the Circuit Court and asked an injunction to restrain the police from taking Bell's photograph. The appeal fell flat, and its usefulness, if it had any, was annihilated by the statement of Deputy-Marshall Frey, that all the likenesses of Bell the Baltimore police wanted had been obtained from another city.

The trial of Bell before Judge Pinkney in the Criminal Court was a memorable one. Mr. Whyte, a nephew of the presiding magistrate, again represented Bell, while Hon. A. Leo Knott, engaged by Major Thomas, assisted the State. The question of identity was once more the main point, and in so confused a condition did it reach the jury because of the rulings of the judge, that the twelve men empanelled failed to agree after a night's deliberation. The Court was highly displeased with one juror, Mr. C. Edwin Stine, on hearing after the case had been abandoned by the State, that he of all the jury had stood alone for conviction. To add to the irate feelings of the judge, prisoner's counsel, Mr. Whyte, stated in open Court it was rumored that the complaint of sickness advanced by Mr. Stine, which led to the discharge of the jury, was feigned. Swollen with anger, Judge Pinkney referred the case of Mr. Stine to the Grand Jury. A careful investigation showed that Mr. Stine had really been ill, and he was exonerated. A second trial resulted in an acquittal for Bell on one charge. By this time the merchants and bankers of the city were highly indignant at the form things assumed. Danger lay ahead that the forger would escape his merited punishment on the second charge; but a single way was at hand to avert it; to have the case removed on the grounds that the State could not obtain the fullest justice in the Criminal Court of Baltimore. Judge Brown, in the Circuit Court, accepted this reasoning of State's Attorney Kerr, and ordered a change of venue to the Circuit Court of Howard County.

Where were Brockway and the others all the while? They were in prison, too, with the exception of Farren. Funds were so low they could not much longer continue the legal sympathy they owed Bell unless they forged for lawyers' fees. A better place than Providence, R. I., the remnant knew not, hence it was they

"braced" two of its banks after their Baltimore style, and got themselves, the very day Bell was in the Central station in this city, into a similar lock-up in Providence. Brockway went to the penitentiary for eight years, Ogle for four years, Hamill for three years, and "Al" Wilson escaped from the police. His hurry was so great, let it be remarked, he never stopped short of Boston. The situation was not congenial in the cultured centre; Canada was more to his fancy. Even there he fared badly, and was locked up for a misdemeanor, which punishment begat in him a feeling of home-sickness that drove him back to New York on October 18, 1881. The lynx-eyed thief-takers of Inspector Byrnes were at his heels, and nabbed him in a few days. Philosophically he took his arrest, and to be accommodating as possible, consented to go to Baltimore without a requisition. He knew he would be convicted if he stood trial, so he pleaded guilty to the charges against him, and was sentenced for four years. At the trial of Bell in the courthouse at Ellicott City, Howard County, Judges Miller, Hayden, and Hammond on the bench, on the second charge against him, Wilson was present in his convict's garb and shorn head, a striking contrast to his elegantly robed accomplice, in seal trimmed overcoat, handsome black suit, and the seal-skin cap, at that period highly fashionable. For two days, hundreds of men from Baltimore and the country surrounding listened to the evidence. Fifteen minutes was all the time the country jury were out before they returned a verdict of "guilty!" Bell did not move a muscle, but sat upright, as he had done all along, with a serene expression of countenance. A low bow to the judges, and he started for the county jail to await sentence, which was not passed on him until July 9, 1881. On that day he was brought before Judge Miller. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, Bell accepted the invitation, arose in the dock and said to the Court, "I was unfortunate at my trial in not establishing my innocence, as I confidently expected to, but the parties who were implicated refused to testify. I expect in a short time to prove my entire innocence. I have nothing to say against the rulings of this Court or the verdict of the jury. I only say

now I am not guilty of the charge, and appeal to the mercy of the Court."

"Yours has been one of the most aggravated cases against the law," replied Judge Miller, "that has ever occurred in Maryland. I will have to pronounce on you the sentence agreed upon by my colleagues and myself: ten years imprisonment in the Maryland Penitentiary, the extreme penalty of the law in such cases as yours."

A visitor to the prison of this State, the day following the expression of the sentence could barely recognize gentlemanly George Bell in the tall fellow with a big black barred suit and his penitentiary cropped hair as he engineered a lathe for burnishing the heels of ladies' shoes. As for "Al" Wilson, a steadier mechanic, impromptu, if you please, never sprung a bobbin in a carpet shop than he. Juvenal, wise old student of human nature knew whereof he spoke when he created the truism: "First appearances deceive many. The mind seldom perceives what has been carefully hidden."

But hold! the curtain drops not here, for Cleary is not yet in the Maryland Penitentiary, and Major Thomas believed he should be, and so he will, for the unfaltering cashier will not abate a jot his vigilance. He knows that on November 23, 1882, the sentence of Cleary will expire at Clinton Prison. Long before that is he in communication with Governor Cornell, who agrees to yield up the culprit on the proper day. Its arrival finds Deputy-Marshal Frey outside the gates of the institution, a requisition in his hand and a pair of handcuffs in his pocket. They are for the released prisoner who steps from technical liberty to practical imprisonment. Two months in the jail of Baltimore city the forger rests prior to his arraignment in the same pen once ornamented by his incarcerated brethren. Fatigue had broken him down to such an extent that jail physician Dr. D. P. Hoffman certified that he was suffering from consumption. The counsel for the prisoner, Col. Charles Marshall, announced that his client desired to plead guilty. Judge Phelps, on January 18, 1883, sentenced him to five years of penal servitude.

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CHAPTER XXX.

BROCKWAY'S PLAN TO DEFRAUD PROVIDENCE BANKS.—ULRICH AGREES TO FORGE THE CHECKS.—PLAN ARRANGED TO DETECT THE FORGERS.—THEIR VISITS TO HENRY C. CRANSTON AND CHACE, WATSON & BUTTS.—PROVIDENCE DETECTIVES ON THE QUI VIVE.—“IS YOUR NAME JOSEPH COOK?”—PARKER TAKES HIS MAN AT THE FOURTH NATIONAL.—BROCKWAY ARRESTED.—HE THOUGHT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE—SO THERE WAS.—A RACE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.—CAGED AT LAST.

It was about the beginning of August, 1880, that Brockway, baffled in Baltimore, laid his plans to defraud certain banks in Providence. Charles Ulrich, a notorious counterfeiter, had shortly before been pardoned from the New Jersey State Prison, on his pledge, which he was evidently sincere in giving, that he would lead an honest life, and withhold from crime in the future. To this man Brockway resorted, unaware of his new resolution, or if he was aware of it, not believing that it had outlasted the opening of the prison doors. He asked Ulrich, who was an expert engraver, to counterfeit some blank checks for him. Ulrich, before consenting, communicated the request to Pinkerton's Detective agency, being under obligation to the Pinkertons for aiding in his release. They advised Ulrich to take the job, but with such precautions that the intended victims would be saved from loss, and the capture of Brockway and his associates in crime secured.

Brockway had as partners in the scheme Billy Ogle and Charles Somers, and the private banking houses of Henry C. Cranston and of Chace, Watson & Butts were selected as the places where the checks, to be used in the operation, should be obtained. Two government bonds of \$100 each were sold to the two banking houses, Brockway obtaining from them their printed checks, on the face of which appeared in printed form the firm

name. These checks were obtained ostensibly for mailing, but were, of course, intended by Brockway to be used in the plan to defraud the banks. The check obtained from Mr. Cranston was on the Old National, and the check obtained from Chace, Watson & Butts, on the Fourth National Bank. These checks were delivered by Brockway to Ulrich, the engraver, with instructions to make copper-plate copies of them, even to the government stamps. Ulrich, upon receiving the checks, forthwith informed the Pinkertons, and arranged with them that he should apparently make true fac-simile copies, but that in reality he should put private marks on both blanks, in such a way that persons not in the secret could not detect them, while at the same time readily perceived by persons on the lookout for the forgeries. The work was done according to the plan. The genuine check blanks had lines ruled on the top, bottom, and sides, close to the margin, and were joined together so as to make an unbroken line. In the lower left-hand corner of the counterfeit blanks the lines were purposely prolonged, so as to cross each other, and extend about a sixteenth of an inch beyond the true lines. In addition, the engraver purposely mis-spelled the name of the firm who appeared in small letters as printers of the check, so as to read "Bugbee & Kolly," instead of "Bugbee & Kelly." The counterfeits having been stricken off, were delivered to Brockway.

Meantime the Pinkertons notified Chief Hunt, of the Providence police, and the latter made preparations to give Mr. Brockway and his confrères more hospitality than they bargained for. Detectives Swan and Waldron were stationed in the Old National Bank, and Detective Parker and Officer Simonds in the Fourth National Bank. A string was carried from the cashier's desk, close to the floor, and into the directors' room, where the officers were concealed. This string, if stepped upon, was made taut, and pulled hard on the farther end. Detective Gaylor, of Pinkerton's force, was in the city to watch developments and aid the Providence officers. For nearly a week the officers waited, day after day; but nothing was seen of Brockway or his accomplices. On Saturday afternoon, August 14th, Brockway was seen near Mr. Cranston's banking house, and there one of his associates

soon joined him. Their presence indicated the fact that their business, although not their stay, in Rhode Island was drawing to a close. Again a \$100 government bond was sold at Mr. Cranston's, and another \$100 bond to Chace, Watson & Butts, and at a late hour of the day. There was method in the transaction, for Brockway and his accomplices wanted to get as near the last numbers drawn from the check-books as possible.

Having obtained perhaps the last numbers given on that Saturday, Brockway had all day Sunday in which to forge the signatures of the two banking houses, and to prepare the counterfeit checks in such a way as to stand critical examination, such as the tellers and cashiers of banks might be expected to give, especially when a large amount of money is called for by a stranger. It was an easy matter to stamp on numbers which would approximate those on the last checks drawn on Saturday. This approximation was necessary, as the false checks were to be presented at banks with which the customers of both the banking houses were accustomed to deal.

Monday morning came, with the detectives on the "*qui vive*" for their quarry. About half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, a stranger presented one of the counterfeit checks, purporting to be signed by Chace, Watson & Butts, at the Fourth National Bank. It was for the sum of \$1,327, and payable to Joseph Cook. Detective Parker stepped up close to the visitor with another check in his hand, as if he, too, was waiting to receive some money. This gave Mr. Parker a pretense for keeping near the man, without arousing suspicion. "Is your name Joseph Cook?" asked the teller. "Yes," was the ready answer; and the teller at once counted out \$1,327 to the pretended customer. "Cook" was putting the money in his pocket when Detective Parker quietly put his hand on him, and, before the latter could realize the situation, he was a prisoner; and the detective had the money. Mr. Gaylor, the Pinkerton detective, was at once notified by officer Simonds, and hastened towards the scene. He identified Brockway standing outside the bank, evidently waiting for "Cook" to come out with the money. Mr. Gaylor delayed action for several minutes, in order to give the forgers

an opportunity to strike at the Old National Bank, and be taken in there, as at the Fourth National. But Brockway at length became uneasy, and showed signs of departure; so the detective took him in charge. Brockway seemed surprised, but merely remarked that there must be some mistake. He was escorted into the bank, and handcuffed to his accomplice. Then they were taken to the City Hall and locked up. No other checks were found on them. All this had been done so quietly that the other accomplice was evidently not alarmed.

About half past twelve o'clock on the same day, a stranger appeared at the counter of the Old National Bank and presented a check for \$1,264, drawn in favor of James Chace, and signed "H. C. Cranston." The cashier told the man that he must get the check certified, and the visitor started out, ostensibly for that purpose. The cashier followed him out, and met Mr. Gaylor coming up the stairs. Gaylor spoke to the man with the check, and the latter started to run. Officer Vaughn joined in the chase, and caught the fugitive near the Crawford street bridge. Upon being searched, a certified check, precisely like the one he had presented, was found in his stocking. It was supposed that he intended to be absent from the bank long enough to have a check certified, and then return with the forged certificate.

Brockway, when arrested, tried to swallow a paper containing the name of a business firm near the Fourth National Bank, which he had probably intended to use in future operations. Brockway was sent to State Prison for eight years, and his two associates, who proved to be George Hamill or Harvell, and William Ogle, were sentenced for three years and four years, respectively.

The checks used by Brockway in the attempt on the Providence banks are still in possession of the Police Department of this city. To the uninstructed observer the counterfeiting seems perfect, and the writer, when the two were submitted to him, guessed the counterfeit to be the genuine. Ulrich, the engraver, who aided in the conviction of the forgers, is said to be now in Europe, and to have relapsed into evil ways.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JAMES DUNMUNWAY.—AN OUTLAW OF THE WORST WESTERN TYPE.—A LAWYER GO-BETWEEN FOR BURGLARS.—DUNMUNWAY ROBS THE ATHENÆUM.—OFFICER DUTY GREENE DETECTS BURGLARS IN THE STORE OF F. A. PAIGE & CO.—THE PLACE SURROUNDED BY POLICE.—CAPTURE OF THE ROBBERS.—THE MYSTERY OF THE ATHENÆUM BURGLARY UNVEILED.—DUNMUNWAY'S DISTASTE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.—HIS ASSAULT ON A FELLOW-CONVICT.—DOGGED RESISTANCE TO PRISON DISCIPLINE.—IN A DARK CELL FOR YEARS.—A CALM DEATH-BED SCENE.—SOME FACTS OF HIS MURDEROUS HISTORY.—SAID TO HAVE KILLED TWELVE MEN.—FORTUNATE ARREST OF A NEW-PORT BURGLAR.

No more peculiar criminal ever visited Providence than James Dunbar, *alias* James Dunmunway. An outlaw of the worst Western type, he was equally ready at crimes of force, and at the more deliberate work of the midnight prowler and burglar. One of the Jesse James gang, when those outlaws were the terror of the West, he found himself ill able to cope with the better organized police systems of the East, and, like some other famous law-breakers, he came to grief and a cell in the Rhode Island State Prison—a cell that to him proved a tomb. Shortly before the crime which resulted in his arrest in Providence, Dunmunway, with two others, broke into a bank in Paris, Kentucky, and, as his share of the plunder, Dunmunway received \$17,500 in railroad bonds. One of the parties to the robbery was arrested. Dunmunway escaped and went to Washington, thence to Baltimore and New York, and from New York to Providence. Upon his arrival here he entrusted the stolen bonds to a party in Providence, who kept them for him. A lawyer of this city wrote to Paris, Kentucky, asking what the bonds were worth. He ascertained that they were worth nothing, the Kentucky Legislature

having declared the stolen securities void and authorized another issue.

While these negotiations were pending Dunmunway did not waste his opportunities in Providence. Becoming acquainted with a youth of weak character and evil habits, he persuaded him to join in a scheme for the robbery of the Athenæum, that valuable and estimable library which is one of the landmarks of our city. The crime was committed on or about the night of August 16, 1881. Dunmunway and his associate visited the library a day or two previous to the robbery, and politely asked the privilege of gazing at its treasures. "That is a very handsome picture," remarked Dunmunway, with the air of a connoisseur, as he pointed to "The Three Graces." "It ought to be valuable." The librarian was proud to be able to inform his respectable-appearing caller that the picture was valued at \$3,000. The visitor evinced considerable interest in a portrait of Zachary Taylor, and departed, after expressing his thanks for the courtesy extended and the pleasure he had enjoyed. A day or two later Providence was amazed by the news that the Athenæum had been entered, and "The Three Graces" and other valuable canvases cut from the frames and carried off.

Detectives Swan and Parker were at work on the case, with their suspicions fixed in the right direction, when a fortunate arrest removed all doubt as to two of the guilty, at least. Officer Duty Greene, while on patrol duty on South Main street, at the foot of College, about one o'clock on the morning of September 10, 1881, heard a slight noise in the store of F. A. Page & Co., which adjoins College street, and he at once listened intently. A murmur of voices in the basement of the store reached his ears, and a glimmer of light shone between the chinks of the closed shutters. Officer Greene bent his head closer, and distinctly heard a man's voice saying, "Hold my hat, will you? Just give us a light, and we will go through and get out upstairs." Officer Greene blew his whistle and rapped for assistance. Officer Thurston answered, and was told to stand guard over the cellar door, where the light was first seen. Thick and fast the police appeared, and soon about twenty were on the spot. Officer Greene

then telephoned to Lieutenant Dary, and dispatched a man to Mr. Paige's residence, No. 9 Church street. Pending the arrival of Mr. Paige his store and the rear stores in the block were completely surrounded, making it impossible for the burglars to escape. While the officers were standing there the men were seen by some bystanders creeping along the roof. Soon after this a window was seen to open, and a man's head protruded through the aperture. Officer Thurston drew his revolver, and pointing at the head, threatened to shoot, and the head was quickly withdrawn. For a few moments all was quiet, and then a window on the Leonard street side of the building, in the rear of Mr. Page's store, was heard to open and close, and about the same time officer Thurston felt something strike his face. He picked it up, and found a candle broken in two pieces, which the robbers had thrown at him from the window. Shortly thereafter Mr. Page came with the key, the door was unlocked, and the search began. Lieutenant Dary and five officers, with two enterprising reporters, comprised the searching party. The store on the first floor was scoured, and then the officers proceeded to the attic, leaving no nook or corner unexplored. Along the roof to an adjoining building, through a very narrow window, and down into the attic of that building went the exploring party. After bursting open a door at the head of an entry, the two burglars were discovered, crouching at the foot of the stairs, close to the street door, and were at once captured and taken to the Central Station. They refused to give their names, but one proved to be Dunmunway, then unknown to the Providence police; the other to be a young man of respectable parentage, but of weak character and dissolute habits, whom the veteran outlaw was educating in crime.

Detectives Swan and Parker soon uncovered the mystery of the Athenæum burglary, and recovered the stolen pictures. They were able to prove that Dunmunway and his youthful accomplice were guilty of this crime, as well as of a robbery at the residence of John A. Brown, No. 13 Cushing street, on the night of June 28, of the same year. At the time of the robbery of Mr. Brown's residence the house was unoccupied, Mr.

Brown's family being away on a summer tour. The night was stormy, and was probably selected by the thieves for that reason, there being, of course, less danger of discovery on such a night than in pleasant weather. Dunmunway and his young companion went into the house, and, according to the evidence obtained by the police, another person remained near by with a horse and carriage, to receive the booty. The thieves at first attempted to enter by boring through the door so as to gain access to the lock, but it was an exceptionally secure one, and they were obliged to relinquish this plan. They then succeeded in raising a window, and carried off several valuable articles. The person—a pawnbroker—in charge of the horse and carriage met the robbers at Prospect Terrace, and there the plunder was placed in the carriage and taken to the residence of the pawnbroker. The police soon identified Dunmunway as a notorious thief and housebreaker. He had come to Providence from New York in the spring, with the intention of making this city a scene of his criminal operations. Looking for an accomplice, he was introduced by a pawnbroker to the young man of good social standing, but demoralized habits, who aided him in the robberies, and they were passing from one crime to another, when fortunately detected in Page's store by officer Duty Greene.

Soon after Dunmunway's arrest he was taken by Deputy Chief Brown and Detective Parker to Wright's photograph gallery, on Westminster street, to be photographed. A colored burglar named John McCarty, was escorted to the gallery at the same time. Both were handcuffed. Dunmunway objected to having his picture taken, and fought with great fury, knocking out the photographer, and destroying about two hundred and fifty dollars worth of property. He was at length brought to terms, without undue violence on the part of the officers, but his photograph in the "Rogues Gallery" shows the effect of the struggle. The photographer was so disgusted with the experience that he requested a discontinuance of police patronage.

Dunmunway was sentenced to seven years in the Rhode Island State Prison. In the shop with him in the prison was a convict named William Wright, *alias* "Roaring Bill," the only prisoner

who knew the former history of Dunmunway. The latter wanted to put Wright forever beyond the power of talking about him, or was jealous of him for some other reason. One day while they were working in the shoe-shop, back to back, Dunmunway seized a heavy hammer, jumped upon his bench, and dealt Wright a murderous blow directly on the head. Dunmunway was overpowered with difficulty, and put in a dark cell. Upon trial for the assault on Wright he pretended to be insane, but was found guilty, and had two years added to his original sentence. The police were of opinion that the veteran convict expected to be transferred to a hospital for the insane, and thence make his escape. After the attack on his fellow prisoner Dunmunway became morose, hateful, and obstinate, and was placed in solitary confinement in a dark cell—that is, a cell on the lower or ground tier of the prison, from which no view can be had through the windows of the building. There he remained on working days and holidays, never asking for a change, always refusing to come out and work, and scowling savagely at, or cursing, anybody who had the curiosity to peer between the bars, or the mistaken sympathy to bring him flowers or fruit. Solitary imprisonment began to tell upon the rugged frame, and the outlaw gradually failed in health; but he refused to leave the cell where for several years he had looked forth only at the solid masonry of the prison. A vain attempt was made to induce him to consent to removal to another part of the building. Consumption set its seal of death upon him, and fistula hastened the wreck of his physical system, and at length General Viall had him removed by force to the prison hospital. To the last Dunmunway refused to submit to authority; but he softened somewhat as his final hours approached, and at his request a number of the prisoners were permitted to see him, and he asked them to forgive him for any unkind acts or words. At two o'clock on the morning of January 11, 1887, he calmly passed away, the quiet scene of his death-bed presenting a strange contrast to a life of blood and violence.

Dunmunway, at the time of his death, was about 69 years of age. When committed to prison he was a heavily-built, smooth-faced, elderly man, who would pass for a well-to-do farmer, or

retired business man. His features were not over-pleasing; still it was only the vindictive glare of the eye that would lead the observer, unacquainted with his real character, to beware of him. He claimed Massachusetts as his native State, but is supposed to have been born in the West, where the scenes of his earlier operations were laid. Of his youth almost nothing is known; nor could a full history of his crimes be written, for he changed his name whenever circumstances required it, and in some far-away places, where he was once a terror, the name of James Dunmunway has probably never been heard. It is said that he killed no less than twelve men by his own hand; that he was four times convicted of murder; was twice sentenced to be hanged, and twice to imprisonment for life, but through corruption and legal technicalities he evaded the penalty on each occasion, once being pardoned out of prison after serving a short time on a life sentence. In Cincinnati a policeman named Gallagher attempted to arrest him. Dunmunway had a revolver in an overcoat pocket, and without drawing the weapon from his pocket he fired three shots at the officer, and killed him. For this crime he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but friends obtained his pardon two years later. Either at that time, or in another encounter with the police, Dunmunway was shot, and had a part of his thumb taken off. One of his murders was committed in South Carolina, but there also he escaped punishment. He wielded considerable influence through numerous go-betweens, who disposed of his plunder in the West and South, and these were always ready to come to the rescue of such a profitable client. But in Rhode Island he found that neither influence nor violence could save him from the just award of the deliberate transgressor.

On the afternoon of October 4, 1883, Detective Parker was standing near the corner of Dorrance and Westminster streets. Two men passed, one of whom carried a bag and a heavy satchel. The conduct of the men was suspicious. The hand of the bearer of the satchel seemed to tremble, and he gazed about furtively as he proceeded along. Mr. Parker thought he noticed a metallic jingle from the baggage. He determined to keep a watch on the strangers. The two men separated, and the man with the satchel

headed for the railway station. Detective Parker engaged him in conversation near the ticket office for Boston. The stranger said he was going to Brockton, Mass, and the detective remarked that he was waiting for a friend coming over the New York & New England road. The man asked the officer if he knew where he could get a drink, and invited Mr. Parker to go with him, but the detective said he must wait for his friend. The officer noticed what appeared to be a silver urn wrapped up in a package, and watching his opportunity pressed against the satchel, which he found was heavily loaded. His suspicions, aroused from the outset, were now confirmed. He decided to make a sort of detour, keeping the fellow in sight in order that his accomplice would join him; but the latter did not appear, and the possessor of the satchel was taken into the office of Deputy-Chief Brown. The valise and packages were opened, and a costly collection of family plate in the form of solid and plated silverware was found, bearing the monograms "G. W. S." and "G. W. R.," in German letters. The prisoner gave the name of George Weaver, and said he belonged in Brockton. He accounted for his possession of the silver by saying that he was driven by necessity to sell the silver which had been left to him by his parents, who were dead. He said that he did not know the fellow who was with him on the street, but thought that he belonged in this city, and called himself Jack. He subsequently gave his correct name, that of Richard Clayton. The silverware consisted of pitchers, butter dishes, urns, salvers, knives, forks, spoons, candlesticks, and a variety of other tableware, in all valued at from \$1,000 to \$1,500, and weighing more than 37 pounds. No report had been received of any robbery in this city, and the police telephoned to Newport. There it was ascertained that the residence of W. C. Rivers, on Red Cross avenue, had been broken into, and a quantity of silver-plate stolen. Clayton proved to be the robber, and the plunder was returned to its owner in Newport almost before the family were aware of their loss.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BANK ROBBERIES.—HOW THE OLD MERCHANTS' BANK WAS PLUNDERED OF \$100,000.—THE ROBBERY OF THE TRADERS' BANK.—IT WAS PROBABLY DONE FROM THE INSIDE.—MAJOR ENGLEY'S CONSPIRACY.—HIS PLOT TO DEFRAUD THE MERCHANTS' UNION EXPRESS COMPANY OUT OF \$300,000.—THE STORY AS TOLD TO THE EDITOR BY QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL DENNIS.—THE KEYS THAT FAILED TO FIT.—THE POLICE ON THE WATCH.—MAJOR ENGLEY ARRESTED.—HE PLEADS GUILTY AND IS SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT.

PROVIDENCE has had its share of bank robberies, both in the days of the watchmen, and in more recent times. About forty years ago the old Merchants' Bank, on Westminster street, was plundered of \$100,000. The bank was one of the leading institutions of the State, and did an extensive business. One day, in the spring of the year, a middle-aged man visited the bank, and made a deposit. For three weeks afterward his visits, always on the pretext of business, were frequent, and it was remembered subsequently that he took occasion to scrutinize the arrangement of things in the bank, and especially the safe. However, his dealings were apparently straight-forward, he kept a substantial balance to his account, and his manner was prepossessing. One Saturday evening the safe, which was of the old-fashioned kind, secured with a key, was locked with \$100,000 in it. The cashier and the clerk went home, and spent Sunday as Rhode Islanders, with comfortable consciences, always do spend that day. On Monday morning they were promptly at the post of duty. The safe was locked as before, but the office showed signs of confusion, and, when the safe was opened, \$100,000 in money, left there on Saturday, was missing. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for detection and conviction of the robber, but without effect. It is understood that about \$75,000 of the plunder was afterward

returned to the bank, but the guilty person, although identified, was never brought to justice. The robber proved to be the agreeable business man, whose frequent visits to the bank had given him an opportunity to gain access to the safe, and take an impression of the lock. From this impression he had a key made, with which, when a favorable time arrived, he opened the safe, and had the contents before him.

The next robbery of note was of the Trader's Bank, January 13, 1865. The amount taken was \$47,000. The bank had in its vault over \$40,000 in specie, and a quantity of United States bonds; also some valuable jewelry, the property of the wife of a well-known druggist. When Cashier Knight went to open the safe one Monday morning, he could not unlock it. Again and again he tried, but the combination would not work. A safe expert was sent for, who, after examination, said that the safe had been opened some time, Saturday or Sunday, and then locked on a different combination. Upon opening the safe, all the contents, including the jewels, were missing. A Boston lock manufacturer was summoned, who, on making an examination of the outside back door locks, found that they had been unlocked by none other than the regular key, as there was not the slightest scratch on the inside of the locks. This directed suspicion to one of the bank employes. Officer J. Crawford Potter searched the bank, and found several bags of the stolen coin secreted beneath a heap of old paper. The coin was not disturbed, and Detective Potter, with officer C. G. Chaffee, remained on watch in the bank several nights, to see if some one would come for the stolen specie; but no one came. The suspected employé departed from Providence very suddenly, and eluded an officer sent by Captain Gross in pursuit of him. He was never arrested. Only about \$1,000, the amount in the bags of coin found hidden in the bank, was recovered. It is certain that the specie was not all taken from the safe at one time, as the quantity taken would fill nearly a bushel basket. The specie had lain in the safe some six months before the loss was brought to light, and it is thought that the coin was taken from time to time until all was gone, and then the guilty party, to make it appear as if a single robbery had been committed, changed the combination of the safe lock.

Probably few of the younger generation, when they note the soldier-like tread, frank blue eyes, and rosy cheeks of Quartermaster General Charles R. Dennis, have recalled to mind the fact that he was instrumental in thwarting one of the most gigantic conspiracies ever conceived to rob and defraud an express company. The veteran soldiers of Rhode Island all remember Major James C. Engley; some of them have too much occasion to remember him. After his connection with the recruiting service, Major Engley acquired control of what was known as "Howard's Express," running between this city and Boston. In 1866 he was also at the head of the Neptune Express Company, and when the Merchants' Union Express Company was organized, a proposition was made by the latter to buy up the Neptune. In the arrangements for the transfer of the business Engley insisted upon the stipulation that he should be the Providence agent. The Merchants' Union objected to this, but finally agreed that Engley should hold the place as nominal agent, without salary, having a desk in the office for the management of his "Howard's Express" business, but not actively interfering in the Merchants' Union affairs. The real and responsible agency of the Merchants' Union was devolved upon General Charles R. Dennis, who had a desk close to that of Engley, and who was assisted by a clerk, Mr. George W. Earle, now deceased, and son of the well-known express manager, George B. Earle; the Merchants' Union having full confidence in Mr. Dennis, both as to experience and integrity, and Mr. Dennis in Mr. Earle.

Engley was supposed to have no keys to the safe. General Dennis had keys, so had Mr. Earle, and these alone had authority to open or enter the safe. Engley conceived a conspiracy to obtain \$300,000 by defrauding the express company, which appeared to him all the easier to carry out, on account of his being denied admission to, and therefore free of all responsibility for the security of property entrusted to the company. He visited Boston, and there met an old acquaintance named C. A. Dean, to whom he related his plan for becoming suddenly wealthy. The scheme was to have \$300,000 sent from New York to Providence through the Merchants' Union; that on the arrival of the money

in Providence, Engley should abstract it from the safe; the Merchants' Union Company, being responsible, would refund the whole amount to the sender, and the money thus refunded should be divided in three equal parts, between Engley, Dean, and any third party they would take into the conspiracy, in order to raise the sum to be sent. Engley proposed that the amount should be made up at some bank of good standing before being forwarded, so that there should exist undoubted evidence of the money having been shipped; that he, in his capacity as agent at Providence, would receive and receipt for it, and could subsequently make affidavit, if necessary, to that effect. In order to divert suspicion from himself, Engley suggested that, on the evening of the robbery, a party should be given at his house, which would of course draw the attention of a number of trustworthy citizens to his presence at home; that he would slip out for a few moments unobserved by the guests, and return again, after effecting the abstraction of the package from the safe. As to who would be suspected of taking the \$300,000 Engley remarked that Mr. Dennis, the responsible agent, Mr. Earle, and, perhaps, a tradesman doing business in an adjoining store would doubtless be under the ban as probably or possibly guilty of the crime.

The next step was to find some person with \$300,000, or who could obtain the possession of such a large amount for a short time, willing to become a party to, and share in the profits of the nefarious scheme. A Mr. C. W. Fitch, of New York, was selected as a possible partner in the enterprise. The conspirators made a mistake in their man. Although given to speculation somewhat outside of ordinary channels, he was not a criminal, and had no intention of becoming one. Dean assumed in the negotiations the *alias* of Drew, and, under that name invited Mr. Fitch to a meeting at the Parker House in Boston. There he disclosed the plot, in a general way, and asked Fitch to join in the risks and share in the prospective gains. The latter did not give a definite reply, but on returning to New York laid the matter before a legal friend. The lawyer advised Mr. Fitch to ascertain all he could of the plan, and communicate the facts to the express company. To this the New York speculator agreed.

At another interview in Boston, the whole scheme was unfolded to him, and Mr. Fitch, after pretending to enter heartily into it, returned to New York, ostensibly to prepare for the enterprise; but instead of doing this he at once stated the whole case to Mr. J. D. Andrews, agent for the company in New York. Mr. Andrews called in the aid of Pinkerton's Detective Agency, and a counterplot was arranged that would bring Engley's villainy to light, and protect the company from loss.

It was arranged that a package marked \$300,000, but really containing only \$3,594, should be made up, with five hundred dollar bills at top and bottom, in such a way as to readily deceive a man in the haste that Engley would presumably be on the night of the intended robbery. The package was to arrive in Providence on Thursday evening, December 19, 1867, but a heavy snow-storm set in and prevented the train from getting beyond New London, so that the arrival of the supposed \$300,000 did not take place until Friday evening. The rest of the story had, perhaps, better be told in the words of General Dennis to the editor of this work:

"I had no confidence whatever in Engley," said General Dennis, "and I have no doubt now that \$200 abstracted from my cash account went in that direction. The company evidently thought so, for, after Engley had been detected in his crime, they returned the \$200 to me. About a month before Engley's plot came to a head I saw his pocket-book lying on his desk, which was next to mine. It was a long pocket-book, with flaps to it. Drivers and others were coming and going, Mr. Engley himself was out, and I wished to go out. I thought it unsafe, therefore, for the pocket-book to remain where it was, and I took it up to toss it into Engley's desk. As I lifted the pocket-book I observed two keys which had been lying between the covers. They resembled the keys to the safe. Knowing that Mr. Engley had no right to have such keys in his possession I picked them up, and examined them. They were just like mine and Mr. Earle's, except that they lacked finish, appearing to be rudely made; and had no numbers on them. I went to Mr. Earle, and asked him to let me see his keys, wishing to make sure that these could not

be Mr. Earle's. He showed them to me. I had my own; so that these of Engley's were evidently imitations prepared for some wrongful purpose. I went to the safe, and found that, rude as the keys were, they would open it. I was so angered that, if Engley had come in at that moment, an encounter between us would have been unavoidable. But the more I reflected the more I saw that it would be unwise to challenge a controversy at that time. On the other hand I was determined to deprive him of the ability to rob the company. A cutler was grinding away not far off. I went into his place, put the keys in a vise, and with a file speedily took off enough of the wards to make it impossible to turn the lock. Then I hastened back to the office, replaced the keys in the pocket-book, leaving the pocket-book just as Engley had found it. I also told Mr. Earle that he must never let Engley have his keys, and that dismissal would be the penalty of failure to comply with this instruction. Mr. Earle admitted to me that Engley had sometimes borrowed his keys, under one pretext or another, and no doubt it was in this way that Engley got the set I found in his pocket-book. Being strictly honest himself Mr. Earle had, of course, not suspected any evil intent on Engley's part.

"I at once communicated the circumstances to New York, and, by a strange coincidence, it was the same day that the company received notice of the plot to rob the safe. Of the after operations I was kept fully aware, and had much part. The Providence police were informed of the situation, and gave ready and valuable aid and assistance. I shall not be likely to forget those two nights—the night the package did not arrive owing to the storm, and the night after it did arrive, when Engley was detected in the attempt to consummate his wicked scheme. Officer E. L. Hunt was in the shop next to the express office—which, by the way, was at Turk's Head—a hole being bored in the partition so as to give him a full view of whatever might go on. I was in George W. Wright's store, having a full view from the second-story windows, of the interior of the express office. I had arranged the blinds in the express office, which were raised from below, so that they would only come up about half-way on the

windows, thus concealing the interior from the sidewalk, but leaving it exposed to any one looking down from an opposite window. There was also a Pinkerton detective in Phillips' fruit store, and, I think, another police officer.

"The superintendent of the express company and the Pinkerton men had no confidence in the effectiveness of my work on Engley's safe keys. It seems that Engley, who had undoubtedly entered the safe with these keys before, had resolved, about the time his plan of robbery began to mature, not to be seen near the safe, so that no one could say he had anything to do with it. The Pinkerton men, however, could hardly believe that he left the keys untried, while going on with the plot, and assuring his supposed New York confederate that he had keys to open the safe. Therefore they concluded that the keys had not been sufficiently damaged to be inoperative. I was sure, on the other hand, that those keys, when I put them back on Engley's desk, could never open the safe, and the result showed I was right.

"It was a bitter cold night, and the hours passed wearily as I waited for the denouement. At last about midnight, Engley stopped in front of the office, looked anxiously up and down the street, and then peered long and anxiously within. Then he walked past, turned a corner, crossed over in the snow and went up an alley; after being out of sight for awhile he returned, and at length hastily entered the express office. I could see him try to raise the blinds the full length of the windows, but a knot I had placed there prevented it. After assuring himself that no person was hidden in the office, Engley took the safe keys from his vest pocket, stepped quickly to the safe, and tried to open it. For fifteen or twenty minutes he labored in vain at the lock; then, with a look that meant bitter disappointment, he turned to depart. He left the express office, and hurried off in the direction of Broad street. One of the Pinkerton men followed and arrested him."

At the following term of the Court of Common Pleas Major Engley pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy, and was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, the leniency of the court exciting much surprise, although the fact that he had not suc-

ceeded in effecting any robbery, however villainous his intentions, reconciled public opinion somewhat to the exercise of judicial clemency. General Dennis was rewarded for his faithful vigilance with the nominal as well as the real agency of the express company.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ESSENTIAL CRUELTY OF PROFESSIONAL BURGLARY.—HOW MR. LINKE WAS ROBBED OF THE SAVINGS OF A LIFE-TIME.—A BOLD OUTRAGE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY.—TWO NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS SUSPECTED OF THE BURGLARY.—FATE OF “BILLY PORTER” AND “JOHNNY IRVING.”—“MOTHER MANDELBAUM.”—HER CAREER AS A RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS.—DRIVEN TO CANADA AT LAST.—BRAVING ARREST TO ATTEND HER DAUGHTER’S FUNERAL.

“THE essential cruelty of professional burglary becomes palpable when it is such a case as that of the robbery of the store of Mr. Linke, in which it sweeps away the accumulations of a lifetime, and brings temporary ruin in its train. But it is essentially cruel in all its phases. The shock which one feels on finding that he has been robbed is always greater than would have been occasioned by the same amount of loss in any other way, even if the pecuniary loss is not so great but that it can be borne without inconvenience. There is an indignation accompanying the sense of loss that makes it much harder to bear than the ordinary accidents of nature. There is the feeling that it has gone to benefit scoundrels and to be spent in vile debauchery, while there is even a slight annoyance at the thought that the plunder will bring but half its value, and if the articles stolen have any personal interest, that they will be treated with such indignity. The laws and the courts are reasonably severe against professional thieves, who live entirely by preying upon society, but public opinion is apt to have an interest in their exploits, and to feel a sort of sympathy with their escape, as in that of the notorious “Red Leary,” of New York, which does not think how cruel is their mode of livelihood, and how base and degraded they usually are in their persons. The professional burglar is a most noxious pest, and no daring or skill should be allowed to throw even a fictitious glamour over his exploits.”

With this text, from the graphic pen of the editor of the *Journal*, the day after the discovery of the Linke robbery, may well be introduced a sketch of that bold and most heartless outrage. Mr. C. Robert Linke had the savings of a lifetime in his watch and jewelry shop, at No. 77 Westminster street, Providence. The store is situated on that street and the alley known as McNeal's lane. On the evening of June 27, 1879, Mr. H. S. Fink, one of the clerks in the employ of Mr. Linke, left the shop at the usual hour of closing, having secured the safes, noticed that the doors were locked and the lights burning. He arrived at the shop next (Saturday) morning, about a quarter past seven o'clock, and in passing by the first safe behind the counter, he saw that the door of the safe was wide open. A glance was sufficient to perceive that it had been tampered with, and the contents removed. The door of the larger safe, standing beside the first, was ajar, and the inner plate had been stripped off. This strong box was also empty, and a number of trays, heaped together, with a set of burglars' tools, told how the robbery had been accomplished. Fink immediately notified the police, and Detective Swan, Captain Marston, and a number of other officers hastened to the shop. Detective Swan first turned his attention to a small apartment in the rear, and found that the door leading into the main shop had been wrenched opened with a "jimmy." In the rear of this small apartment was a vacant shop, formerly used for the sale of liquor, and the partition had been removed about twelve or fifteen inches from the floor, so that entrance to the jewelry shop could be obtained with comparative ease. The door of the liquor place had been wrenched open with the aid of a "jimmy," the old lock removed, and a spring lock substituted, with a string attached, which was suspended near the window, a pane of which had been broken. It appeared that on the day before the robbery, three men, apparently strangers in the city, applied to Mr. George Manchester to obtain a lease of the vacant store, in which they proposed to establish a bar. He accompanied them to the store, and after they had examined the interior, they decided not to engage it for the time being. The examination undoubtedly assisted the robbers to plan their entry into Mr.

Linke's jewelry shop. The placing of a spring lock on the door was a precaution to deceive the policeman on the beat, who, when trying the door in his rounds, would find it fastened, and everything apparently safe. A striped duster was found, which had been used by one of the cracksmen while making the opening in the partition. The burglar's tools left behind were of recent manufacture, and consisted of two long "jimmies," two diamond chisels, a screw-driver, clamp, set-screw, mallet, skeleton key, and small bottle of oil. This oil, it was ascertained, had been bought the same evening from an apothecary on Westminster street. Two holes were chiseled at an equal distance above and below the handle of the smaller safe, made by C. F. Miller, of Providence, and the "jimmy" was applied in such a manner as to wrench the lock from its rest. On the other safe, manufactured by C. B. Burt & Co., the robbers were compelled to exercise rather more strength and ingenuity. After piercing the outer plate with the chisels, they inserted the "jimmy," and separated the inner lining, which was then removed. The jewelry and watches were doubtless emptied into bags prepared for the occasion; the silver spoons, tankards, etc., in the cases being left undisturbed. The plunder taken amounted in value to about \$15,000, about \$12,000 being Mr. Linke's personal loss, and the remainder watches and other valuables deposited with him for repair.

The robbery meant ruin for Mr. Linke, and much sympathy and indignation were manifested by our citizens. Governor Van Zandt offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension and conviction of the criminals, and a similar reward was offered by the Board of Aldermen. Detective Swan ascertained that the notorious burglars, Billy Porter and Johnny Irving, had been in the city for several days, stopping at a small hotel on North Main street, and had given up their rooms on the very evening of the robbery. The crime was doubtless committed in the early part of the night, which happened to be enlivened with drums and bands and considerable noise on the street, so that everything was favorable for the burglars. Porter having been convicted in Brooklyn, some time later, of burglary, and serving a sentence in

the Kings County Penitentiary, Mr. Linke was called upon to visit that prison to see if he could identify the famous burglar as a person whom he had noticed around his store at the time of the robbery. "I could not swear to any identity," said Mr. Linke to the writer, "because the prison clothes and shaving make such a difference in the man's appearance that I should not think his own friends could recognize him. A watch was in his possession when arrested which in every respect, except the difference of a figure in the number, was like a watch stolen from me by the burglars; but, on account of the number and the absence of my private mark, I could not swear to that." "I have had to begin from the beginning again," added Mr. Linke mournfully, "and it has been a hard struggle indeed." The gleam in Mr. Linke's eyes, however, when he spoke about Porter's prospective punishment for crimes committed in Europe, suggested that, in his view, that criminal was responsible for his losses.

Porter, who has just been arrested in England, has been shadowed since last year on account of robbing a jeweler in Munich. He had two associates, Frank Buck and a man named Johnson. For a long time they eluded the police and detectives of Europe, and confined their robberies to no particular country. They lived in fine style in England; had carriages and horses, fast yachts and elegant homes. They were never detected until they began to quarrel among themselves and were arrested for drunkenness and fighting. Porter was at the fight between Mitchell and Sullivan, and was fired upon by French gendarmes, who appeared on the scene, while he was trying to escape. Johnny Irving, who is believed to have also been concerned in the Linke burglary, was killed in a saloon on Sixth avenue, New York, in a quarrel with another criminal of infamous reputation.

The valuables stolen from Mr. Linke are supposed to have found their way to that notorious receiver of stolen goods known as "Mother Mandelbaum." Porter was one of her favorites, assisted by her to fight the law, and even aided in his criminal undertakings. As ex-Superintendent Walling says in his "Recollections of a New York Chief of Police:" "Many robberies are instigated by receivers, and the means for perpetrating

the crimes provided by them. Nor is it simply the cost of the 'jimmy,' or other special tools. The criminal must live. Having spent the proceeds of a first robbery, the thief may, and often does, become the pensioner of the receiver, until a new job is planned and executed. It takes money for a first-class thief to ransack a store thoroughly; and to frustrate watchfulness the criminal must spend money freely. A building must be watched for days prior to a robbery. If fellowship is to be cultivated with the watchman of the building, sometimes months elapse before the thief and the guardian are on intimate terms. Invitations to drink are continuous. Not infrequently a horse and wagon must be provided. If there is money in the job, money is required to launch it, and in all this it is the receiver who is the financial backer of the robber. If there were no markets for stolen goods, there would be no robberies. When criminals are prosecuted, receivers have furnished the money necessary to pay the expenses of the defence. The almost insurmountable difficulty in obtaining the conviction of a receiver is that the major portion of the goods in which he deals cannot be identified. One piece of silk, velvet, cloth, or calico, looks like another, when stripped of its private mark, or such printing as may have been on it originally. A merchant has been robbed, and his goods taken. The articles found in the receiver's possession are brought into court, but the merchant has sold many of the same kind. Say a store has been robbed, and the goods have been carried off to a secure place, every bit of silk, velvet, or other fabric, is immediately unwound, a most careful search is made for private marks, and all tickets, tags and printed labels are destroyed. The thief's careful efforts to efface the identity of the goods does not suffice a clever and cautious receiver. If he agrees to buy the goods he is not satisfied until he, too, has them examined once more, and then only does he pay for the goods. But before the business has come to this stage, a great deal of caution has been exercised. It may be dangerous for the thief to sell the goods to the receiver too soon after the robbery; and accordingly some months may elapse before the transfer takes place. During the interval, however, the receiver may deal out some

money to the thieves as an advance. Sometimes it happens that the receiver has one or several agents in his employ, who act as go-betweens, or brokers, in doubtful goods." It can be understood readily how goods coming from a robbery in New York, Boston or Providence, may be sold in Brooklyn or Philadelphia, or may be shipped to a southern or Western city for disposal at auction.

Now as to "Mother Mandelbaum." A quarter of a century ago William Mandelbaum kept a haberdashery shop in New York. He was a bustling Israelite, but his wife, Frances, or Fredericka, was his superior in business capacity. They started as dealers in a small way in the proceeds of robberies. The woman took the lead in these nefarious transactions, speedily acquiring the knowledge of the machinery by which criminals are brought to justice. She was a thorough business woman, if the respectable term "business" can properly be applied to her outlawed traffic. The husband passed away a number of years ago, leaving her untrammelled to confirm her alliance with crime. As time went on, her dealings in stolen property became enormous. She was known, not only throughout the United States, but in Canada, Mexico and Europe, and there is no doubt that she had transactions in gold and silver plate and precious stones in all parts of Europe. She promptly settled her accounts with criminals, and when one of her patrons was in need of defence, she became his banker, and he could draw on her for sums which, in her estimation of the capabilities of a first-class criminal, he could not hope to repay within many years. It is said that she paid a retainer of \$5,000 a year to a firm of criminal lawyers. At the police court the arrest of one of her protégés was the signal for the instant appearance of one or more of the lawyers allied with her, and paid liberally for their assistance, and suspicions have not been wanting that some of the clerks who drew up the informations knew the importance of occasionally omitting an essential averment.

Madam Mandelbaum kept what appeared to be a thriving dry goods and haberdashery shop at No. 79 Clinton street, New York. The house was rated as fourth-class by the insurance

company, being about one-sixth brick and five-sixths wood. It was a straggling, ill-built, yet curious looking building, more pretentious at its angle with Rivington street, than at any other. The angle was the business concern, which concealed the real occupation of its owner. Sprawling away from this angle down Clinton street was the real business part of the establishment. This was a two-story, clap-boarded wing, about twenty-five feet long. On the first floor was one of the best furnished apartments in New York. There were chairs which would have attracted the cupidity of an antiquarian, a massive mahogany sideboard, and on it a magnificent display of silverware. Whether Madame Mandelbaum intended to astonish her clients by a display of her wealth, or to show that she lived in a style befitting her riches, need not be discussed.

On the shelves of the store where the ostensible business of the concern was conducted was displayed the usual assortment of dry goods suitable to the needs of the neighborhood. Mrs. Mandelbaum could easily have earned an excellent living, thanks to her business capacity, by keeping a dry goods establishment; but she preferred dealing with thieves. She was a woman above the middle height, sufficiently corpulent to be easily caricatured, who never, possibly, had enough of coquetry to indulge in corsets, with a large mouth and thick lips. But she was shrewd, careful, methodical in character, and to the point in speech. Wary in the extreme, she never admitted any one unknown to her and unvouched for beyond the precincts of the little dry goods shop. But upon a hint, note or personal recommendation from any one she depended on, the little wing of the establishment was opened wide to the visitor. Mrs. Mandelbaum's methods grew bolder as her reputation increased. The majority of her transactions were conducted by correspondence or through messengers. She rarely received stolen property in bulk at her Clinton street shop.

But Madame Mandelbaum came to grief at last. District Attorney Peter B. Olney, a New Yorker, of Rhode Island descent, resolved that her traffic should be broken up. Special officers, detailed for the special object, visited her place in the guise of petty thieves. Gradually they gained her confidence. Others

were detailed to purchase stolen goods from her. At length absolute proof was obtained, sufficient to justify a prosecution. Madame Mandelbaum was arrested and arraigned on the charge of receiving goods, knowing them to have been stolen. Seeing that a conviction was inevitable, she forfeited her bond of \$3,000, and now resides in Canada. An attempt was made there to punish her for bringing stolen property into the Dominion, but it failed of success. Her wealth is said to have dwindled to \$125,000, and she has told persons who have seen her in the land of exile that she would gladly forfeit every penny of her riches to breathe once more the air of New York City.

With all her panoply of guilt, "Mother" Mandelbaum had the instincts of a woman and a mother. She had a young daughter whom she tenderly educated far from her own wicked associations. It is asserted that when the unfortunate and beautiful girl died, the stricken and wretched mother, braving arrest, left Canada in disguise, and travelled, by a circuitous route, from Montreal to Rouse's Point; then by the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad to Utica; thence by private conveyance to the Erie Road, to New York. She dared not follow the body to the grave, but saw the funeral on its way, and immediately went back to her lonely home in Canada.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MURDER OF WATERMAN IRONS.—A CREDITABLE PIECE OF DETECTIVE WORK.—AN AGED MERCHANT DONE TO DEATH IN HIS SHOP.—ON THE TRACK OF THE CRIMINALS.—ONE OF THEM CAPTURED.—REPORTED CONFESSION OF THE OTHER.—A NET OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE THAT COULD NOT BE BROKEN.—WHAT MRS. ADELINE ANGELL SAW.—CONVICTION OF DENNIS MURPHY.

THE detection and conviction of the murderer of Waterman Irons has added new credit to the admirable record of the Providence police. Seldom has a crime so stirred the inner sentiment of a community. It was an act of peculiar and exceptional atrocity, and deep sympathy for the dead was mingled with hatred and dread of the criminal. The golden thread of a ripe and well-rounded life, which in the course of a few years would have peacefully parted as the mellow fruit, without shock or rupture, drops back to the bosom of mother earth, was cruelly, violently severed. The victim had passed the allotted years of man; and yet the violent death of a younger man; under similar circumstances, would have seemed less unnatural, would have impressed the community as less horrible. There is something about helpless infancy and venerable age that appeals to the more tender and sacred emotions, and a murderous blow at one or the other arouses the deepest feeling.

Citizens passing up and down High street, have been accustomed for many years to see an aged man sitting in the doorway of the little old building, 242 High street, bent with the weight of accumulated years and greyed by the storms of many winters. On the door frame beside him hung an old piece of leather toughened by constant exposure to the hot winds of summer and the cold blasts of winter. The storekeeper was Waterman Irons. Seventy years ago he was in the employ of Major Dean in the

tannery located in a lane which is now Dean street. He was a valuable and respected workman, and was steady, honest and industrious. He became a great favorite with Major Dean, who took a deep interest in the young man and contributed to his subsequent business prosperity. He was married to Miss Lydia Wilbur, of Little Compton, by whom he had three children, two daughters and a son. A daughter, Mrs. Thomas L. Reed, and a son Lewis residing in the West survive him, his wife having died about five years ago. About sixty years ago he started in business in the little shop referred to, and where business blocks and comfortable dwellings now abound, green fields and pastures spread out on every side. In the early years of his life he became a member of the High Street Congregational Church, and was a constant and devoted attendant until the society joined the Richmond Street Church, and then he became a member of the Union Congregational Church, where he was a regular worshipper up to the time of his decease. On Monday, July 13, 1885, he was prostrated by an attack of apoplexy while at the residence of his son-in-law, at 123 Greenwich street, and it was feared that he could not survive the shock. His condition was very precarious, but he rallied with remarkable vitality and attended to his business with old-time regularity and fidelity. He was an early riser, and invariably reached the shop about seven o'clock in the morning, and returned home at five o'clock, both summer and winter. He retained his mental and physical activity with wonderful power, and was ever cheerful and amiable in his intercourse with friends and acquaintances, with none of that eccentricity and irritability which are often the accompaniments of old age.

The murder and robbery occurred on the afternoon of August 24, 1888. The story of the crime, as gathered from Mr. Irons before his death, showed conclusively that the outrage had been carefully planned. Mr. Irons had reached the age of 82, and, despite his years, attended to his business with wonderful regularity and application, and without assistance. He was in the habit of keeping a select stock of goods on hand, and his store was a favorite resort for the older citizens of his acquaintance.

In later years he has taken much comfort and enjoyment in sitting in a comfortable chair in his doorway, watching the passers-by, with whom he exchanged cordial greetings, and not infrequently has he dropped into a restful doze there. His business habits were simple and methodical, and it was not a difficult task for any evil-disposed person to readily become conversant with his movements and devise a plan to surprise him and do him bodily injury. He kept but comparatively little money in the till, but had been accustomed for years to carry large sums of money in a long, leather pocket-book, placed in his inside vest pocket, and took no precaution of secrecy when making change, exposing it openly and repeatedly to strangers as well as to regular customers. Consequently there was reason to believe that the men who committed the murderous assault and robbery had become aware of these peculiarities, and had doubtless visited the store ostensibly to trade, but in reality to acquaint themselves thoroughly with Mr. Waterman's habits and surroundings.

It was exactly two o'clock, as Mr. Irons remembered it, when two young men, one tall and large, and the other of lighter build, entered the store and confronted him. They asked to examine a piece of side leather, and as he turned to get it from the shelf, he was suddenly taken up in their arms and forcibly carried to the back shop. He resisted as vigorously as his feeble strength would permit, and strove to make an outcry. But they were strong and determined and threw him to the floor, where one of them clutched his throat, and the other sought to unbutton his vest. He made every effort to extricate himself from their brutal hold, and was rewarded by several vicious kicks in the shins, and he was confident that one of them jumped upon his body, as he complained of a severe pain across the stomach. They worked rapidly, hastily removing the pocket-book with its contents, but in their haste made no search of his trousers' pockets, in which was a wallet containing \$400. Neither did they appropriate his watch and chain, but satisfied that they had obtained satisfactory booty they made a hasty exit after giving their helpless victim several parting blows. Mr. Irons succeeded in getting to the front door with great difficulty, and summoned

Mr. Albert S. Sweet, janitor of the Whitfield building, who happened to be passing. Mr. Sweet hastened across the street, arriving just as Mr. Irons, who had managed to arise, fell back in his chair, with the exclamation that he had "been robbed, and about killed." Two men did it, so Mr. Irons said, one a tall, large man, the other, short, and thick-set. They pretended to want to buy leather. One seized him and pulled him in the back room; one of them held him, and the other jumped on him. It all took place, Mr. Irons said, in six or eight minutes. The same two men, he added, had been to his place of business two or three different times before. Mr. Irons was weak and exhausted, and there was blood on his head and wrists. He asked Mr. Sweet to call Mr. E. R. Osgood, whose place of business is near by. Mr. Irons at this time appeared to be under the impression that he had been robbed of all the money on his person, but when Mr. and Mrs. Osgood arrived in answer to the summons of Mr. Sweet, it was ascertained that one pocket-book, containing about \$400, had escaped the robbers.

Mr. Osgood, while doing everything possible to assist Mr. Irons, called in Mr. Lewis S. Miller, at the same time giving word to the police. Mr. Miller, speaking of the case to a *Journal* reporter, said that, on the afternoon of the murder, "he had his attention drawn, while standing in the door of his store, to two men of suspicious appearance, who passed directly in front of the store, which is two or three doors above the shop of Mr. Irons. One of the men was about five feet ten inches in height and weighed about 180 pounds. He was attired in a dark suit of clothes and wore a felt hat, while the other was about five feet four inches in height and weighed about 160 pounds. The shorter man was attired in a gray suit of clothes and wore a felt hat also. His attention was drawn to the men by the shorter man, who was inside, casting a furtive and suspicious glance at him. So suspicious did the men act that Mr. Miller mentally ejaculated, 'There goes a pretty pair of jail birds.' He thought no more of the matter until Mr. Osgood sent for him, when he went immediately to Mr. Irons's store, where he saw Mrs. Osgood and the men whom Mr. Irons called to his assistance

from across the street. He, upon his arrival at the store, asked Mr. Irons what was the matter. Mr. Irons replied 'They have robbed me.' He then asked him how it happened. To this Mr. Irons replied: 'They came into the store and wanted to see a side of leather, and I told them I could not get one down unless they wanted to buy it. They said they wanted to buy. I then went to a shelf in the rear of the front room of the shop and reached up for the side of leather, and while in this position they grabbed me, one by the throat and the other by the arms, and dragged me into the back shop. Once there they threw me down, and while the one continued to choke me, the other robbed me, while both united in kicking and jumping upon me.' Mr. Irons complained of the injuries to his limbs and stomach, and seemed to suffer great pain. He also showed his wrists, which were black and blue, giving unmistakable evidence of the grip of the murderer, who held his arms. His description of the men tallied exactly with that of Mr. Miller's."

To Captain Marston, who hurried to the scene of the crime, Mr. Irons told his story, substantially as he told it to Messrs. Miller and Sweet. The Captain took every precaution to secure such evidence as the store might contain as to the crime and the guilty parties. As the place was situated in Captain Payne's district, Captain Marston promptly notified that officer, who hastened without delay to the spot. Captain Marston offered to take Mr. Irons home in the police ambulance, but the aged victim, still mindful in his suffering of those nearest and dearest to him, declined, on the ground that it might alarm his family, and he was conveyed home in a carriage, and medical attendance summoned. By this time the street was thronged with people, and great excitement prevailed as the facts became known. The store was securely locked by the police, who experienced great difficulty in checking the curiosity of the throng. The telephone at police headquarters was brought into immediate requisition, and Detective Murray was detailed to investigate the case in co-operation with the officers of the two districts. Captain Payne and Detective Murray hastened to the residence of Mr. Irons in order to get some possible description of the robbers, but they

found him in a high state of excitement and distress, and could obtain nothing that would furnish any clue to identify the men.

Notwithstanding careful medical attention, Mr. Irons steadily declined. To his grandson he gave a description of the men similar to that already reported, adding, as before, that he was certain he had seen them in the store a day or two previously. As the hours wore on, vitality decreased; the old man would converse for a moment or two, and then fall into silence. If the robbery was mentioned he would become greatly excited. Every time his back was touched he groaned with agony. After midnight he dozed the greater part of the time, but never lost consciousness. He was attended by a male nurse, whom he had requested to remain with him for four or five days, and he received every care and attention. At four o'clock in the morning he asked for some tea, and the nurse turned to procure it when he heard a slight flutter in Mr. Iron's throat, and turning hurriedly he saw that the aged gentleman had found eternal rest.

The post-mortem examination showed the terrible treatment to which the victim had been subjected. Death was caused by mortal blows inflicted, doubtless, with knee, feet and fist, rupturing an intestine, and causing shock and inflammation.

Chief of Police Child took urgent measures to capture the brutal assassins. In addition to detectives Parker and Murray, a dozen of the most intelligent officers selected from the several districts, were ordered to attire themselves in citizen's dress and scour the city in all directions. As minute a description as was possible with the meagre information the police had received, was sent out to all the police authorities in Rhode Island and adjacent States, and nothing was left undone by the Chief to further the arrest of the two men who had taken the life of Waterman Irons.

Fortunately, the murderers were not unobserved. John H. Moffitt read the story of the crime in the morning papers of August 25. He remembered having seen two men, who attracted his notice, on High street, near Mr. Irons' store, on the foregoing afternoon. From what he had seen of these men he thought they might be the murderers, and he gave the informa-

tion in his possession to Detective Parker. In the description of one of the men, Mr. Parker recognized the notorious Peter Hackett. The other he did not know, but the fact of his having been in such company at such a time was quite enough to make the detective anxious to capture both men.

That evening Dennis Murphy, the murderer—the one of the two assassins that actually killed Waterman Irons—was in custody. Detective Parker, in company with Lieutenant Frederick A. Rankin, arrested Murphy on Fountain street, and with him a man named Montgomery, the latter being subsequently discharged, it proving that he had no connection with the deed. Hackett had, just a few moments before, left Murphy for the purpose of changing a twenty-dollar bill, a part of the spoil taken from Mr. Irons, and he had the change in his hand when Murphy was arrested. A short distance away, under the guise of darkness, Pete Hackett witnessed the seizure of his confederate in guilt, and he at once hastened to make himself secure by flight. He did not have means enough to carry him any distance. In this emergency he sought persons to whom he was bound by ties of relationship or association, and asked their aid. In presence of two or three of these he freely unbosomed himself. He said in substance that Murphy and he were on High street one day when Murphy called attention to “the old bloke over there,” meaning Mr. Waterman Irons, who was sitting or standing in front of his shop. “That old fellow carries a roll, they say”—was Hackett’s reply to the remark, and this set the two to thinking how to get possession of the roll. They had but twenty cents on hand, and with this amount they went into the shop and bought a small piece of leather. This gave them the opportunity to study the interior. Then they left the shop, and Murphy threw the piece of leather over a fence on Pond street. The payment of twenty cents, of course, did not call upon Mr. Irons to exhibit his “roll.” So the next thing was to get a look at that wad of money. “We must get a bill,” remarked Murphy, and the couple procured a five-dollar bill and went to the shop to have it changed. It happened that another person was also there having a five-dollar bill changed, so that the two

ruffians had no trouble about obtaining a view of Mr. Irons' wallet and its contents. Then the pair of outlaws reconnoitered to ascertain when they would be most likely to find Mr. Irons alone. They concluded that early afternoon was the most promising time for their operations. They started about noon of August 24th from the house, No. 132 South street, for Mr. Irons' shop. The presence of a woman (Mrs. Adeline M. Angell) who was waiting near the store, caused them to delay operations for some time, and Hackett was in favor of relinquishing the attempt. Murphy, however, was determined on the robbery, and, urging Hackett to "come on," he entered the store. Murphy asked to see some leather. Mr. Irons replied that he did not want to take the leather down unless they meant to buy. Murphy replied that they did want to buy. As the old man turned to take down the leather, Murphy seized him and pushed him into the back part of the shop. Mr. Irons made a desperate and unexpected resistance. Murphy threw him down, jammed a side of leather over his head and face, and crushed him with his knees. The aged victim ceased to struggle, and, with a parting kick at the prostrate form, Murphy darted after Hackett into the street. When Mr. Irons was pushed down his wallet fell out in the struggle, and Hackett picked it up. The pair turned into Summer street, and went back to the house on South street. After drinking they started for Atwell's avenue, spent some time at a liquor shop kept by a person of notoriety, and then went back to South street, where they passed the remainder of the night. The money, forty-three dollars, robbed from Mr. Irons, was equally divided. In the morning they learned of the death of their victim. This determined them to leave the city, and they were on their way to the railway station when overtaken by Detective Parker and Lieutenant Rankin, Murphy being for the moment, as related above, separated from Hackett. Such is the confession said to have been made by Hackett to his intimates, when seeking the means to evade Rhode Island justice. He is understood to have obtained about one hundred and eighty dollars to enable him to escape. He at once departed.

To Detective Parker, Murphy, when arrested, gave the name

of James Murray. He denied knowing Peter Hackett, and denied any part in the killing of Waterman Irons. On his person was found a pocket-book containing postage stamps and various receipts in the name of James Murray, and a pawn-ticket in the name of Shea. The police came to the conclusion that, apart from the Irons murder, they had an important prisoner, and no diligence was spared in searching out his previous career. Standing six feet one inch high, of build in proportion, and with regular well-formed features, Murphy is physically a fine specimen of Irish-American youth. But nineteen years of age, he drifted into ruffian habits, and from ruffianism into serious crime. He had already been convicted of stealing at Norwich, Connecticut, where his family reside, and, while serving a penalty for ferocious resistance to an officer, escaped from jail. It was under these circumstances that he drifted to Boston, and from Boston to Providence, and encountering a kindred spirit in the notorious Hackett, essayed the crime which has resulted in shutting him out forever from the world of his fellow-men. He probably did not intend to kill Mr. Irons, but he evidently resolved to silence his victim at any hazard, and his brutality proved fatal to the venerable merchant.

Detective Parker, with the industrious and effective co-operation of Detectives Swan and Murray, weaved a net of circumstantial evidence around the prisoner from which there could be no escape. They were not aware of the confession made by Hackett. That was carefully guarded by the fugitive's intimates. But it is an interesting fact and highly creditable to the police, that the case as demonstrated in a chain of circumstances by the government, coincided with absolute accuracy, with the story as revealed by one of the criminals. Murphy and Hackett were traced in all their movements by reliable testimony. It was shown that, when they left the house of Elizabeth Slade, on South street, about half-past eleven, on the day of the murder, Hackett said to Murphy: "What's the matter with striking that boodle?" Murphy replied: "It's a go!" Then they went out. When they returned, later in the day, Hackett had a roll of money. Mrs. Adeline M. Angell was the woman whose presence near the

shop of Mr. Irons delayed and troubled the two men bent upon robbing him. No amount of cross-examination could shake her clear and positive identification of Murphy. "That is him," she said, pointing from the witness-stand. "I sat on some steps nearer Summer street than the store; the steps were on the building next to Mr. Irons's building, that I sat upon; I got up from the steps and went in front of Mr. Irons' store, and looked into the store and I saw Mr. Irons showing them some leather. When I saw the men go in I was looking down towards the store. The large man asked to see some leather. When Mr. Irons said he did not want to get the leather down unless they wanted to buy, the large man said he did want to buy. The largest man had on a dark coat and a brown hat (hat produced). It was a hat like the one produced. I did not notice his other clothing. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon. I left the curbstone when my boy came along, and then I started to go home with him. He had been doing an errand for me. I noticed a peculiarity about the large man; it was the way he walked; I saw his face, and I am positive this man in court is the man. The peculiarity of his walk was that he threw back his shoulders similar to a sailor's gait." Mrs. Emma E. Durfee also saw Murphy in the store of Mr. Irons on the day of the tragedy. Mr. Lewis W. Anthony identified the defendant as one of the two men, one of whom tapped on Mr. Irons' window, on the fatal afternoon. Mr. Benjamin Greene identified the defendant and a man who looked like Peter Hackett's picture as having been in Irons' store pricing leather. Irons, after the assault, compared one of his assailants in size to Police Captain Marston, and Captain Marston stands six feet high and weighs over two hundred pounds. Miss Amelia A. Ross recognized Mrs. Durfee as having been in the neighborhood about the time of the assault. The defence was substantially Murphy's own denial of guilt, and unsupported assertion of an alibi. George J. West, Esq., one of the ablest lawyers at the Rhode Island bar, made the best plea possible for his client. Attorney-General Horatio Rogers conducted the prosecution. Murphy was convicted and sentenced to State Prison for life.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PROVIDENCE AN UNLUCKY CITY FOR BANK DEFAULTERS.—BROUGHT TO PUNISHMENT IN NEARLY ALL DETECTED INSTANCES.—THE CASE OF CHARLES A. PITCHER.—SUCH INSTANCES SHOULD NOT REFLECT ON BANK EMPLOYÉES IN GENERAL.—PITCHER'S EIGHTEEN YEARS OF HONORABLE SERVICE.—HE GIVES WAY TO TEMPTATION.—ROBS THE UNION BANK OF NEARLY \$700,000.—CAPTURED IN CANADA THROUGH THE PROMPT ACTION OF THE PROVIDENCE POLICE.—HIS EXAMINATION, TRIAL AND CONVICTION.—A WHOLESOME EXAMPLE.—“OUR POLICE.”

IN view of the important banking interests of our city, it is worthy of note that nearly all of the detected bank defaulters have been brought to punishment. Some of them served terms of sentence, and are struggling honestly and earnestly to regain the confidence they forfeited. It is hardly a palliation of their offences to say that they embezzled with the intention of returning the amounts abstracted. But such intent places them in a very different light from Charles A. Pitcher, who deliberately swept clean of assets the institution which, for many years, had given him the opportunity to earn a respectable living. That, after eighteen years of steady and faithful work a bank employé should suddenly become a robber and forger, belying the ancient proverb about the gradual approach to the worst degree of turpitude, that he should assume the attitude of the reckless criminal, and glory in the extent of his crime, instead of expressing at least some regret, or offering some excuse for the injury he had wrought, is more than amazing. It is no reflection upon the church that Pitcher was a treasurer of a church, or upon bank tellers that he was a bank teller. It is because members of the church are, as a rule, honest and faithful to trust, that people are surprised when an exception occurs; it is because for every unfaithful bank teller there are so many thousands who are proof

against every temptation, that a crime like that of Pitcher excites a widespread sensation, and hums through every wire from San Diego to Halifax. Those who sneer at the church because a church-member forgets his duty and betrays his pledge only indicate their own depravity; those who criticise bank clerks in general when one happens to forfeit honor for fleeting gain only call striking attention to their own jealousy of a class of men of whose superiority they are conscious, and whose reputation for integrity they are hopeless of ever rivalling. It is always safe to beware of the man or woman who, without some special and reasonable provocation rejoices over the downfall of another.

Charles A. Pitcher is a native of Providence, and forty-five years of age. He had an education in the city schools, and went into one of the national banks, where he grew up. He obtained a position in the Union Bank in 1871, and step by step rose to a salary of \$2,000 a year as teller.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 23, the teller of eighteen years' honorable service, the citizen who could hold his head as high as any man in Providence, the treasurer of a church, and living example for other young men aspiring to lives of respectability and comparative success, stood at his desk in the Union Bank. All had departed but himself. He lingered. What was he about? What motive detained him from going forth, as he had done every Saturday for many a rolling year, to his home and his family, an honest man among honest men?

Temptation was at work—the temptation to become suddenly rich by one grand *coup* that should eclipse all former bank robberies, prostrate his employers at his mercy, and enable him to live in luxury far away from his native city, far away from the echo of his infamy, from the sorrowing brows of his kindred, and the reproaches of those whose trust he had violated. It was a supreme moment. A step to the door—a draught of the clear, fresh air of that June afternoon, and he was free—free from the tempter, free from crime, free from the load that, like the old man of the sea, would ride him to a miserable death. He hesitates—there is the door—there is the safe—the iron chest containing wealth to him enormous, wealth that he could vainly hope to earn,

however assiduous to his daily round of duty and of labor. Ah! He has often looked with hungry eyes at that safe before—he has often contemplated the crime he is now tempted to commit, but his hands are yet spotless: he is yet innocent in deed; he might yet remain innocent, and, as far as the world might know, worthy of the confidence which placed the funds and securities of a bank within his grasp.

He steps toward the safe. It is open, for it is his duty to close it. But he does not close it. His hands are extended toward the securities. Temptation has triumphed. The record of eighteen years is blotted out. The trusted teller is a robber.

Half an hour later Charles A. Pitcher goes forth into the street. He carries a covered basket, which, to the casual eye, might appear to contain the roast for a Sunday dinner, or maybe a present to gladden a waiting heart at home. Old acquaintances pass him. They nod readily and courteously, for the teller is a popular man, with a pleasant face and a winning smile, and if the smile is now a trifle strained they do not perceive it, or, if they do, they know it is Saturday afternoon, and that a week's toil, even in a bank, is likely to be wearisome. What thoughts hurry through the criminal's mind! Now he begins to measure the width of the bottomless gulf which separates him from honest men, from the associations he had prized, from all that removes life above a brutal munching for mere existence. To others that gulf is yet invisible; but he knows that knowledge cannot long be delayed; that, in a day or two at the furthest, his name will be a synonym of infamy. Already he feels the grip of an officer, and glances furtively at the patrolmen measuring their beats in the busy heart of Providence trade and industry.

But he has cast the die, and the plans laid must be carried out. He accosts a boy near Turk's Head, and asks him to hold his basket for a few moments. The youth complies, and Pitcher hastens to the post office to mail the stolen securities. The boy notices that the basket is heavy, but does not give a second thought to the incident, when he returns the basket to Pitcher.

Charles Collins, 16 years of age, clerk in the Providence & Worcester Railroad Auditor's office, was standing near the 5:45

o'clock Worcester train. The train had begun to move out of the station slowly, when a man hurriedly approached the young clerk, and requested him to carry a note addressed to Mrs. Pitcher. The young man hesitated a moment, and Pitcher—for it was he—said: "It is very important," at the same time handing the youth two dollars. He took the note, which heralded the downfall of a hitherto trusted citizen, to its destination. Pitcher and his basket had barely time to catch the train, which was boarded while in motion. Young Collins was impressed with the manner of the man, and delivered the note at once.

On Monday morning, Mr. J. C. Johnson, cashier of the bank, arrived from Narragansett Pier. The difference between the situation on Saturday and Monday is best explained in Mr. Johnson's own words: "On Saturday, June 23, I left the bank at twenty minutes before four in the afternoon, to go to the station to take the train for Narragansett Pier, where I was to spend Sunday at the invitation of a friend. I left Pitcher and the bookkeeper in the bank, the vault being locked, and the letters that I had written that day left to be posted by the teller. At the time I left the bank there were promissory notes and acceptances known as bills receivable, paper money \$13,405, checks on Providence banks and bankers some \$2,489. There was also \$2,750 in gold and silver, the silver being in the vault and not in the safe. There were also three books in the safe, one containing checks on the Union Bank, signed 'J. C. Johnson, cashier, pay to the order of myself or C. A. Pitcher, teller.' There were fifteen checks signed in that way, that had not been used up to the time I left the bank that Saturday. The dates were not filled in; the amounts were not written up. There was also another check book containing checks on Traders' National Bank, New York, in which there were four blank checks, signed the same as in others. There was another book in the vault with checks signed on the Maverick National Bank. I returned from Narragansett Pier reaching the bank on Monday morning, June 25, at about 9 o'clock. I found the bookkeeper in the room, Pitcher was absent, the vault door apparently locked. I went to the vault to work the combination, but soon found that

one half turn of the knob thereof was quite sufficient to relieve the bolt. I immediately put back the bolt and opened the door, then opened the inside gate of the vault, then opened the safe and took out the tills and found them empty, with the exception of a few memoranda, some silver and one check on a Providence bank for \$140. I found that all the gold, notes and bills receivable had been stolen, also demand notes on the face of which were pledges of cotton, and warehouse receipts for same. The bank bills that were left there on Saturday had been stolen. I also discovered that the checks before mentioned had been stolen; also, that nine checks on the Union Bank were gone. I discovered that two checks drawn on the Maverick National Bank were not satisfactorily accounted for. The very fact of my being able to draw back the bolt of the vault doors without using the combination of the lock showed that the lock had been tampered with, and on close inspection I found the key of the box which contained the lock had been stolen. On further examination I saw that the outside casing of the lock had been taken off, and the tumblers taken off. I also found that a duplicate key to my desk had been stolen. If we had not been able to open the vault at that time, it would have been necessary to employ the services of an expert to cut open the door or that portion containing the lock. In this case we would then have been debarred from reaching the inside of the vault for some twenty-four hours or later. Pitcher had the combination of the lock on the vault and safe doors. No one else except myself knew what those combinations were. Our safe was made by the Corliss Safe Company, was oval shaped behind and flat in front. It weighed three or four tons."

Pitcher had cleaned out the bank. The notes which he could not negotiate he had evidently stolen with the purpose of compelling a compromise. The valuables taken included \$1,372, nearly all of which was in gold, the balance in silver; \$13,405 in greenbacks and bank bills, and \$483,585 in bills receivable. Before Pitcher went away he also took some fourteen or fifteen cashier's blanks, and filled them out in sums aggregating nearly, if not quite, \$150,000. These he sent to various cities, and an-

ticipated realizing on them all. In this, it is claimed, he committed forgery. In all Pitcher carried off about \$600,000, in checks, money and bills receivable.

The Providence police were promptly on the alert, and Pitcher was traced to Buffalo, with a probability that he would attempt to take the steamer *Parisian*, of the Allan line, at Montreal, for Europe. Detectives Swan and Parker took steps, under the direction of the Chief, to cover New York, Montreal, Boston and Philadelphia, from any of which ports it was thought that Pitcher might attempt to sail. Inspector Byrnes, of New York, was telegraphed to, and promptly set his men at work to discover the defaulter, in the event of his undertaking to take a steamer at that city. In Boston Mr. Parker flashed the news over the wires to Montreal, warning the Canadian authorities to be on the lookout, and to this timely dispatch Pitcher's arrest was due. At New York Mr. Parker consulted with Inspector Byrnes, and then proceeded to Montreal, where he found that his telegram had accomplished its object, and that the fugitive teller was lodged in a Dominion prison.

A Montreal officer, put on the *qui vive* by the dispatches from Rhode Island, announcing the robbery, and aroused by the hope of reward to activity unusual, if not unprecedented in a Canadian official, succeeded in detecting and capturing Pitcher, just as he was preparing to take an Allan steamship for Europe. Pitcher had adopted the name of "James A. Roberts," by which he registered at a Montreal hotel, and under which he applied at the Allan office at about 11.30 on the morning of the 26th, for a berth on the *Parisian*, to sail next morning. The very dexterity with which he counted out the gold to pay for his passage convinced the watching officer that he was the missing bank teller. The officer waited, however, for Pitcher's return to the hotel, before taking him into custody.

"I arrest you in the Queen's name!" With these words quietly uttered, a hand was laid on the shoulder of Charles R. Pitcher. The fugitive lounging about to kill time while waiting for the steamer on the morrow, gave one quick look at the man who claimed him for a captive. Pitcher breathed hard for a

moment. Then he as quickly recovered composure, and unresistingly accompanied the officer. He had doubtless heard of American fugitives arrested before in Canada, of their speedy release, and he was inclined to look upon the arrest at first as a temporary annoyance, or rather as an advantageous opportunity to make known his terms of settlement to the bank. Over \$52,000 was found on him, including 102 five dollar, fifty ten dollar and five twenty dollar gold pieces, \$38,800 in bills, one bill of exchange on a Paris bank for 39,900 francs, and one in London for £1,000. "Where are the bonds and papers belonging to the bank?"—asked the detective. "I have not got them with me," replied Pitcher. "I can get them when the time comes." Through those notes he said, he intended to make the bank come to a compromise with him. "How much do you expect the bank to give up, and what are your terms?" was asked. "I want \$150,000," returned Pitcher. "I will turn everything over if I get that." "How can you get all the papers if you haven't got them now?" "By simply putting my name to a piece of paper to a certain party and the customers' notes and some papers held for a certain cotton company would be turned over within a very few days." "It is said you got away with about \$500,000," remarked the detective. "Well, it is closer on to \$700,000," replied Pitcher, coolly; "I took everything I could carry except about \$1,500 that was there in silver. I only took two or three rolls of that to pay my expenses on the way; the rest was too heavy." In carrying the plunder away, Pitcher stated, he used a basket. He did not use a valise because it might arouse suspicion. He said he took the train to Albany, keeping his feet on the basket while on the cars. From there he went to Buffalo. In the latter place he bought a bill of exchange on London for £100 in the name of James A. Roberts, the name under which he travelled.

Pitcher was vigorously prosecuted on the charge of bringing stolen money into the Dominion. He engaged able counsel, and no effort was spared in his defence. The Canadian method of conducting a preliminary hearing is very slow and tedious. The magistrate before whom the hearing is supposed to take place,

has a clerk who takes down every question and every answer in long hand, no stenographic report by law being allowed. Now comes the singular part. The magistrate himself is not present during the hearing half the time. After the inquiry for the day, which is held in some small room, is started, His Highness cuts out and goes around the town attending to other affairs, leaving his plodding, long hand clerk to manage the investigation alone, but if any dispute should arise between the lawyers as to the relevancy of a question, or any other point in controversy should occur, the counsel put on their hats and go out and hunt the Judge up, conducting their arguments in his presence wherever he may be and securing his decision there. Again the magistrate may be sent for, when he will return and sit with counsel and witness till they come to smooth sailing, when he's off. But all things mortal come to an end, and so did the hearing in the Canadian court, and Pitcher was held for trial.

Pending the proceedings a cablegram arrived from London informing the Union Bank that several packages had been received at the banking house of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., addressed to "James A. Roberts." The Union Bank officials at once cabled Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., to open the packages and ascertain their contents. Word was soon received that the stolen notes were in the packages. The bank after ascertaining that none of the notes were missing, cabled to London to have the notes forwarded at once to this city. All the packages sent to London were mailed through the Providence post office on the day that Pitcher left Providence. The packages were duly returned, and proved to contain all the securities stolen by Pitcher, and on the return of which he had depended to force the bank to a compromise. This took away the robber's last hope. To make assurance doubly sure, however, the Rhode Island authorities and the bank also took steps to have a warrant sworn out for Pitcher's extradition on the charge of forgery, in case he should, through some technicality, escape on the other complaint of bringing stolen money into the Dominion. The forgery charge is based on the filling out and issuance of cashier's blanks by Pitcher, before leaving this city. According to the existing treaty between the

United states and Canada a person guilty of forgery can be taken from the Dominion into the States and punished. There was a case decided about a year ago, in which a book-keeper employed in a banking institution at Peoria, Ill., filled out blank checks over the signature of the cashier. These blank drafts were signed by the cashier and left in the bank, the amounts to be filled in by the teller or the book-keeper, as they were empowered to do, as the demands of business might require, in the drawer's absence. This book-keeper filled out a number of these blank checks for various amounts and started for Dominion soil. He was arrested in Canada; he was followed and apprehended by United States officers; he was committed, brought before a high court on writ of habeas corpus, and the court decided that the prisoner had been guilty of forgery. Under the treaty he was taken back to Illinois, underwent trial for his crimes of embezzlement and false utterance of negotiable paper, and is now serving out a term of imprisonment in the State where his offence was committed.

On being brought up for trial in the higher court, Pitcher had lost the jaunty, indifferent air which characterized him during the examination before the magistrate. He looked thoroughly miserable and dejected, and with lack-lustre eyes and hollow cheeks he was taken, handcuffed to a murderer, to plead to the indictment. The excuse of sickness saved him from the ignominy of standing in the dock from which so many wretches had gone forth to a felon's doom. He evidently had become convinced, in the solitude of his cell, of the folly as well as the wickedness of his crime; his intense mental suffering was manifest, and earthly penalties could do but little more to punish Charles A. Pitcher.

British and Canadian Courts are not slow in arriving at results. Every step of the prosecution was ably and tenaciously resisted by Pitcher's counsel; but the jury only deliberated ten minutes, before bringing in a verdict of guilty, a verdict which doomed the robber of the Union Bank to seven years in a Canadian prison. The result is not so important in Pitcher's particular case, as it is important to the general banking interests of America. For the first time a faithless bank official has found a prison,

instead of a mansion, in Canada. For the first time American criminals of the Pitcher class have been notified that, if found in Canada with stolen property upon them, they will be punished, not welcomed. It is true that others may imitate Pitcher's crime, without adopting his folly, but his fate, nevertheless, is an example that cannot fail to make a most wholesome impression.

All in all, on a broad view of the field, there is but little encouragement for the criminal in Providence. Honesty is decidedly the best policy here, and the lawbreaker finds that the old motto—"The way of the transgressor is hard"—which used to stare at the visitor to the old prison across the Cove, has meaning and force in these plantations. Accomplished criminals, who plundered on both sides of the ocean, have found that Rhode Island laws, humane and liberal as they are, may not be lightly defied. That such is the condition of things in our great little State, "the eye to the elephant" of the Union, as Tristram Burges called it, that life and property are secure, that crime is punished, and the laws are vindicated, is largely, if not mainly, due, as every fair minded person will acknowledge, to the fidelity and vigilance of "Our Police."



ROSTER OF THE FORCE.

A

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station.
Ahern, James, Jr.....	March 3, 1887.....	3
Allen, Hiram.....	September 16, 1880.....	5
Allen, Lewis L.....	July 22, 1870.....	6
Arnold, Joseph A.....	July 28, 1879.....	3
Arnold, Timothy J.....	April 25, 1877.....	6
Arnold, Warren B.....	August 16, 1871.....	4
Ash, James.....	September 25, 1877.....	3

B

Baird, Charles B.....	June 11, 1866.....	1
Baker, Edward W.....	May 22, 1873.....	2
Baker, Otis W.....	June 26, 1874.....	4
Baker, Reuben R., Captain.....	February 1, 1875.....	6
Bennett, Le Roy T.....	July 28, 1879.....	1
Blanding, Stephen F., Property Clerk.....	September 7, 1868.....	C. H.
Blood, Chester H.....	November 17, 1879.....	1
Blood, Herbert C.....	April 9, 1880.....	3
Boss, George W.....	August 3, 1876.....	2
Boss, Joseph R., Sergeant.....	February 3, 1875.....	2
Bowen, George W.....	August 29, 1871.....	6
Bowen, William E.....	September 1, 1881.....	5
Bradbury, William.....	September 16, 1880.....	5
Brahany, Owen E.....	March 8, 1883.....	5
Brown, Hartley W.....	May 16, 1874.....	3
Brown, John T., Deputy-Chief.....	July 10, 1871.....	C. H.
Burlingame, Ezra A.....	January 14, 1886.....	3

C

Campbell, Frank E. H.....	May 5, 1884.....	1
Cannon, Peter B.....	October 15, 1885.....	6
Carey, John J.....	January 14, 1886.....	3

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station
Chace, Benjamin G.....	March 3, 1887.....	2
Chace, William W.....	July 12, 1883.....	6
Charnley, Alexander.....	June 22, 1874.....	4
Child, Benjamin H., Chief.....	May 1, 1868.....	C. H.
Clark, George A.....	November 5, 1885.....	4
Clark, Richard A.....	February 8, 1876.....	1
Cobb, George N.....	January 28, 1879.....	5
Collins, George A. H.....	June 29, 1874.....	5
Colton, John H.....	March 19, 1895.....	1
Colwell, Daniel T.....	October 11, 1866.....	4
Costine, Jeremiah, Captain.....	April 28, 1875.....	3
Cook, George E.....	January 14, 1886.....	3
Cory, Charles W.....	March 3, 1887.....	5
Cory, William H., Captain.....	October 13, 1866.....	1
Cronin, William H.....	October 20, 1887.....	5
Curtis, Joseph B.....	January 26, 1865.....	1

D

Daggett, Charles A.....	April 5, 1883.....	4
Dailey, Eugene.....	September 10, 1883.....	1
Daniels, Frederick A.....	November 17, 1879.....	4
Dary, George H., Lieutenant.....	June 30, 1874.....	3
Doe, Eldin W.....	March 18, 1881.....	3
Dolan, William.....	March 15, 1888.....	3
Duffy, Peter F.....	August 2, 1883.....	5
Dunlavey, Francis E.....	November 5, 1885.....	4
Dunn, Cornelius J.....	October 4, 1888.....	4
Dyer, John N.....	March 5, 1885.....	6

E

Egan, Patrick, Captain.....	November 9, 1868.....	2
-----------------------------	-----------------------	---

F

Feeney, James F.....	October 4, 1888.....	2
Feeley, James.....	March 20, 1884.....	3
Feeley, John R.....	October 29, 1888.....	1
Ferguson, William H.....	January 18, 1883.....	4
Fitzpatrick, Mathew F.....	May 17, 1883.....	6
Flagg, Milo B.....	April 30, 1888.....	3
Flynn, James A.....	November 5, 1885.....	4

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station.
Flynn, Joseph N.....	October 20, 1887.....	2
Fort, Charles E.....	May 4, 1874.....	1
Foye, Welcome U.....	November 17, 1879.....	6
Fuller, Varnum.....	September 7, 1868.....	4

G

Gale, William H.....	March 8, 1883.....	1
Gallagher, John.....	April 30, 1888.....	5
Gardiner, William.....	April 5, 1875.....	1
Gates, Alfred H.....	January 8, 1873.....	2
Gifford, Ralph E.....	March 1, 1888.....	6
Gilfoil, William.....	October 29, 1888.....	4
Gilmartin, Peter F.....	April 30, 1888.....	3
Gorey, Charles B.....	April 2, 1885.....	4
Gormley, John B.....	June 5, 1882.....	6
Grant, Allen F.....	November 14, 1877.....	1
Greene, Duty J.....	March 31, 1877.....	1
Grover, Anson M.....	July 6, 1882.....	6
Grover, George H.....	March 8, 1883.....	3

H

Handy, Edward E.....	May 19, 1887.....	6
Hanniford, Edward.....	October 15, 1885.....	5
Hannon, Marcelle.....	January 14, 1886.....	6
Hart, Hiram.....	June 14, 1858.....	4
Hartnett, John B.....	January 14, 1886.....	2
Harvey, Thomas.....	December 29, 1875.....	3
Hayden, William F.....	January 21, 1881.....	2
Healey, Peter H.....	December 13, 1883.....	4
Hewitt, Elwin E.....	April 20, 1880.....	4
Holloway, Theodore R.....	December 20, 1872.....	5
Horton, Constance S., Sergeant.....	January 17, 1877.....	1
Horton, Seth L., Clerk to Chief.....	June 29, 1867.....	C. H.
Hunt, Birtwell M.....	June 14, 1888.....	3
Hurley, Daniel E.....	July 6, 1882.....	2

J

Jacobs, Thomas W.....	November 3, 1881.....	1
Jenne, Harvey E.....	November 18, 1881.....	2

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station.
Johnson, Ira C.....	March 19, 1885.....	2
Jones, Edwin R., Warrant Officer.....	August 15, 1864.....	C. H.
Jordan, Walter E.....	November 5, 1885.....	3

K

Kavanagh, Thomas F.....	April 30, 1888.....	4
Keach, Alfred S.....	July 6, 1882.....	1
Kennedy, Andrew J.....	June 6, 1874.....	4
Kent, William A.....	July 28, 1879.....	2
King, Owen.....	April 30, 1888.....	4
Knowles, Alfred H.....	January 8, 1874.....	5

L

Lapham, George B.....	August 24, 1871.....	3
Lawrence, William H., Sergeant.....	October 14, 1875.....	3
Leavitt, William H., Lieutenant.....	May 18, 1874.....	5
Lewis, George F.....	November 1, 1883.....	4
Livsey, John B.....	December 22, 1864.....	5
Long, Isaiah, Jr., Warrant Officer.....	June 8, 1874.....	C. H.
Longfellow, Jefferson G.....	April 30, 1885.....	1
Luby, Frank H.....	March 3, 1887.....	2
Lyons, John F.....	October 29, 1888.....	3

M

McCann, James M.....	October 21, 1886.....	2
McCusker, Hugh F.....	October 15, 1885.....	5
McGuinness, John B.....	June 5, 1882.....	1
McGinness, Joseph.....	December 11, 1884.....	4
McGuire, Patrick.....	June 2, 1887.....	2
McKenzie, Murdock C.....	May 6, 1886.....	2
McKenzie, William.....	October 4, 1888.....	5
Magill, P. J., Lieutenant.....	July 1, 1874.....	4
Madden, Michael.....	November 27, 1874.....	2
Marston, Joseph, Captain.....	August 12, 1864.....	4
Martin, Andrew P.....	June 8, 1880.....	1
Martin, Frank L.....	January 19, 1882.....	1
Mathewson, John F.....	July 6, 1882.....	1
Matthews, F. A., Sergeant.....	November 18, 1880.....	4
Mayno, Charles.....	January 31, 1884.....	5

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station.
Merrill, Silas L. W.....	October 21, 1886.....	1
Miller, Frank M.....	May 6, 1880.....	2
Morse, Henry F.....	January 4, 1886.....	4
Morton, Frank H.....	February 18, 1884.....	1
Mowry, Albert Frank, Sergeant.....	July 6, 1882.....	1
Muldgon, John F.....	September 27, 1886.....	3
Munroe, Edmund J.....	January 14, 1876.....	1
Munro, William A.....	March 26, 1873.....	4
Murray, John A., Detective.....	June 6, 1864.....	C. H.

N

Nicholas, Benjamin F.....	May 5, 1884.....	5
Nickerson, Albert E.....	January 21, 1881.....	1
Nickerson, Joshua A.....	September 20, 1886.....	3
Norcross, George H., Supt. of Hacks.....	October 1, 1886.....	C. H.
Nye, George F.....	September 16, 1880.....	2

O

O'Brien, William A.....	November 5, 1835.....	4
O'Connor, David F.....	April 30, 1885.....	5
O'Neil, Edward, Lieutenant.....	November 17, 1874.....	2
O'Rourke, John H.....	April 30, 1838.....	2
O'Sullivan, James.....	April 24, 1875.....	5
Ordway, George E.....	June 1, 1880.....	5

P

Parker, P., Detective.....	May 1, 1874.....	C. H.
Payne, Benjamin F., Captain.....	March 28, 1868.....	5
Pierce, Hart B.....	August 3, 1880.....	6
Place, Henry H.....	January 18, 1883.....	4
Poinier, John W.....	March 12, 1880.....	1
Poland, Oscar W.....	February 2, 1888.....	5
Potter, Willet E.....	September 27, 1886.....	5
Prout, Joseph A.....	June 18, 1874.....	5

R

Rankin, Frederick A., Lieutenant.....	November 16, 1874.....	1
Reaves, George A.....	June 16, 1880.....	1
Reed, Frederick E.....	June 22, 1875.....	1

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station.
Reynolds, Michael.....	May 6, 1886.....	4
Robblee, Hugh D.....	October 21, 1886.....	3
Robinson, Chandler B.....	November 5, 1885.....	5
Rowe, William H., Sergeant.....	July 28, 1879.....	6
Russell, Nathan M.....	August 3, 1882.....	2
Ryan, William H.....	September 27, 1886.....	5

S

Scott, James P., Lieutenant.....	May 21, 1873.....	6
Sheehan, William J.....	September 27, 1886.....	4
Sherman, Clarence A.....	February 3, 1888.....	3
Sherman, Isaiah B. ...	April 19, 1883.....	4
Sherman, James L.....	July 14, 1876.....	4
Sherman, William N.....	November 4, 1875.....	2
Simonds, John V.....	December 2, 1872.....	1
Smith, Charles E.....	April 19, 1883.....	2
Smith, Edward J.....	November 5, 1885.....	2
Stevens, Eugene, Lieutenant.....	January 15, 1869.....	1
Stockley, Joseph E.....	June 14, 1888.....	1
Sullivan, Mortimer.....	July 2, 1888.....	3
Sullivan, Patrick A.....	February 23, 1882.....	6
Swan, James O, Detective.....	May 7, 1856.....	C. H.

T

Thomas, Samuel W.....	May 19, 1881.....	1
Toole, John J.....	July 2, 1888.....	2
Topliff, T. D., Sergeant.....	July 28, 1879.....	C. H.
Tracy, John.....	August 6, 1866.....	5
Tracy, Sylvester.....	September 28, 1876.....	5
Tripp, John K.....	April 29, 1871.....	1
Tucker, A. Sidney.....	September 1, 1881.....	2
Tyler, Thomas D.....	October 5, 1882.....	1

W

Walker, Adver H.....	April 30, 1888.....	6
Wheeler, Abel C. T.....	January 1, 1875.....	4
Whidden, Abel G.....	May 21, 1880.....	4
Whipple, William P.....	August 21, 1875.....	4
White, Benjamin T., Sergeant.....	July 22, 1870.....	5

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Station.
Wilbur, James H.....	February 8, 1869.....	5
Willard, Herbert M.....	April 6, 1882.....	1
Willard, Nahum.....	June 11, 1855.....	1
Winship, Augustus J., Captain.....	December 13, 1869.....	C. H.
Wyman, George A.....	October 4, 1888.....	1
Wyman, Joseph A.....	April 30, 1885.....	6
Wyman, William M.....	July 6, 1882.....	4

Y

Yeaw, Job S.....	March 8, 1883.....	3
Young, Charles S.....	May 22, 1884.....	2

 RETIRED LIST.

Name.	Date of Appointment.	Date of Retirement.
Bennett, Josiah.....	May 20, 1862.....	April 5, 1888
Booth, William J.....	August 15, 1865.....	April 5, 1888
Newhall, Benjamin A.....	June 12, 1848.....	April 5, 1888
Pratt, Joseph W.. ..	June 16, 1856.....	April 5, 1888
Prosser, Lorenzo D.....	July 11, 1866.....	April 5, 1888
Rutherford, Theodore.....	June 11, 1855.....	April 5, 1888
Sanders, James W., Ex-Captain.....	November, 1853.....	August 1, 1879

 SUMMARY.

Chief.....	1
Deputy-Chief.....	1
Captains.....	7
Lieutenants.....	7
Sergeants.....	8
Superintendent of Hacks.....	1
Clerks of Police.....	2
Detectives.....	3
Warrant Officers.....	2
Patrolmen.....	168
Total.....	200

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McOsker, Fergus J., Alderman.....	113
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Man, William.....	20
Mann, David E., Captain.....	40
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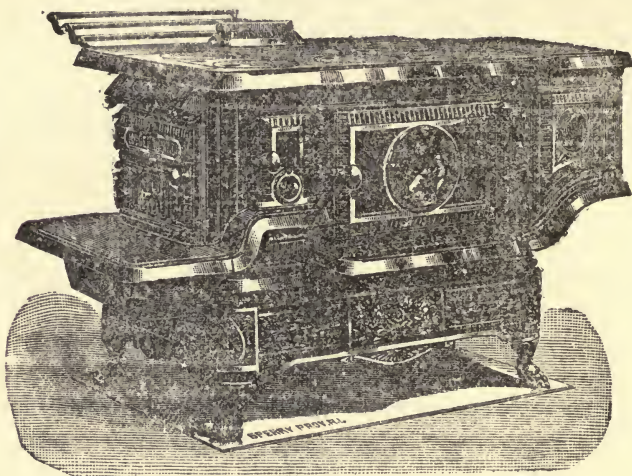
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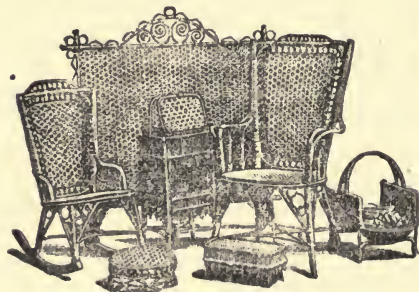
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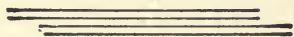
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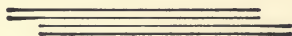


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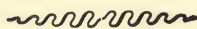
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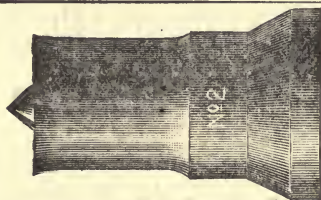
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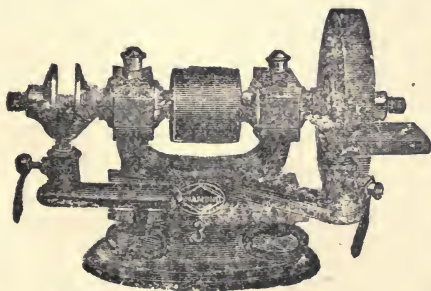
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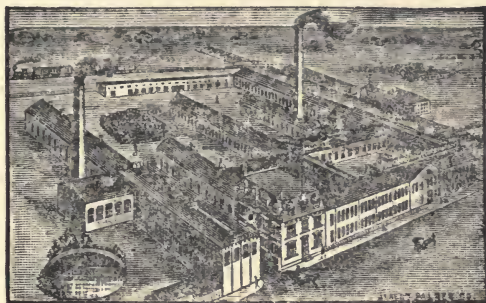


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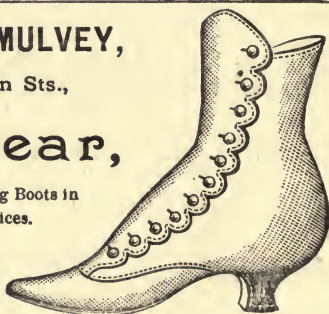
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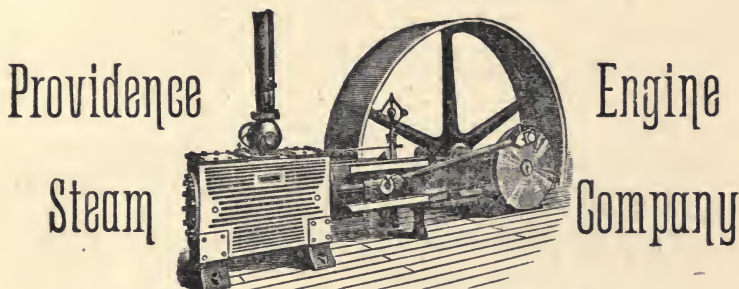




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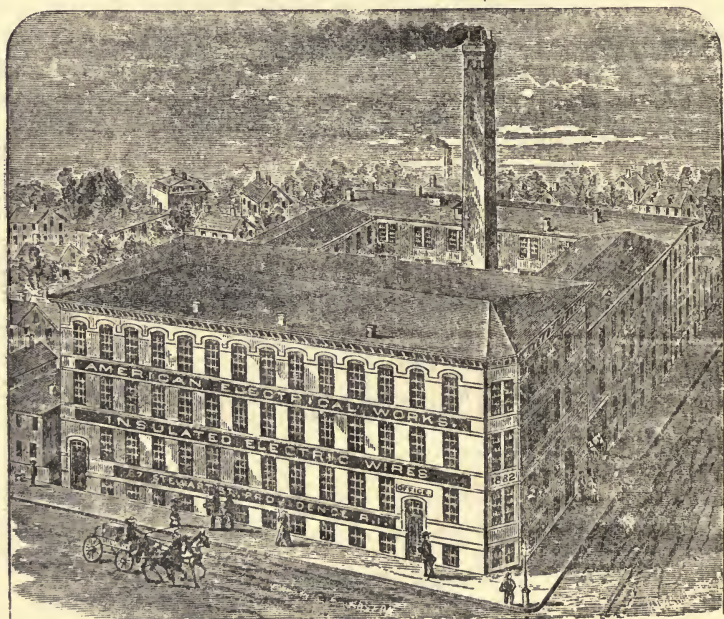
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